

FOLKESTONE
DURING
THE WAR.
1914-1919.

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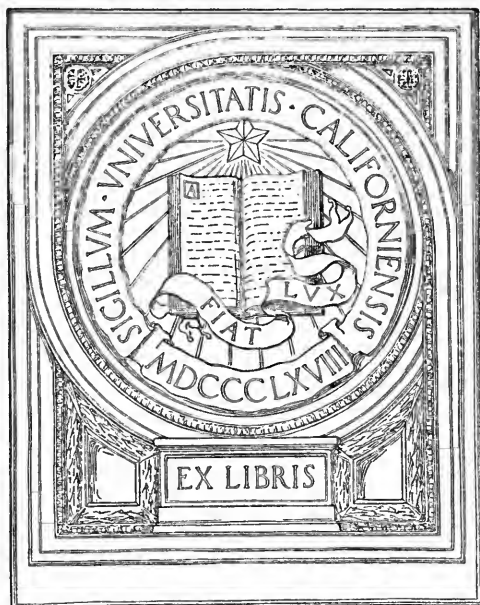
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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



GIFT OF
Larry Laughlin

To

Edgar J. Bates
from his wife

Sincere friend

Fate Rose Williams.

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Photo]

RECEPTION OF BELGIAN REFUGEES—(Painting by Signor F. Franzoni).

[Halsworth Wheeler.

FOLKESTONE DURING THE WAR:

A RECORD OF THE TOWN'S LIFE AND WORK.

EDITED BY

J. C. CARLILE, D.D.,

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS BY

Lieut.-Col. A. ATKINSON, A. J. CROWHURST, ERIC
CONDY, Captain W. R. FAIRBAIRN, G. W. HAINES,
H.H., E. J. MACKWAY, Rear-Admiral YELVERTON, C.B.
and the EDITOR.

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FOREWORD.

This volume is an evidence of local patriotism. It was made possible by the public spirit of the writers and publishers, to whom the Editor expresses his indebtedness.

No town in England has a record of war work comparable with that of Folkestone. The coast-line from Dover to Hythe forms a strategic point of vital importance. It was not only the nearest to the fighting line, but the key-position to England. Looking back, it is wonderful to observe how little it suffered and how nobly it bore the strain of continual anxiety.

The information contained in the chapters has been obtained from official sources, and from those actually responsible for the work described. The Editor has had the assistance of officials of Government Departments, the Consul of France, the Vice-Consul of Belgium, Colonel Aytoun, Colonel Wright, Mr. A. F. Kidson, Mr. W. H. Routly, Mr. H. Evans, and others, in addition to those who have contributed signed articles. Mr. A. J. Crowhurst has rendered valuable help in revising the proofs, and Mr. Stuart Hills has compiled the list of the fallen.

FOLKESTONE DURING THE WAR:

A Record of the Town's Life and Activities.

CHAPTER I.

FOLKESTONE IN 1914.

BY THE EDITOR.

August, 1914, seems almost prehistoric, so remote that it is difficult to reconstruct the period. Yet the world went very well then. The Folkestone season was opening; thousands of visitors had flocked to the town, attracted by the health-giving qualities of the breezes from the sea and the charm of the scenery. Passengers crossing from the Continent watch for the white cliffs that stand for England. How lovely they are to the eyes of wanderers returning home. They are as welcome as the grasp of friendship. As the ship comes nearer there is the view of the Warren—called “Little Switzerland.” It is always a dream of beauty to lovers of Nature: the cliffs with their glory of gold, blue, and white, the wealth of wild flowers, the deep ravines; the beach with its boulders flung about as if by giants in their sport; the growths of moss; sheltered nooks that lovers linger to explore; the trees rich in foliage and music; and the sea with its fantastic crests upon the waves and restless movement; all creating an impression upon memory that remains among the precious things of life. The Warren is always a picture, but hardly ever seen

just as it was before. Visitors continually remark how changed it is since they last saw it. They are right; it is ever changing; the peculiar charm it possesses is the creation of the light over the haze that hangs about its depths and pools of fresh water, continually being transformed into suggestions of unsuspected beauty.

On the other side of the Harbour there is the long stretch of the Leas. There England is green to the sea; the varied heights connected by the narrow winding paths between the trees, the resting-places of birds in song. The charm of the Lower Road is in danger of being marred by the stalls of the traders that dot the beach like rabbit hutches in a back garden. The road, with the old Toll-house and gate, and Sandgate Castle at the end, makes one of the prettiest picture postcards in the country. The steep cliffs and cable elevators remind one of Swiss scenery. Above, there is the table-land of the Leas, one of the finest promenades by the sea to be found in England, and one of the most popular health resorts in the world. The air has the scent of the flowers and the firs, mingled with the salt of the sea. On the Leas there is the strong tonic of the breeze; down on the Lower Road, sheltered from the winds, there is a warmer climate, so welcome to the invalid, and all round there is the panorama of beauty.

The Harbour is always a source of interest. Fishing-boats come and go with their copper-coloured sails. The Market, with its quaint background of little cottages built into the cliff, tells a bit of history to any who care to learn. The Harbour is one of the main entrances to England, a favourite place for

sea anglers, and those who find delight in watching the passing show of many-sided humanity never fail to discover a new phase.

The Leas presented an animated picture in July, 1914. All varieties of fashion were represented along the famous promenade. The band—one of the best in the country—played at the end of the Leas, between the Hotels Metropole and Grand. Behind, the hills stretched in their varied loveliness; Caesar's Camp and Sugar Loaf stood out in all their glory of living green. The sky was as near the Mediterranean blue as one was likely to see in England. The ships going up and down the Channel provided endless interest and speculation; the sea was as calm as a mill-pond, and down the picturesque slope from the Leas to the beach the birds sang in the fir-trees, and the children played among the bracken. Little did the happy throng of visitors dream that, just across the Channel, were all the preparations for a great War, that would outrage Belgium, and lay waste the fair fields of France; and that Britain within a few days would be plunged into a conflict such as the world had never known. It is a happy arrangement that humans are unable to read the future. Could the veil have been lifted, there would have been no sound of laughter on the Leas; the joy would have gone from the faces of the girls, and the frivolity from the talk of the boys.

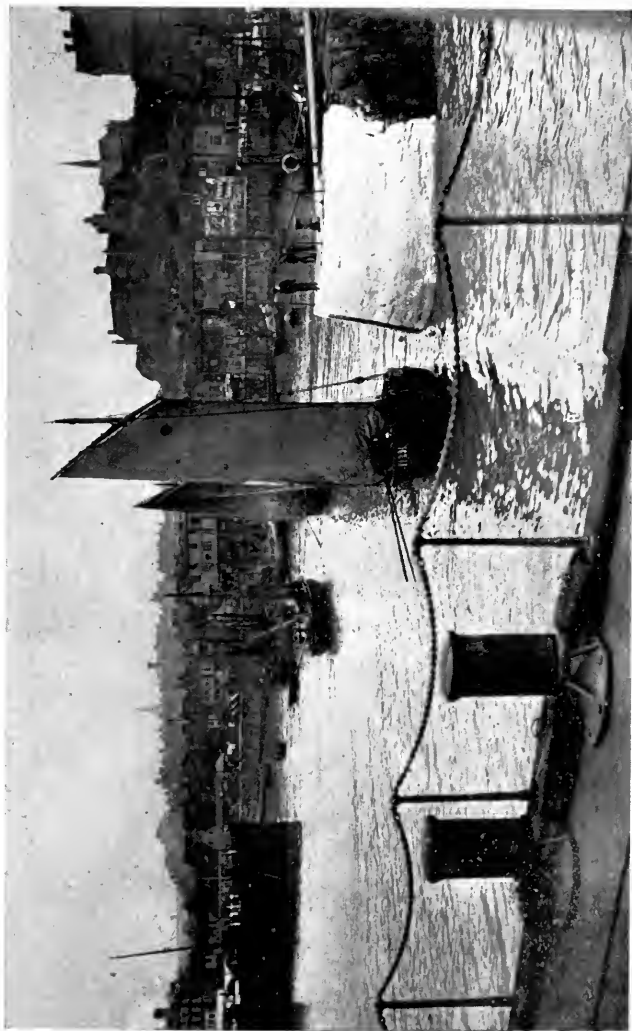
The retired captains played their golf in the morning, slept in the afternoon, managed to get a rubber of bridge in the evening, or occupied themselves with a discussion of the morning game and a pipe. The admirals who had been on half-pay for more

years than ladies cared to remember strolled down to the seats by the Shelter, and swept the sea with their glasses, discussed the character of the craft, then read their papers and dozed.

Very few people had any conception of the approach of the War. True, Admiral Penrose-Fitzgerald and some others were quite sure that Germany intended War with France, and ultimately the invasion of England. The gallant Admiral had written and spoken upon the subject ; but men smiled and thought him a crank. For the rest, the politicians and the public did not dream that the assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne and his consort would be made, not the reason, but the excuse, for Germany's ruthless campaign for world-power.

When the possibility of War became clear, there was great anxiety in Folkestone. There were many German and Austrian residents ; scarcely one of the hotels or larger pensions was without Germans on the staff. One place of worship had a German Bible Class, with more than eighty members and associates. These men, all of military age, were teachers and better-class waiters. To them, the prospect of war was a very real thing, and when the message came for them to leave the country the "Good-byes" were most affecting. It was said that a ship-load of enemy aliens was detained until war was actually declared, and then carried round to a neighbouring port to be interned for the duration of the war, greatly to the satisfaction of the prisoners.

When the news came, on August 4th, that England was at war, it seemed as the falling of a bolt from the blue. English people knew nothing of the actuality

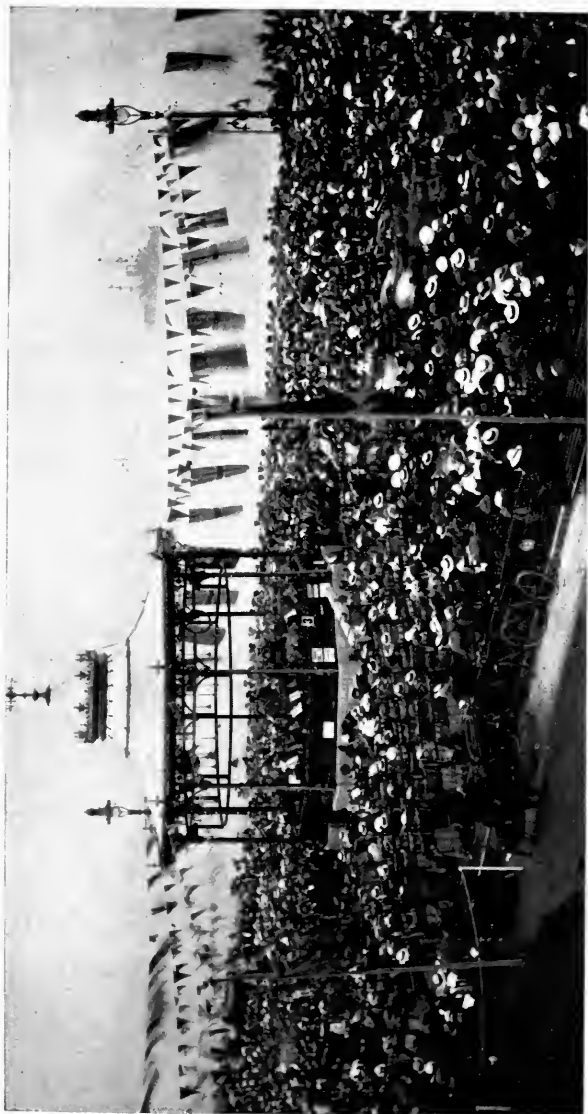


Photo]

PRE-WAR SCENE AT FOLKESTONE FISHING BOAT HARBOUR.

[Fish-Moor,





Photo]

SEASON BAND OPENING NIGHT, ON LEAS, JULY, 1914.

[Halksworth Wheeler.

of a great war. The South African affair was child's play in comparison with what everybody recognised would happen if the most powerful Empires in the world faced each other in deadly conflict. We knew enough of Germany to know that she would fight with desperation; that her plans had been well laid, and nothing left to chance. The honest efforts of Sir Edward Grey to preserve Peace ended in failure. The responsibility rested with the Kaiser and his advisers, and rightly upon them the Nemesis of Fate has fallen.

The news of war cleared the town of Folkestone as effectively as though a plague had desolated her homes. The "knuts" left the Leas; there was a return to town. Within a few days 285 German reservists arrived at the Harbour to join the Kaiser's forces. They were detained on the ground that the time allowed for enemy aliens to leave the country had expired; they did not seem distressed by the news. An escort was sent down from the camp, and the prisoners were marched along Sandgate Road, and finally sent to very comfortable quarters at Christ's Hospital School, Horsham.

Within seven days of the Declaration of War Folkestone was made a prohibited area. All aliens were required to register and satisfy the Chief Constable as to their reasons for wishing to remain in the town. During the first week more than 1,000 aliens applied for permits.

Patriotic demonstrations were held, and many men joined the colours. The Folkestone Territorials were invited to volunteer for service abroad, and quite a large percentage—officers and men—readily

responded to the call of the country. The local R.A.M.C. rapidly prepared for work in the field, and offered to go wherever they might be required. The old officers got in communication with the War Office, to offer their services. Shorncliffe Camp bristled with activity. It was rumoured that Folkestone might expect invasion by the German Fleet; that there would be attempts to land a force somewhere between Dover and the town. The air was thick with alarms. There was a vague dread of something terrible—nobody quite knew what. The strain was very great, but during those days, before the town became used to war, it was very noticeable that, beneath the surface excitement and anxiety, the people manifested a strong confidence in the righteousness of the nation's cause, and an unconscious assurance that it would be all right. There was no panic; no shrinking from duty; just a buzz of excitement, a ripple of uncertainty, and an undercurrent of strength.

The band discoursed upon the Leas, but the gay crowd was not there. The boys were enlisting; they were exchanging the immaculate collars and cuffs for the soldier's garb. Women were asking what they could do, and were preparing for manifold kinds of service. The trade of the hotel proprietors and boarding-house keepers was at a standstill, and the outlook was very dark. The sunshine on the cliffs had still its glories of gold and blue. The Lower Road was as beautiful as before, and the birds sang just as sweetly; Nature was all unconscious of the havoc man would make in the frenzy of war.

The town was the same, but life had changed from those old days when the visitors leisurely walked

round the Parish Church and heard the stories of its associations with the famous Monastery for black nuns of the Benedictine Order, founded by St. Eanswyth, daughter of Eadbald, King of Kent. The coming of war cleared the roads of the pleasure cars that used to run by River and through the lovely country to Canterbury, the cradle of English history. The sportsmen no longer followed the hounds; they went to face the Huns. The days became serious, men looked over the sea with a touch of apprehension, and before the end of the year the light of the moon was no longer a delight. The little comedy of life was blotted out by the tragedy of war.

CHAPTER II.

OUR BELGIAN GUESTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

England's first actual contact with the grim horrors of war was in Folkestone, about August 20th, when boats came into the harbour crowded with Refugees from gallant little Belgium. The earliest arrivals came in fishing craft and coal carriers. The visitors were terror-stricken, and many of them absolutely refused to leave the boats. The news of the coming of the Belgians was not made public until eight or nine days later, when it appeared in the Press.

It is impossible to tell who were the first good Samaritans to minister to the poor souls who had fallen among thieves and been stripped of their belongings. Probably the honour is shared among a few unnamed fisher-people, whose generosity is only surpassed by their courage. They knew the facts and saw the conditions of the people on the boats, and came to their assistance. They called in the aid of two local Ministers, who joined in the efforts to provide hospitality ; but the need grew as if by magic. Within a few days thousands of destitute Belgian people had arrived, and created problems of their own. Their primary needs of food and shelter brooked no delay. Each boat brought a cargo of huddled humanity like dumb-driven cattle ; they had fled from coast towns and cities outraged by the invader. Their plight was pitiful. Some had been in the train

for a day and a night ; others on the road for several days, with but little food. Few had any clothing, except the garments they were wearing. One white-haired old dame came in carpet slippers, not having been able to secure her boots, in the hurry and panic to escape the Hun.

Folkestone was very soon the only open door to England, and the suppliants on her doorstep seeking food and protection represented all classes of the community. Their presence was our first glimpse of the terrible reality of war. They brought home to the people, in dramatic form, the meaning of the struggle in which the Empire was engaged. The scenes on the Harbour were too heartrending to be reproduced in words. There were men, honoured and revered in their own land, driven into poverty and exile, not for any offence of their own, or their country's, but simply because their little land was geographically the buffer-nation between Germany and her coveted victim. The Belgian Prime Minister spoke for the people when he said : " Faced with the choice between what her own immediate interests seemed to dictate and what honour demanded, Belgium did not hesitate." " The Belgian Government is determined to resist any attack upon its rights by every means at its disposal." King Albert nobly declared : " A people which is true to itself may be conquered, but cannot be subdued."

One of the Refugees from Louvain told of nameless things. He described how the Prussians entered his home, dragged him forth with his family, and pinned him to the wall with a bayonet, compelling him to direct their search for money and valuables ;

and when these had been taken, and all the domestic treasures carried off as loot, the furniture was smashed, thrown into a pile, and the house burned to the ground, leaving the family in despair and desolation on the road.

There were mothers who had been hounded from home and country before they could gather the little ones to their arms. Their agony was intensified by the uncertainty of the fate of their children, and all means of communication were cut off. There were girls with flushed cheeks and wild, terrified eyes, whose story others whispered under their breath. They were the victims of German lust. They shrank in horror from the thought that they might become the unwilling mothers of the enemy's children. And there on the quay was the most pathetic sight of all—little children stood clinging to big sisters for protection, or holding mother's dress with trembling fingers. They drew back in fear at the sound of a stranger's voice, as dogs shrink from those they distrust.

It is impossible to behold such sights and ever forget, and very difficult ever to forgive.

Folkestone represented the Empire in receiving her hapless visitors. Before any formal organisation was brought into existence, there was the operation of spontaneous sympathy responding to the urgency of need. Fishermen's homes were opened to people whose language they could not understand. Poor families shared with their strange guests, and some gave up their beds, counting it an honour to sleep on the floor that the exiles might spend the night in the comfort of home.

On the 24th of August, 1914, was constituted a

Belgian Committee for Refugees, from a body of men who had been giving help for some days. It was officially instituted at the French Protestant Church, Victoria Grove, by a Belgian Vice-Consul from London. The President was a Belgian Folkestone resident, who soon afterwards became Belgium's representative.

Mr. H. Froggatt, one of the masters of the Grammar School, brought together a few boys who could speak French. They acted as guides to little groups of Refugees on their way to the homes where they could be received. The sight of those straggling companies of strangers going along the streets with their scanty belongings in bundles they would not trust to other hands presented a picture Time will never obliterate from memory. The pathos and comedy of it all were strangely blended. Like frightened animals, the new-comers refused to be separated, chosing rather to endure the discomfort of spending the night together in an overcrowded room than occupy separate apartments and sleep in comfort. They realised they were among friends, and their peril was past, but the strain had been too great. They laughed and wept, repeatedly embraced their children, and then kissed each other. It was as an awakening from a bad dream.

A Refugees Relief Committee was formed. The original members were :—

The Mayor (Sir Stephen Penfold).

Mr. Alderman Spurgen (Deputy-Mayor).

Mr. Alderman Bishop.

The Rev. J. C. Carlile.

Mr. V. D. de Wet.

Mr. Drummond Hay.

Madame Finez.

Mr. G. Gelardi.

Mrs. Penrose-FitzGerald.

Mr. F. Ronco.

Mrs. Bishop.

The Very Rev. Monsgr. C. Coote (became a member later).

Chevalier d'Ydewalle.

Mrs. Drummond Hay.

Mr. Councillor Franks.

Mr. A. F. Kidson (Town Clerk).

Pasteur A. Peterson.

Mr. W. H. Routly (Borough Treasurer), Hon. Sec.

Dr. Yunge-Bateman (Medical Officer of Health).

The Committee set to work to provide food and shelter. Some of the Churches undertook the responsibility of collecting food required upon certain days of the week ; but the task was far beyond their powers. Hotel proprietors gave generously, and shopkeepers readily joined in the effort ; boarding-house proprietors lent or gave clothing, and beds were made up in Church halls and public schools. " The Times " and other journals appealed for funds and garments. The response was immediate and very generous. The town spoke, not for herself, but for the larger community, and her message was one of good cheer. The business methods of the Committee were exceedingly good. Expert advice was called in, and the Government sent down advisers to co-operate in the colossal task presented by many thousands of destitute people.

As the boats arrived a company of ladies met the Refugees with food and hot drinks, so that those who



Photo]

[Halksworth Wheeler.

BELGIAN REFUGEES ARRIVING.



Photo]

[Halksworth Wheeler.

BELGIAN PAYS HOMAGE TO ENGLISH GIRL.

were entrained and passed on to other towns might have refreshment on their journey. The magnitude of this branch of the work has not been realized. It became too expensive for the local Committee: 441,860 meals were served to Belgian soldiers apart from the food distributed to civilians. Large quantities of sandwiches were handed into trains. The Local Government Board undertook the arrangements and the cost, with Miss Ivy Weston, the Misses Spurgeon, Miss Coop, and other ladies as voluntary workers. Many men and women gave their services as interpreters, and rendered valuable assistance in supplying information.

There were strange tangles to be unravelled. Husbands and wives became separated from each other, and had not the least idea of what had happened. In many cases the wife thought the husband dead, killed in the defence of his town. One instance, as an illustration, may be recalled. Edward de Neve, a Belgian soldier, was wounded in the knee, and sent to England. His brother was thought to have been killed at Antwerp, and the supposed widow arrived in Folkestone, desolate in her grief. Enquiries were made concerning the brother. It was thought he had been sent to Cambridge, but there no such person was known. They had, however, passed on to another hospital a soldier bearing the same name, who turned out to be the husband of the poor woman who was seeking to find her brother-in-law. Her joy upon the discovery of her husband knew no bounds.

Correspondence poured in to individual members of the Committee. One of them received repeated

applications for particulars concerning cases of Belgian children whose hands had been cut off by the Germans. An eminent surgeon wrote that he was extremely anxious to find such a case, purely from a surgical point of view, in order to try a new invention of artificial hands which would be of enormous advantage to a child in this condition. No such cases could be found in Folkestone, much to the disappointment of correspondents. From an "American" came an offer of £1,000 for anyone who could bring forward a child with hands mutilated by Germans. Later it was discovered that the offer was made by agents of Germany, well aware that such cases could not be found in England! Many letters were received containing donations for the fund. They were full of generous sympathy; labourers and servant-maids sent their shillings, and wealthy donors contributed large cheques. Poor people sent part of their clothing, literally fulfilling the ideal requirement of the Sermon on the Mount. Offers of hospitality came from all over the country. Professional men invited members of their own class to share their homes. Churches of all creeds offered to set up hostels and guest-houses, which were of the greatest value. Many of these institutions have been maintained all through the War. At first the appeal had the glamour of novelty and War Funds were few; but as the years passed the Belgian became a more familiar figure, and the need was greatly lessened by employment being obtained for those able to work; but there were still many incapacitated by age or infirmity for the ordinary avocations of life. They have been maintained, so that, as M. Charles Dessain, the gallant Burgomaster

of Malines, speaking at Folkestone, said: "When I asked the Belgians who were here if they wanted anything, they answered: No. Everything we want is given us, and our very wishes are forestalled."

An important part of the work was the first care of the sick. Many old people were utterly prostrate after their journey, others suffered from nerve shock, and some were ailing. Those were cared for in the old Grammar School House, which was turned into a Hospital and Night Hostel. About sixty persons each night slept in the dormitories. About 300 patients were treated. Miss M. A. Parsons was in charge, assisted by Nurse Wilson, two V.A.D.'s and Miss Parsons. The work was entirely voluntary.

The poorer people of the fishing class who came over the sea in trawlers and coal boats would not leave the Harbour. They were afraid to trust themselves on shore. The Hon. Rose Hubbard and other ladies went to them and found means to win their confidence and then to get them to land.

The Relief Committee divided up into a number of Sub-Committees dealing with the provision of clothing for the Refugees who were living in the town and for those passing through it who were in need; the collection and distribution of food; financial assistance to families whose means were exhausted or insufficient; the care of women during confinement; the provision of free hospitality in other parts of the country. The great majority of the Refugees, when they landed at the Harbour, were practically destitute. They were taken to St. Michael's Hall, where a substantial meal was served, and where those who were insufficiently clad were provided with clothing. Many residents

worked long hours at the Hall, and were prepared to undertake any menial service if they could add to the comfort of their poor guests. As the work developed the premises known as the old Harvey Grammar School, comprising a large house and a number of class-rooms, were placed by the Corporation at the disposal of the Committee. The class-rooms were used as reception and registration halls, and fitting-rooms where persons were supplied with the garments they needed. The rooms in the house were used as dormitories ; but of course this large provision was but a fraction of what was required, and lodgings were obtained without payment in all parts of the town. Even then the need was not met, and small sums were paid to those who were unable to offer free hospitality. Great numbers of Refugees were drafted on to other parts of the country. It was no small business to register the new arrivals, and to secure their passage to their destination.

Employers in other parts of the country offered work for those who were skilled in various branches of industry. and to the honour of the Belgian working-classes, the Committee records the fact that the majority of them were more anxious to obtain employment, that they might support themselves, than to remain in idleness receiving charity. Many were engaged in hop-picking, and in the orchards of Kent. In Folkestone and other towns, shop-keepers were glad to be able to put up a notice to the effect that French was spoken behind the counter. This provided employment for a considerable number of the shop assistant class. Schools offered to receive teachers, and the Universities gave generous hospitality to members of the teaching profession unable to find

employment. In all cases where employment was found through the Folkestone Committee, careful enquiries were made as to the rates of wages, so that there should be no trouble with the Labour Organizations, and that the Refugees should be protected against any exploitation of their labour, though that was hardly necessary.

The provision of garments occupied a great deal of the Committee's attention. The Refugees came with the clothes they stood up in ; and as the winter approached their condition was critical. Many of the better-class people wore their summer clothing far into the winter rather than ask for assistance. Residents of the town found ways of supplying clothing without offending the finer feelings. Beautiful things were done which may not be recorded. It was calculated that 15,000 Belgians were living in the town whose need of warm clothing was apparent. A special appeal was made through the Press, and the requirements were met. The Committee determined that their guests in social positions of influence in their own country should not be offered second-hand garments, but should be enabled to purchase in the ordinary way from the Stores. One-third of the price was contributed by the Committee. Large quantities of food were received from all over the country, and proved very acceptable.

The first arrivals from Belgium brought with them a woman who had become a mother on the journey across the Channel. She was taken to the hospital with her little baby, and cared for, the child becoming strong and bonny.

A pathetic little object, named Elizabeth, was born

on Ostend quay, and brought to Folkestone in an open fishing boat. The baby only weighed 2lbs. 4ozs. It was the general opinion that she could not live, but, thanks to excellent nursing, she grew into an exceedingly pretty and healthy child.

Mrs. Linington became responsible for three beds in a small room in the Royal Victoria Hospital. This was the origin of the Maternity Home. It was afterwards removed to Bournemouth Road. Twenty-three babies were born and cared for. Each baby and mother leaving the institution received a complete outfit of clothes. Many ladies were interested in mothering the little ones, and were not slow to perceive the need of extending the work of the Maternity Home. Another house, under the direction of Mrs. Muir, was opened, and ministered to the needs of mothers in their hour of trial. Local medical men gave their services, and throughout the War there has been no lack of accommodation for women who were expecting to become mothers. Princess Clementine, upon her visit to Folkestone, went through two of the Maternity Homes, and expressed her gratitude and delight. It was good to see the babies in mothers' arms, and the happiness of the women who had found, not a haven of refuge, but a real home, with women who were their friends. One of the best forms of social ministry during the War was the Maternity Home, and to it not a few women owe their lives and the lives of their children. Some odd things happened in this connection. A little child of Belgian parents, sent on from Folkestone, was born at Yarmouth, and named by the priest; afterwards it was discovered that the parents were Protestants.

The authorities objected; the baby had been christened and could not be christened a second time. There seemed to be no way of rectifying the mistake, until the mother was able to assert her own rights, and the child was probably not less happy in having been christened upon two occasions, though he was quite unique.

The Local Government Board sent representatives to take charge of the organisation. Mr. Basil Williams and Mr. Franklin did much to overcome the difficulties of providing food and housing for thousands of exiles who might arrive during the day or night with no longer notice than the sighting of the ship's signals.

The Acting Secretary of the Committee, Mr. Toke, was far too modest to make much of his office, though every worker knew that he was behind all the machinery as chief engineer. There were many residents who gave of their time and money without hesitation, but practically all Folkestone was a War Relief Committee; only a small part of the hospitality could be chronicled as going through organised agencies. Madame Peterson brought together a group of Belgian women of social influence who formed a working party to provide comforts for men at the Front. During the years of war, bales of garments have regularly been dispatched upon their ministry of good cheer. Mrs. Penrose FitzGerald never seemed to tire in her efforts for the exiles; to her ingenious initiative could be traced ways and means of raising money and adding to the comfort of the poor people under her care. The late Mrs. Ambler and Mrs. Jones had charge of the first hostel at the old Grammar School; Mrs. Carlile had rooms set apart at her private residence for fitting

garments. The Baptist Women's League and other friends, in response to an appeal, sent over five thousand articles of wearing apparel.

There was considerable difficulty with the Belgians who possessed money in getting it changed. The Committee secured the assistance of the Central Organization in London and the Banks, so that the exchange rates were not unnecessarily low.

The Belgian Colony in Folkestone soon organized its own activities. A College was opened for boys ; the Education Committee lent the necessary apparatus, and pupils were enabled to continue their studies. A number of Catholic clergy took up the work and carried it through with ability and devotion. English classes for adults had many students who forgot the tedium of their exile in their efforts to master irregular verbs. A Literary Circle met frequently to exchange ideas and become acquainted with the great masters of prose. Literature has ever been the means of international goodwill, and was never more enjoyed than by the English-Belgian group, meeting under such tragic conditions by the fringe of the sea.

The Refugees represented all sections of the community, from the zealous patriots to the Germanised renegades—all sorts and conditions, good, bad and indifferent, came to our shores.

Messrs. Bobby & Co. generously placed at the disposal of the Belgians a block of seven houses in Sandgate Road, and these were used for official purposes.

The Belgian Vice-Consul, M. Peterson, was one of the discoveries of the war. When Sir Charles Allom suggested to the Belgian Legation in London that the



Photo] *[Halksworth Wheeler.*
FIRST THREE BABIES BORN IN BELGIAN MATERNITY HOME.



Photo] *[Halksworth Wheeler*
CHILDREN'S WARD IN BELGIAN REFUGEES HOME.

Pastor of the local Huguenot Church should become King Albert's representative he did a good stroke of business for the Allies. M. Peterson had no special training for the office, but he brought to it considerable gifts of insight and administration and a fine quality of eloquence. In the early days the Vice-Consul had more than 100 interviews per day and dispatched a daily average of 50 letters.

He created and organised all the different Consular and Military departments. Folkestone became one of the great centres of War activities. The Intelligence Offices were in constant communication with Belgium and knew all the important movements of the enemy in the occupied territory.

The work of those departments was very much greater and far more important than was supposed. If we were permitted to tell the whole story, it would be a revelation—particularly to Germany. In the early months of the War the gallant little army defending Belgium suffered terribly, and the numbers were sadly depleted, but the supply of young men was steadily maintained. 35,000 recruits were enlisted in Folkestone, and a large majority of them were men who had endured great privations and faced extreme dangers in escaping from Belgium through Holland. They crept through the German lines and crawled over the open spaces of No Man's Land to the electric wire enclosing the Dutch frontier. It is estimated that of those who made the great adventure at least one in three died or was killed in the attempt, yet 35,000 reached Folkestone and went back to fight for their dear Homeland.

The Intelligence Department kept the Allies informed

of the arrival of enemy forces in Belgium, and tracked many spies who came as Refugees. The Department has material for the novelist, a shoal of thrilling stories of clever impersonations and arrests; but they will remain secret.

Before the war Belgium, as England, was over-run by German "agents." One of these came as a professor of languages. He told a pathetic story: in early life he was in the army and his great regret was that he could no longer fight. He became a favourite with the soldiers, telling good stories and receiving hospitality. He was a welcome visitor to the camp, dividing his time between watching military manoeuvres and writing his experiences in the Public Library. Everybody was kind to the poor old professor, who never tired of telling his bitter experiences and rubbing his hands in delight while he listened to the boys in khaki describing their regiments' movements. One night he left the Library for his lodgings to discover a man in possession of his papers, and two officers with revolvers cocked, until he was safely handcuffed. He was a first-class Secret Service agent, but his letters had been regularly intercepted, and "bluff" communications sent instead, by which the enemy was misled all the time.

The story of individual effort, could it be chronicled, would reveal a wealth of generous sentiment, expressed in beautiful and unostentatious actions, seeking no reward but that of doing good. The record of organized relief is a distinction to the town and the country. It was England's offering to her gallant Allies, who seemed at the moment to have lost everything but honour and courage.

All the local Churches in Folkestone did nobly. The Roman Catholic Church opened a club and hostel, which became a popular meeting-place and a haven of rest for large numbers of Belgians. The Baptist Church raised a fund for Protestant Pastors who were in sore straits. Several of these were enabled to remain in the town, and continue their ministry among their own people. They established a service in French, which was held regularly. Some of the Evangelists were supported while they rendered assistance in other towns to which Belgians had gone. The Public Library became a favourite rendezvous for the reading class. Its reference department was very popular, and won the admiration of professional men compelled to be the guests of England. All the Churches gave special collections and help of various kinds. The Bathing Establishment granted the use of their large hall to be used as a Club and Reading Room. It was well supplied with newspapers, magazines, and playthings for the little people. It was very popular, and will remain a pleasant memory for many women and children.

The issue of "Le Franco-Belge" by Messrs. F. J. Parsons kept Belgians who were unable to read English well informed of the happenings in their own land and on the Fronts. News was carried from Brussels and other centres. Special couriers came and went with the news in their memories. They crossed the German lines at the risk of their lives, and even printed a special sheet under the feet of their oppressors. The Brussels journal was printed in a basement under the pathway of one of the most frequented streets.

A Guild of Good Fellowship was inaugurated, enabling soldiers to keep in touch with those they had met in the town when on leave. Many pathetic letters were sent by boys from the mud of the trenches.

The work of the Refugees Committee cannot be told in statistics, but the figures indicate the magnitude of the enterprise.

The number of grants to assist persons to meet their living expenses up to February, 1919, was 6,580.

The total number of meals supplied to Refugees was 115,000.

Sleeping accommodation was provided for 22,180 persons.

The total number of Refugees sent from Folkestone at the expense of the British Government was 64,500; there were 44,000 who passed through the town at their own expense.

It is impossible to record the number of garments given; it reached to hundreds of thousands. The amount spent by the Committee up to January 31st, 1919, was £27,184, of which the Government provided more than £20,000.

The gratitude of the Belgians found expression in various ways: in presentations to the Mayor and others who were more prominent in the general manifestation of hospitality. A tablet was erected in the Town Hall, bearing the inscription:—

TO THE TOWN COUNCIL OF
FOLKESTONE,
THE COMMITTEE, and all who
worked so devotedly for their
Relief, this Tribute is
gratefully offered by the
BELGIAN WAR REFUGEES.
1916.

At the unveiling ceremony the Vice-Consul, in a memorable utterance, expressed the sentiments of the Belgian Government. We venture to reproduce the following passages :—

“We have just been celebrating the anniversary of the Independence of Belgium, and we have expressed the hope soon to see our native land regain her liberty.

“We hold the firm conviction that the victorious armies of the Allies will bring liberation and happiness to our country.

“We have chosen this day, which inflames our pride and exalts our hopes, not to acquit ourselves of a duty, but solemnly to declare our deep debt of gratitude.

“I have the honour, Mr. Mayor and Members of the Town Council, to ask you to kindly accept, in the name of the town, the Memorial Tablet offered by the Belgian Ladies' Committee and to which have contributed the Belgians of Folkestone, in testimony of the hospitality given to the refugees by your townspeople.

“Opposite the ‘Public Record’ of the sons of Folkestone who fought for their country in a previous war, another tablet is now erected which will tell future generations your magnificent work of charity.

“Let me remind you of the hard trial we went through: you are too generous to recall it yourselves: the sympathetic help that we have found among you.

“Our little Belgium, confident in the friendship of other nations, gladly welcoming everyone, confiding in the faith of the treaties, followed fearlessly her peaceful destiny.

“Suddenly, without cause or pretext, a false and barbarous neighbour, tears to pieces the solemn pact guaranteeing our neutrality, and invades her soil.

“Their army numbers more soldiers than the whole population of Belgium. Our small and gallant army works splendidly, but is overwhelmed. Invasion follows, with all its horrible consequences.

“Slaughter, pillage, violence, conflagrations, all the evils that our civilisation tried to forget and hoped never to see again, are brought back by the methodical plan of an enemy to whom terror is a means of domination.

“The Belgians, driven out of their homes, deprived of everything, ruined, flee from their destroyed towns and villages.

“The sea is free and guides them to their old and trusted protectrice—England.

“The refugees land by thousands, without bread, without clothes, without hope, the soul as suffering as the body.

“Then, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is here that your work began.

“Immediately your compassion awakes.

“The deeper our misery, the more generous your charity, and with this fine business-like spirit which makes the strength of your nation, help is spontaneously organised.

“The whole of Folkestone came to our assistance.

“Lodgings are provided, food is distributed, clothing procured. Everyone gives what he can in charity. And as Folkestone is too small to harbour all the refugees, from all parts of England friendly hands are outstretched to help them.

“Factories are opened to the workers, schools for children.

“To you, Gentlemen, who have given your time and your labour, to you the helpers of the first hours, to you the founders and members of the War Relief Committee, to you all, the assurance of our sincere thanks.

“To you, Ladies, we offer also a tribute of our deep gratitude. Through your feminine delicacy you have divined needs without the humiliating avowal and discovered the hidden suffering.

“Your gifts were of an inestimable value, for they were guided by your heart.

“This the Belgians will never forget!

“Our little children add to this ceremony the help of their frail and simple voices. Their place is here: it is a page of history for them. This hour will never fade from their memory. They will remember to have seen their parents affirming their feelings of friendship and gratefulness toward the great English nation.

“They will take back to their country these seeds of gratitude, which will open in their souls as well as in those of their brethren who stayed in their country, into flowers of respectful affection and cordial esteem.

“And in times to come, when the blessings of peace will have blotted out the sufferings and the sorrows, their thoughts will go back, with fervent emotion, towards the white coast of England and towards this beautiful town of Folkestone, and then will say:

“‘There are our friends.’”

An allegorical painting was executed by the well-known artist, Signor Franzoni. The work hangs in the Council Chamber. It depicts the arrival of the boat

bearing the first company of refugees : little tots and old people are on the quay being met by a Red Cross Nurse and Folkestone children with food, while in the foreground there is a group of representative men, nearly all of whom were members of the first Relief Committee. On presenting the picture, the distinguished artist delivered an impassioned oration from which we reproduce the following passage :

“When I left Belgium she was invaded by the brutal German, whose ‘Kultur’ was expressed by murder, pillage, rape, and the slaughter of old men, women, and little children. Unhappy Belgium! I loved her because she had generously given me hospitality, and I would willingly have given my life for her, my second fatherland, the country of my wife and child. I was terribly unhappy, for I shared in all the sufferings of her martyrdom. After having vented my grief by crying aloud in my own country the indignation and horror I felt at so many useless cruelties, after having completed the thankless task of holding public meetings to excite the sympathy of crowds, and to force them to do their duty towards the heroic defenders of the sacred cause of Justice and Honour, I came back to England, which a study of history had taught me to love—England, a nation ennobled by its deep devotion to the cause of Justice and Liberty. Here I witnessed other actions equally unforgettable ; not deeds of cruelty like those I had seen perpetrated in Belgium by the Huns, but deeds of kindness and of love for suffering humanity. Remarkable for their ruthlessness are the barbarous deeds of the accursed German ; equally remarkable for generosity and devotion are the great sacrifices



Photo]

[Halksworth Wheeler.

BELGIAN AND FRENCH PEOPLE CROWDING INTO
ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH (1914).



Photo]

[Halksworth Wheeler.

QUEUE OF FRENCH AND BELGIANS ENTERING
BANK TO CHANGE MONEY.



Photo] *[Halksworth Wheeler.*
MR. N. E. TOKE.
L.G.B. REPRESENTATIVE (BELGIAN
REFUGEES COMMITTEE).



Photo] *[Halksworth Wheeler.*
THE ABBE COLLE.
(PRINCIPAL OF LOCAL BELGIAN
COLLEGE).

made with touching simplicity by the noble hearts of Great Britain. These are the deeds which have freed me from the nightmare of German atrocities, and which have aroused my imagination as an artist to show on canvas, though in a very feeble way, a small portion of the magnificent generosity of England towards the Belgians, in the hope of reminding future generations of the nature of the generosity and of the spontaneity with which it was offered."

Among Folkestone women who rendered conspicuous assistance to the Belgians was Miss Marjorie Wood, who went to France with the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry, a Corps composed of women who gave their services as motorists, some of them providing their own cars, and undertook the conveyance of the wounded from the lines to the hospitals.

Miss Wood has driven over the greater part of the Western Front, and has been chauffeur and guide to distinguished persons, including His Majesty the King and Belgian Generals. The following exploit on the official record for September, 1918, gives a vivid impression of the kind of work in which she was engaged.

"Before the rush of work came, we were having a good many runs, as there was a great deal of sickness about, and the cars were kept busy all day, though the last days of August were rather given over to amusements, concerts and such-like; but all frivolity came to a sudden full-stop, and we found ourselves plunged into hard work. When they began to evacuate the hospitals before the attack, we had as much as we could do, and when the General sent orders that two big cars were to go down to V—— at once to evacuate the

trains there, the case was getting pretty desperate, as we were already understaffed, six drivers being home on leave owing to sickness and other reasons. The first two drivers to do the V—— run were Clayton and Wood, and I consider the work they did was a really splendid achievement for any driver, and wonderful for a woman. They started their day by getting up at 5 a.m. and working all day at the Hospitals round here, and at 8 p.m. the same evening the order came that three cars were to leave at 10 p.m. that night for V—— to unload the train there. Wood and Clayton were as game as possible when told they were chosen to go, and in spite of the fact that they had been working hard since 5 a.m., they left at 10 p.m., arriving at their destination at 1.15 a.m. next morning, starting to unload the train at once; they did not get off their cars till 10.30 a.m., at which time they had some coffee and rested for about twenty minutes, after which they got on their cars and drove back here, arriving in the garage at 2 p.m., having been driving about thirty-six hours, some of the time in pitch darkness; it was very nice to see how light they both made of what was a really splendid and plucky piece of work.''

Monseigneur de Wachter, the Vicar-General of Malines, and representative in London of his Eminence Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, visited Folkestone and paid a remarkable tribute to the town's activities and generosity. He expressed the sentiment of his country and brought a message of appreciation from His Majesty King Albert. The Vicar-General said "they recognised in Belgium the wonderful kindness of the ladies and gentlemen of Folkestone to his poor

countrymen. They had received them with glowing hospitality, with such motherly feelings, that at once their tears were dried and they felt they had found a new home here after having lost their own. He hoped that the name of Folkestone would be inscribed one day in letters of gold on a monument which certainly must arise in Belgium to commemorate the hospitality of England towards them, and that the generations to come—the children of those who were there and their grandchildren in the future Belgium—must remember how Folkestone had been the first town in England to receive them and to lodge them and to give them to eat and to drink whatever they wanted. Folkestone had earned the admiration not only of the Belgians, but also of the whole world: yes, the whole civilised world knew how the town of Folkestone had received them with such cordiality which would never be forgotten.”

Whatever the future may have in store for Folkestone there will be one chapter in her history of which Folkestonians may always be justly proud. It is the chapter now concluding—the story of generous assistance given to Belgium in her supreme hour of necessity, when the outlook was very dark and difficult, but in which Belgium and England were confident of the righteousness of their cause and of their ultimate victory.

CHAPTER III.

THE CALL TO THE COLOURS.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL A. ATKINSON, CAPTAIN W. R.
FAIRBAIRN, AND G. W. HAINES.

Visitors to Folkestone found pleasure in a jolly sail listening to the boatman's yarn. The more adventurous went for a night's fishing in a trawler. The true fisherman, like Peter Pan, never grows up. He keeps the child heart and love of adventure. The first to be warned for active service were the men of the Royal Naval Reserve. They left their baiting and their pleasure craft and journeyed with pride to the fighting fleet.

Folkestone fisher boys wanted to give their comrades a musical send-off, but the band was not permitted to parade. The young men went away almost unnoticed, while the old fellows reluctantly stayed at home.

The protection of the Channel was a mighty task. The Germans were poor sailors, but very good engineers. They thought to destroy England by sowing mines and sending out submarines. Our men went fishing for the mines and trapping the submarines. In both tasks they were successful. To understand the magnitude of the undertaking it is necessary to remember that the area of the North Sea is greater than Germany, and in the North Sea alone Britain had 1,700 ships of various sorts and 25,000 men detailed for mine sweeping.

Often mines were laid to drive trading vessels into a course where submarines could ply their murderous traffic with comparative safety. The Channel, with its bottle-neck, offered special facilities for mines and kept our brave fellows continually on the watch. Mines are of many kinds, but sea monsters "with all manner of horns and humps." Some rise to the surface long after they have been hidden out of sight. Some float at random and others are anchored, but drift away.

The trawlers sweep in pairs. It is a monotonous business, full of peril. Here is a description of the process by one who took part in it. "A deck-hand came up the ladder and handed out two pneumatic lifebelts. The Captain silently passed one to me. After we had fastened them securely he glanced at the chart and compass; then he gave a command, which was flashed to the other boat. Thus the first preparation was made for the fishing. The other boat drew easily alongside. There was a clanking of machinery as she made off again, carrying one end of a heavy steel cable. Several hundred yards away she resumed her course while the cable sagged far down beneath the surface of the water. That was all; we were sweeping. It was late in the afternoon when we made a catch. A sudden tightening of the cable made it clear that we had hit an obstruction. There was just a slight tremor all through the boat. Everybody stepped to the rail and gazed intently into the water. 'That'll be one,' said the skipper as the cable relaxed. Sure enough, it was one. The Boche mine broke the surface of the water and floated free; her moorings of one inch steel cut off as cleanly

as if with a mighty pair of shears. As it rolled lazily in the swell it reminded me of a great black turtle with spikes on its back." That is the normal procedure. Rifle bullets do the rest. When they hit there is an explosion that makes the teeth rattle, while a great cloud of black smoke rises into the still air, and a shining column of water shoots straight up to a height of fifty or sixty feet.

Such explosions were frequently heard from the Leas, and we knew that our brave fellows were doing their work. The tremor of the earth seemed to shake the whole town. The thrill of excitement will not be forgotten by those who watched in safety, but what anxiety it meant for mothers and wives whose loved ones were out there playing the hero's part. When they came home they had little to say about their exploits. Any reference to their bravery covered them with blushes. They just carried on, and kept our home safe.

The mobilization of the local Territorials is described by Colonel Atkinson.

During the week preceding 4th August, 1914, I do not think any Territorial was oblivious to the fact that he was about to be put to the test.

It was one thing for the professional soldier, who had made arms his career, to be ordered off into the unknown. It was quite another for the civilian, who had been trying to fit himself for the defence of his country.

And yet for five years at least particular attention had been paid to mobilization by the local Territorial Force. Annual trainings, staff tours for officers and n.c.o.'s, lectures, and school courses were all directed to that end.

Orders were written and re-written in the light of experience and trials. When War broke out there was, at any rate for the writer's unit, a complete set of indexed and comprehensive Orders, from which nothing seemed to be omitted. Indeed, officers, n.c.o.'s and men were detailed therein by name for specific duties.

The local Territorial troops were engaged in a new experiment during July, 1914. For the first time a Division of all Arms was being moved by road from Aldershot to Salisbury Plain, bivouacking en route under Active Service conditions. This march was most successfully performed. However, on arrival at Amesbury, it was manifest that great movements were in operation.

We were at once caught in the rising tide of War, and to many the memory of that August Sunday, Monday and Tuesday is a nightmare. With scores of thousands of men, horses, guns and vehicles ordered away from the Plain, delays were inevitable, but it was marvellous how quickly the thing got done in spite of all roads being choked with traffic for miles around the stations.

Some of our men had marched over 20 miles on Bank Holiday with full kit, and food and sleep were for most of them impossible.

Tuesday evening, August 4th, saw the local Company of Buffs back at their Drill Hall, and they had just been dismissed when the Officer Commanding received a telegram to keep the men at the Drill Hall all night. He was thankful that telegram arrived two minutes too late.

On Wednesday, August 5th, the fateful telegram

of one word—"Mobilize"—was received by the writer at 7.30 a.m. It had been despatched from Canterbury at 6.17 a.m.

This entailed a written message from me, as the responsible Officer, to the Borough Engineer to give the pre-arranged signal.

Twelve maroons were fired, according to plan, and in addition every man received his calling up by special messenger.

We had made sure, and in an hour the medical examinations and other details were in progress. By the early afternoon, every officer or man was in his appointed place at his War Station in Dover.

But what of the town of Folkestone? Hearing those maroons, there were many visitors and others who promptly fled to the railway stations, some of them very scantily clad. Certain London evening papers announced:—"Bombardment of Folkestone by the Enemy—Flight of Inhabitants!"

A local newspaper complained about it and said that a signal should have been arranged "that would not have alarmed anybody!" Well, of course, we ought to have wakened our tired men with sprays of rose water.

Folkestone had indeed much to learn and a long way to go after this. Some of us had been thinking for a long time that Folkestone wanted rousing. On an occasion a little time before the War, when we were making a very special appeal for 40 recruits, we got one, at most two, boys, whose hearts were better than their physique.

If there was one thing more than another which exasperated the Territorial in the early days of the



LIEUT.-COL. G. GOSLING.



[Essenhigh Corke,
LIEUT.-COL. A. ATKINSON.



[Lambert Weston,
MAJOR W. B. KENNETT.



Photo

[Halksworth Wheeler.]

LOCAL BUFFS (T) OFF TO WAR.



Photo]

[Holksworth Wheeler.]

TERRITORIAL BUFFS—WITH AMMUNITION CARTS.

War it was reading in the newspapers about the Sanctity of the Season, "Business as usual," and being made the subject of "Enthusiastic Scenes," these last being composed largely of young men who ought to have been in our ranks, but who preferred to wear and wave flags.

Our little handful of infantry, 3 officers and 76 other ranks, at all events, was ready.

The same applied to the Territorial Artillery and R.A.M.C.

Did our mobilization plans work out well? They did.

Horses and civilian transport were speedily got in by the party of Folkestone men detailed for that job, and many a farmer and another learned that day that the previous earmarking of his horse or waggon had not been, as some thought, part of a foolish amusement for amateur soldiers.

Ammunition, working tools, harness and the hundred and one details were assembled, and that night trench digging on the outpost line began in earnest on the very spots where for years we had played at the game with sticks, string and tape. Also, grim reality! our swords and bayonets were sharpened.

Accommodation was provided in empty barracks. Literally empty, and provided with floors of surprising hardness for sleeping on. The fatigues of digging, however, softened the floors for the tired men.

When the local Buffs were relieved by the slower mobilizing 3rd Line (Special Reserve) they went to Canterbury to commence the six months' training promised by Lord Haldane.

In less than a fortnight a staff officer came to our

headquarters very late one night, with the result that next morning on parade the Battalion was asked, nay, required, by our Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Col. Gosling, to volunteer for service in France.

Now, this was a searching thing for men whose conditions of service were for home defence, especially for those who had left wives and children, to say nothing of businesses, at the bidding of a telegram.

There were no Tribunals in those days.

The Battalion volunteered because we knew that, apart from our splendid Navy, one trench in France was of more use to our country than a hundred trenches in England. For the next few weeks our Battalion's history was chequered and arduous, for these were days in which so much had to be improvised. Our ranks, however, were soon filled by a good class of volunteer.

After expecting to cross the Channel orders were received late in October to proceed to India, and the Battalion left Thanet on 29th October, 1914.

Meanwhile, the second line was growing. The humours of recruiting, before compulsory methods came into force, were, perhaps, nowhere better illustrated than at the Head Quarters at Canterbury of our local Infantry Battalion.

I had the honour of receiving and starting on their careers a vast number of recruits.

The British public got a taste of what billeting means. This was generally an unpleasant matter for all concerned. Many a house whose accommodation we had gently enquired about in peace time had now to experience the real thing. Territorials during the early days soon fell very foul of beautiful young

men on the Golf Courses, especially when a Company of ours got billeted in a Golf Club House in Thanet.

This chapter, however, cannot enter into details other than of local interest. The distinct existence of Territorials, as such, was soon indistinguishable from that of the Imperial and New Armies.

Suffice it to say, therefore, that soon after mobilization Folkestone produced a very good number of volunteers before the introduction of the Military Service Acts. After compulsory service became law, there was no falling off in quantity or quality, and as to the deeds, lives, and deaths of many a good man, have they not been written from week to week in our local Press? "And some there be which have no memorial—who are perished as though they had never been—but . . . their glory shall not be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth for evermore."

Many of the Buffs under Colonel Gosling went to India and saw active service in the frontier fighting. They conducted themselves with great credit at Aden, and many are the stories of individual bravery. In a long and arduous campaign, very little noticed in the Press, there were many tests of the quality of the men. Their powers of endurance in long marches and gorilla fighting were strained to the utmost. Folkestone is proud of her sons, and the name of the Buffs has become a synonym for courage and high qualities.

Other Companies were detailed for coastal work. Major J. G. Welch and his men went to Dover and became the Training Corps, passing on large numbers of gunners to France. Captain Nicholls was with the

gunners in the West of England until he went over to the Western Front, where his bravery upon more than one memorable occasion gained him distinction. The 2nd and 3rd Home Counties Brigade of the Territorial R.F.A. left the town in full strength with Major W. B. Kennett in command. Captain S. Lambert Weston and Lieuts. Wise, Loyd, and Boyd were with their men; they had important duty on coast defence.

It is a pleasure to add Captain Fairbairn's account of Aden.

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It was on the 29th October, 1914, when about 180 n.c.o.'s and men from Folkestone, forming part of the 1/4th Battalion the Buffs, embarked on H.M. Transport Dongola for India.

Disappointed at their not having been sent direct to France, but satisfied with the assurance of Lord Kitchener that the time was not far distant when they would enter one or other of the areas of hostilities, they settled down with a determination to fit themselves perfectly for any ordeal which might come their way.

The transport was one of 12 huge ships which carried the first Home Counties Division to the best military training centre in the world. Escorted to Suez by warships, both French and British, the troops had much to occupy their mind when once the horrors of the Bay of Biscay and the prostration of "mal de mer" had been overcome, though not a few failed to appreciate the "benefits" of inoculation which was carried out on board.

From Port Said to Suez, and on to Bombay, the

voyage had nothing but charms, and when on the 1st December the battalion disembarked at Bombay for Mhow every man was absolutely fit.

Territorial troops were new to India, and after the somewhat wearisome travelling in the Indian troop trains, all ranks appreciated their first halt. It was at Baroda, where the Maharajah of Baroda had laid himself out to entertain all British units passing through his province, that the men of Kent first made the acquaintance of the proverbial "Indian Stew."

On the 3rd December the Battalion detrained at Mhow. Dawn had only just broken, when the Battalion, formed up in mass, was received by the G.O.C. 5th Division, under whose command they were to be stationed. Clad in western clothing with the exception of their topis, they marched through the streets of Mhow, being subjected to the careful and critical scrutiny of the entire native population. The fears of the Indian Councils that Territorial Troops would lack the soldierly bearing of those of the Regular Army whom they had come to replace were soon dispelled, for they soon discovered that the men who were to help in the governing of the country, to continue training, were soldiers as to the manner born.

Barely had the Buffs been issued with their khaki drill than they settled down to as severe a test of training as it was possible for British Troops to receive. "Kitchener's Test" it was termed, and the fact that soldiers from home were to experience the trials of climate and work which had always been found difficult by regular troops did not dismay the

Kentish boys. It was the one ambition of the entire Battalion to be the first to pass the critical examination of the G.O.C. and be pronounced the Battalion first fit to take its place in action in the Eastern Spheres.

Before six months had expired Colonel Gosling was the proud possessor of the certificate of the G.O.C. that the unit had qualified and had attained its goal. It had meant months of a severe form of physical and technical training, in which every rank was exercised to its full. Spare time had to be occupied by sport, and the Battalion Football Team was making a reputation at Calcutta, where on the Maidan it was engaged in a knock-out competition with teams from all over India.

While enjoying a short respite from training and hard work, the troops in Wellesley Barracks were one day electrified with excitement by reason of an intimation that they were about to proceed on active service. There were stories of an Afghan rising, of a great defeat in Mesopotamia, of an over-running in Egypt by the Turks, in fact, there were so many rumours that nobody out of official circles had the faintest idea where the Battalion was going to open its career. Then came the news! A Welsh Battalion had undergone such hardships in the Aden-Hinterland that relief was wanted immediately, and the 1/4th Battalion had been selected for the purpose. Aden!! The very name was sufficient to damp the enthusiasm of the most ardent soldier.

When it had become known that the Welshmen had suffered tortures of mind and body due to a shortage of acquaintance with equatorial conditions, and the trials of heat and thirst, one would have

imagined that territorial troops, however keen, would have shown some diffidence for the undertaking upon which they were to embark ; but it was not so. The Monsoon weather was breaking—it was the end of June, 1915—when, equipped to the last man, the Battalion was inspected by the G.O.C., 5th Division, congratulated on its apparent soldierly bearing and efficiency, and advised that it was its duty to maintain the reputation that the Buffs of yore had made and earned.

That same night, without beat of drum, the Battalion left the parade ground. There were no words of command, for active service conditions had begun, and, silent as the night, they wended their way to Mhow Station. There all the European population, and, for the matter of that, nearly every native in cantonment, had congregated. A quick entraining, hasty farewells, and the Buffs were “en route” to Bombay. In record time, guns, rifles, ammunition, stores and men were aboard, and the Monsoon appeared to break with extraordinary violence as the transport steamed out of harbour.

For five days and nights all the horrors of sea-sickness such as are only met with in the Indian Ocean damped the ardour of all ranks, and when the natives refused to work in the stokehol owing to sea-sickness volunteers from the Folkestone-Boulogne service filled the gaps.

Eventually the storm was weathered, and, none the worse for their journey, the troops leaned over the side and gazed first at the barren rocks of Aden itself, and then with considerable apprehensions at the Arabian Desert beyond. This latter, one great

expanse of sand, devoid of cultivation and water, was to be the scene of their future. On it they were to live and fight with a determination that the Turk should never wrest from the British Government that great rock of Aden holding the command of the southern entrance to the Red Sea.

Whilst awaiting disembarkation, came through the orders for immediate action. It was reported that in Aden itself there were thousands of Arabs who first had to be controlled, and whilst half the Battalion would be responsible for that duty, the other half would proceed to the desert. When it is realised that this small Battalion of 800 men, with the addition of a Battery of the H.A.C. and Fortress Company of R.G.A., were practically the only white troops in the area, the responsibility of the duty to be performed will be apparent. With the utmost despatch the Buffs disembarked and took over from the Welshmen their new duties.

It appeared that the Sultan of Lahej, who had been loyal to the Crown, had been killed in his own city and grounds after being betrayed by his own native troops. These latter had been equipped and partially trained by British officials, but when the Turks descended upon Aden they were aided in their exploits by a relative of the Sultan himself. Jealousy and greed for power and authority had prompted this relative to co-operate with the Turks as against the Sultan, with the result that the British Forces within the Aden Protectorate had to fall back to the Isthmus which adjoins Aden to the mainland. This had proved an expensive operation, and many Welshmen and others paid the toll, and their remains are covered



2ND KENT BATTERY, 3RD HOME COUNTIES (CINQUE PORTS) BRIGADE R.F.A.

in the sand dunes of the Arabian Desert. Eventually a composite force of native troops was formed, and these, with the Buffs as their backing, advanced to Sheik Othman at the Arabian end of the Isthmus and entrenched.

It so happened that the portion of the line allotted to the Men of Kent was in a garden full of wells and infested with mosquitoes of the malaria-carrying type, a circumstance which did untold harm to the health of the men.

At first there were occasional sorties with the Turks, during which the Buffs received their baptism of fire. It was grand to watch these boys—for most of them were boys—as they laughed and joked about the erratic shooting of the Turk. They proved their worth and gave every evidence that when the supreme task did come they were men fitted for the job.

On the 25th September came one of the most trying and arduous days that British troops could ever have experienced. Ten miles away was a village called Waht. The Brigade Staff Orders were that a reconnaissance in force was to be carried out with the object of ascertaining whether Waht was adaptable to the requirements of Headquarters. It was to be held till the following nightfall and evacuated early in the succeeding morning.

Three hours before dawn of the morning of the 25th the Battalion moved to this place in the line of march with artillerymen and natives forming part of their Company. The Aden Camel Corps and the Bengal Cavalry had been watching and scouting during the night, and the advance was now to be made in earnest. By daybreak the Battalion had deployed,

and it was not long before they were under the fire of the Turk Artillery. There were no casualties of any importance, and all went well till the heat of day began to exert itself. At 9 o'clock the advance was continued and the terrors of a burning desert without shade or water other than that carried in water bottles began to tell on the troops. The advance, however, was maintained at a rapid rate, and the Turks and Arabs were forced to vacate the village of Waht. At a short distance behind the lines, however, they had reserve trenches, and into these they scuttled as the Buffs with their bayonets charged them through the village.

The object attained, the Buffs occupied the Waht defences, and only those men who laid out on the filthy insanitary dunes could ever explain the horrible stench and filthiness of the conditions under which the enemy had lived in Waht.

The sun was at its height when the infantrymen, sheltering from the Turks' artillery—and they were not bad gunners—could not understand why our own artillerymen were not responding to the Turks' salvoes. It was imagined they had gone to a flank in order to catch the enemy in enfilade, but a little later on a grim reality presented itself, for to hand came the news that the 5in. gunwheels had sunk into the sand, making it impossible for the artillerymen to bring the guns up. The wily Turk had ascertained this fact, and he began a counter attack in real earnest. And all this while in a shade temperature of 130 degrees! The Buffs had waited in expectancy, and suffering from heat and the strenuous advance with very little food, they were not surprised when

the order came that they were to retire to their trenches. This was for them the worst of all, for it had not been anticipated that a withdrawal would be necessary, or that the anguish of returning knee-deep in sand over those many miles of desert would have to be accomplished on the same day.

The retirement began under cover of native troops, but it was pitiful to see some of the flower of the regiment fall victims to sunstroke and die. Nor were they alone in this, for great powerful machine gunners of the Australian Navy, a detachment which had been landed to assist, suffered similarly. Natives and white men alike shared water bottles and bore each other's burdens, and in those miles of retirement some heroic deeds of self-sacrifice and devotion were performed.

The Bengal Cavalry, realising the immensity of the task allotted to the Battalion, brought their horses as far as possible to meet the retiring troops, who, when behind their own lines, took life easy and rode behind their native comrades.

It was a sad camp the next morning, and the writer will never forget how he commanded a firing party which at mid-day lined the graves dug by Arabs on a stretch of desert behind Sheik Othman, and gave a final salute to those men who had struggled so gallantly the previous day.

On subsequent days volunteers from the Battalion turned those rough dune graves into what eventually became a little garrison churchyard, and where now suitable stones are erected.

Beyond occasional surprises, generally without result, the Turk did not worry the little force for

some time, but with the malaria-infested garden the Buffs held their line until the numbers were so reduced by malaria that they had to return behind their line to Aden itself. A relief was, however, soon made up from the other half of the Battalion, and in the meantime more duties were carried out all over Aden, necessitating in many instances men being on guard for fourteen or fifteen days and nights at a time.

Christmas of 1915 was spent in the line. Once or twice the Turk threatened to do things, but invariably he changed his mind and thought twice.

January, 1916, brought about somewhat cooler weather, and the condition of the troops in the desert trenches were made somewhat happier, but they were not sorry when at the end of the month intimation came that the Battalion had more than completed the allotted span of a soldier's service in Aden climate, and a Battalion would soon arrive in relief. This meant a return to India, and a further preparation for more active service in another Eastern Sphere. Before February had commenced the Men of Kent had been relieved by the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry and proceeded to Bareilly.

A short turn of leave and a sojourn in the Himalayan Hills became the next treat, and then by drafts of 100 and more the 1/4th Battalion began to furnish drafts for Mesopotamia. As fast as one party went away another would arrive from England, and the latter on their arrival would read with proud pleasure the valedictory message of the G.O.C., Aden Field Forces, which paid tribute in sterling terms to the powers of endurance and devotion to duty of the Men of Kent under his command.

In November, 1914, the Folkestone Volunteer Corps was inaugurated at a preliminary meeting in the Town Hall. Those taking part included Colonel G. Power, F. Scarborough, A. R. Bowles, Henry Brooke, and G. W. Haines. Colonel Owen was appointed Military Adviser and G. W. Haines Honorary Secretary. With Major H. R. J. Willis they were appointed an Executive Committee. Major Willis was afterwards commissioned Officer Commanding.

At a special parade at the Drill Hall 350 people attended, marshalled by Sergeant-Major Vickery, R.E. The work of the Volunteer Training Corps was explained by the Honorary Secretary. Rules were formulated and a number of men enrolled. The Corps was established under the title of the Folkestone Volunteer Training Corps and became affiliated to the Central Association of Volunteer Training Corps. Drills were commenced and held two nights per week. Officers were appointed and subsequently confirmed by Lord Harris, Commandant of the County Organization. The Platoon Commanders were A. R. Bowles, E. D. Fitzgerald, Edward P. W. Foster, C.M.G., F. S. Upton, G. W. Haines.

At the beginning of 1915 the normal roll showed a strength of 239 men over 38 years of age, and 77 under 38. The Company on parade resolved that the members were in accord with the principle of organization with County Units, and a resolution was passed that the Corps make application to be included in the County Association and become affiliated with the Kent Volunteer Fencibles, and form "E" Company of the 1st Cinque Ports Battalion.

The organization coming under the head of a trained

band or body raised by consent of the Lord Lieutenant, it was not subject to the discipline of the Army or Volunteer Acts. The War Office desired before giving official recognition or assistance that members should attest under the Volunteer Act, 1863, which they did.

In September, 1915, the Battalion was inspected by the Commandant at Dover, when over 800 men from the locality paraded, and the brass band of "E" Folkestone Company played. Brigadier-General W. Tylden was appointed to the command and subsequently to the command of the 1st Battalion under its new title, the East Kent Regiment, with its regimental name of the Buffs.

Under the Volunteer Acts members were entitled to resign on giving fourteen days' notice. The War Office desired to maintain the Force on a war footing, and a special Act was passed to enable members to enter into agreements of service for the period of the War. Slowly the Force transferred itself to these conditions.

Volunteer commissions were granted to the officers, but such appointments were limited in number. Platoon Commander Upton resigned and Sergeant H. J. Lewes was appointed in his place. Major Willis was gazetted Captain. The work he did in connection with the Corps has hardly received recognition. He carried out his duties in the true soldier-like spirit, not seeking publicity or reward, but just doing as he was commanded.

Platoon Commanders Bowles and Fitzgerald became Lieutenants; Foster and Lewes Second Lieutenants; G. W. Haines had the rank of Company-Quarter-Master-Sergeant. There was a slow drain on the Corps, many men volunteering for foreign service. The depletion was made up by those who were from

1916 ordered to join the Corps by the military tribunals.

Gradually the Force, save for some fifty of its original members, nearly all over fighting age, lost the character of a Volunteer Corps and came under compulsory conditions. The general effect was to encourage the military spirit, and ultimately many of the men found their way into the fighting line. Between five and six hundred men were trained, and undertook various kinds of work. The Company was responsible for certain trenching operations, guarding of railways and line of communications, beside acting as guards for search-lights and anti-aircraft guns.

Members were handicapped at the beginning, having to find their own uniforms, drilling with wooden rifles, and being subject to some amount of ridicule from those not so earnest as themselves, but the War Office subsequently armed the Force, so that in 1918 they were equipped with a rifle, bayonet, steel helmet, gas mask, trenching tools and every necessity.

In November, 1916, the rank and file mustered 359 strong; September, 1917, 254. The Battalion was inspected in 1916 by Sir Francis Lloyd, in the absence of General French. In 1915 there were 294 parades, with total attendances of 17,528.

The Company met their own expenses, and constructed an open-air rifle range and miniature ranges. When the Drill Hall was commandeered by the Military for a Rest Camp, "E" Co. paraded in the streets or fields in all weathers. The Company stood by more than once for mobilization during the crises of the War, and were under arms at the very time of the Armistice. They fulfilled expectations and did very useful work.

CHAPTER IV.

SHAPING THE NEW ARMY.

BY THE EDITOR AND LIEUT.-COL. E. M. LIDDELL.

By the end of September, 1914, nearly 20,000 recruits were on the Camp. Shorncliffe had lost its calm ; visitors no longer went up to St. Martin's Plain for a quiet stroll, as in the old days of Peace. They went to watch the hustle of Camp life in War-time.

The boys represented all classes of the community, from bank clerks and college students to farm labourers and London street-hawkers. The response to the call for volunteers was so great that the Military Authorities did not know what to do with the men. It was estimated before the War that England had 12,000,000 men of military age, of whom 4,000,000 would be needed for essential trades and 4,000,000 would be physically unfit, or required at home for compassionate reasons. It will always be a matter of honest pride that 3,500,000 men voluntarily enlisted.

The New Army took its drills wherever there were suitable spaces. In Radnor Park the soldiers in the making were watched by wondering children and admiring servant maids. On the Leas they took gunnery instruction before they possessed guns, or even uniforms. They carried on with their training, and greatly enjoyed it.

Lord Kitchener, who had a residence at Broome Park, managed to come and go unobserved by the general public. K. of K. loved to mingle with the boys,



EARL KITCHENER, MISS HARROLD (MANOR
COURT HOSPITAL) AND MAJOR REASON.

(This photo, taken at Broome Park, was perhaps
the last taken of Lord Kitchener. It is
published by kind permission of Miss Harrold),



Photo]

[George Sands.

LIEUT.-COL. THE EARL OF RADNOR
(Lord of the Manor).



MAJOR SIR PHILIP SASSOON, C.M.G., M.P.

watching their progress, nodding approval, and speaking words of counsel. Many a lad has among his most cherished memories a sentence from the lips of the great soldier. When the news leaked out that Kitchener was coming crowds of visitors assembled to get a view of the creator of the New Army. Kitchener's aversion to publicity sometimes led to disappointment. He was most at his ease when entertaining a company of convalescent boys in his own beautiful grounds at Broome Park. His last photograph was a snapshot in which he is seen with Nurse Harrold, of Manor Court Hospital, and a batch of her patients.

Great amusement was created by the bathing exercises. The boys came down to the beach in swarms, for a dip in the briny, or to roll in the surf. Folkestone beach presented the appearance of Blackpool or Coney Island. Bathing regulations were very stringent, but they were more honoured in the breach than in the observance. It was good to see the fellows in their fun capering about in the water, like little children in their glee. Boats were in great demand for diving. The sea was, as ever, a great attraction to adventurous Britons.

The accommodation on the Camp was inadequate to meet the demand; large numbers of men were billeted all over the area. Town mansions, private hotels, and cottages were packed with men. No visitors were more welcome, and on the whole none behaved more honourably. Praise of the men was heard on every side; poor people whose homes were filled with the strange guests told how the boys often helped Mother to wash-up and made their own beds; they played with the kiddies, and won the hearts of

the girls. Soon after, in the terrible days in Flanders, they showed their quality in many a hard fight; but in their training they were soft-hearted as boys at home.

In early morning squads would march down to the Leas and begin the monotonous task of forming fours. They were in civilian attire; an odd lot they were: boys in corduroy, and "knuts" who had taken the "spats" from their boots and put them in their pockets to avoid the banter of their new comrades. The old sergeant, usually a tough customer, shouted out the most elementary instruction. Upon one occasion, after the roll had been called, he yelled: "Is there anybody absent who hasn't answered to his name?" and looked surprised at the hilarity caused by the question. But the sergeant always got his own back. He ordered the men to double, and then to charge on the run. It was curious to see the fellows without gun or even walking-stick going through the drill of lifting the rifle into position, sighting, and firing on command.

On the Camp, huts were being erected as fast as contractors could get men for the work. Cook-houses were designed, but not constructed, and all the domestic duties were executed in the open, greatly to the amusement of the boys and the visitors. The tents in which many men slept on the Camp were often blown down, and in the storm flooded out. The adventures were humorous to the onlooker, but not to the men who found their clothes wet through, and no opportunity to dry them, except upon their backs.

Regiments came in quick succession, and went over almost as soon as they received their uniforms, and

sometimes before they obtained their full equipment of weapons. The Northern burr and the Irish brogue were common in the streets, and the bagpipes resounded over the hills. The 3rd Hussars, 1st Batt. Royal Irish Fusiliers, 2nd Batt. Seaforth Highlanders, and 1st Royal Warwickshire Regiment were in the Camp at the outbreak of war. Regimental sports, held a week before their departure, attracted great crowds; like Drake, they played their game before they went out to fight the foe. Alas! that so few of those fine fellows were fated to return.

When an Oxford regiment was on the Camp Bishop Gore made a special visit, and preached a memorable sermon. General Ian Hamilton, who afterwards was in command of the Dardenelles adventure, read the lessons. It was a striking service; the men lined up facing the drums; their fine physique, clear eyes, and open countenances, the flower of English manhood, could not fail to make an impression upon the crowd of visitors, among whom were many fathers and mothers, watching with fond pride their loved ones, many of whose bodies now rest in Flanders.

No wonder the Bishop's voice thrilled with emotion, as he told of the higher duty they had undertaken, and wished the men Godspeed in their great enterprise. They stood as the descendants of the men who, long ago, went forth to the Crusades at the call of religion. They would fight the more righteous cause and would do their duty in the spirit of their sires. It was a true prophecy; the Oxfords fought with their backs to the wall, and died nobly.

The presence of the New Army had a stimulating effect upon local recruiting. The travelling bureau

visited the town in September. Open-air meetings were held. Major-General Spens and Mr. Shirley Benn, M.P., had the assistance of members of the Town Council and other local speakers. Among the most successful of the patriotic gatherings was that at the Town Hall, when Mrs. Pankhurst made her appearance, not as a militant suffragette, but as a whole-hearted advocate of the War. Sir Philip Sassoon made a strong appeal for the East Kent Yeomanry, in which he was serving. A number of men responded and joined the Borough Member in active service.

Among the visitors to the town were many distinguished men. Mr. Asquith, then staying at Lympne Castle for the week-end, frequently found his way over to the Camp and down to the Harbour. He was greatly interested in the rapidly changing character of Folkestone, owing to the war activities.

Mr. Lloyd George came to Beachborough and to the Leas, but not, as in the old days, to the golf links. Those who knew him saw only too plainly the effects of the strain of War on his mood. The old light-hearted spirit and gaiety of movement had given place to a gravity that became a burden. When, in those days, Lloyd George referred to the War, it was with assurance of the justice of our cause, but with something like irritation at the slow pace of the preparations for what he was convinced would be a long and terrible struggle. Upon one occasion, when the Prime Minister was outside the Pavilion Hotel, with a friend, one of the boys passing said: "Is that Lloyd George?" and being told it was, put out his hand. "I'd like to shake hands with you, sir," he said. Lloyd George readily responded, and talked to the man for a minute

or so before he passed on. On the Harbour the soldier was a bit of a hero, but not quite sure of the honour. Haltingly, he said : "I thought a wonderful lot of him, but he's only like one of ourselves."

Women's organizations, engaging in war work, were pioneered by Lady Jane Carleton, who turned out a smart company in Folkestone, taking their instruction at the Drill Hall, and preparing to render service at the Camps.

When the W.A.A.C.'S came to the town the Hotel Metropole was taken over for their Headquarters. It was a great loss to the town that the chief hotel should be closed to visitors, but the women deserved our best, and they had it. Seven thousand women proceeded overseas from the Metropole. Recruits were trained in about three weeks to a month ; they were drilled on the Front, and were not one whit behind the men in smartness of movement. They were inoculated and vaccinated, and sent to France at the rate of approximately 200 a week. They undertook work as cooks, waitresses, clerks, mechanics, and motorists. A company, hearing that the soldiers' graves were untended, volunteered to go out to care for the resting-places of our fallen heroes ; and through the years they have been making the graveyards beautiful.

During the air raids the women were brought down to the lower hall, and provided concerts for their own entertainment. There were no casualties ; no panic. In the dark days the hotel was evacuated in 24 hours, in order to provide for women from overseas who might be compelled to return under the pressure of the enemy. Those who were in residence were jubilant but mystified upon being ordered off on leave. They never knew the serious reason behind the instruction.

The First Administrator was Miss Stevenson, who was followed by Miss Ireland, and afterwards Miss Carlisle. Miss Jacobs was the Deputy Assistant Administrator, and the Quartermistresses were Mesdames Biggar and Tates.

The New Army was very impatient to get to the front. The men did not then fully appreciate the value of training. Sometimes their eagerness to get across led to amusing episodes. A little party of impatient boys resolved that they would take action. The authorities were all too slow in getting men to France. They solemnly laid their plans and under the cover of night took a pleasure boat from the beach and left Folkestone at 4 o'clock on a Saturday afternoon. The little company consisted of four Artillerymen; unfortunately, their names were not recorded. The owner of the boat, the "Enterprise," was Mr. J. Skinner. They arrived off Calais about 3 o'clock on Sunday morning, having been picked up by a French fishing trawler, and towed into the harbour. They reported that they were very hungry and tired. The Calais people heard of the escapade, and the fishermen turned out to give them a great welcome. They received many offers of hospitality, and were embarrassed by the good things brought to them. But, much to their chagrin, later in the day they were marched down to the Folkestone boat. Upon their arrival they were placed in the fishing-boat and pulled round by the shore to the point from which they started.

Some eager spirits tried to get across by hiding on the pier and falling into line with troops going from the train to the boat. Crowds of men were embarking, and

it was extremely difficult to pick out those who were not entitled to go on board. However, the inspectors usually detected the adventurers, and returned them to camp. CB. was the result. Those who persisted in their attempts to cross without orders were brought up before the local magistrates and reprimanded. In their defence they usually pleaded their anxiety to get across before the job was finished. The courage of the men did not justify their disobedience, but it was very gratifying and typical of the New Army.

The impatience of the recruits occasionally found expression, as when a company refused to go through the mimic manœuvres of taking cover in presence of an enemy who was not there. The men persisted that they would never take cover, but fight it out in the open. They did not then know the German idea of warfare. When they saw what it was they were doubtless thankful for the training they had received.

The British Y.M.C.A. soon began its magnificent work. Tents were used as canteens and recreation centres. The staff of the Bank of England erected the first Hut. In its writing-room many thousands of letters were penned to the loved ones at home. The work extended and did untold good for the New Army. The catering developed into an enormous business: 30,000 cups of tea and coffee being supplied in a single day. Concerts and lectures were given by local people. Religious services were held during the week; Folkestone ministers being responsible for the arrangements. The Chaplaincy service was not in working order; two of the Folkestone Churches were without ministers, and the clergy were hard-pressed, several

of their men having gone into camp in other districts. It is worthy of note that parade services and hospital visitations were not missed.

Sports were arranged on an elaborate scale. It was amusing to watch the men in their civilian attire running across-country, in a five-mile race, or endeavouring to take the high jump in Radnor Park.

Ladies mended garments and gave the human touch to camp life. From the time of the first Y.M.C.A. in Folkestone, moved from the Lecture Hall in Rendezvous Street to the centre of the town, there was no lack of women workers. The chief organisers representing the Central body were: Messrs. Tee, Haines, and Towers, who in turn had responsibility for the direction of the Y.M.C.A. work for the whole area. It was a responsible task, efficiently performed. The voluntary helpers counted no task too menial or exacting that added to the comfort of our brave men.

The principal Y.M. centre was the Luton Hut, given by the inhabitants of Luton. It was restaurant, club, and home to many thousands of men. Additional huts were provided as the need demanded, and were greatly appreciated. What the Camp would have been without the Y.M. it is difficult to conceive.

The success of the local recruiting campaign was in some measure due to the example of Lord Radnor and the Borough Member, Sir Phillip Sassoon. Lord Radnor left England on October 4th, 1914, for India, in command of the 1/4th Wilts Regiment. In May, 1915, he was appointed to command Dehra Dun Brigade, and in September promoted Brigadier-General. At the end of 1916 he was given the command of the



Photo] *[Halksworth Wheeler.*
RECRUITING MEETING IN MARINE GARDENS.



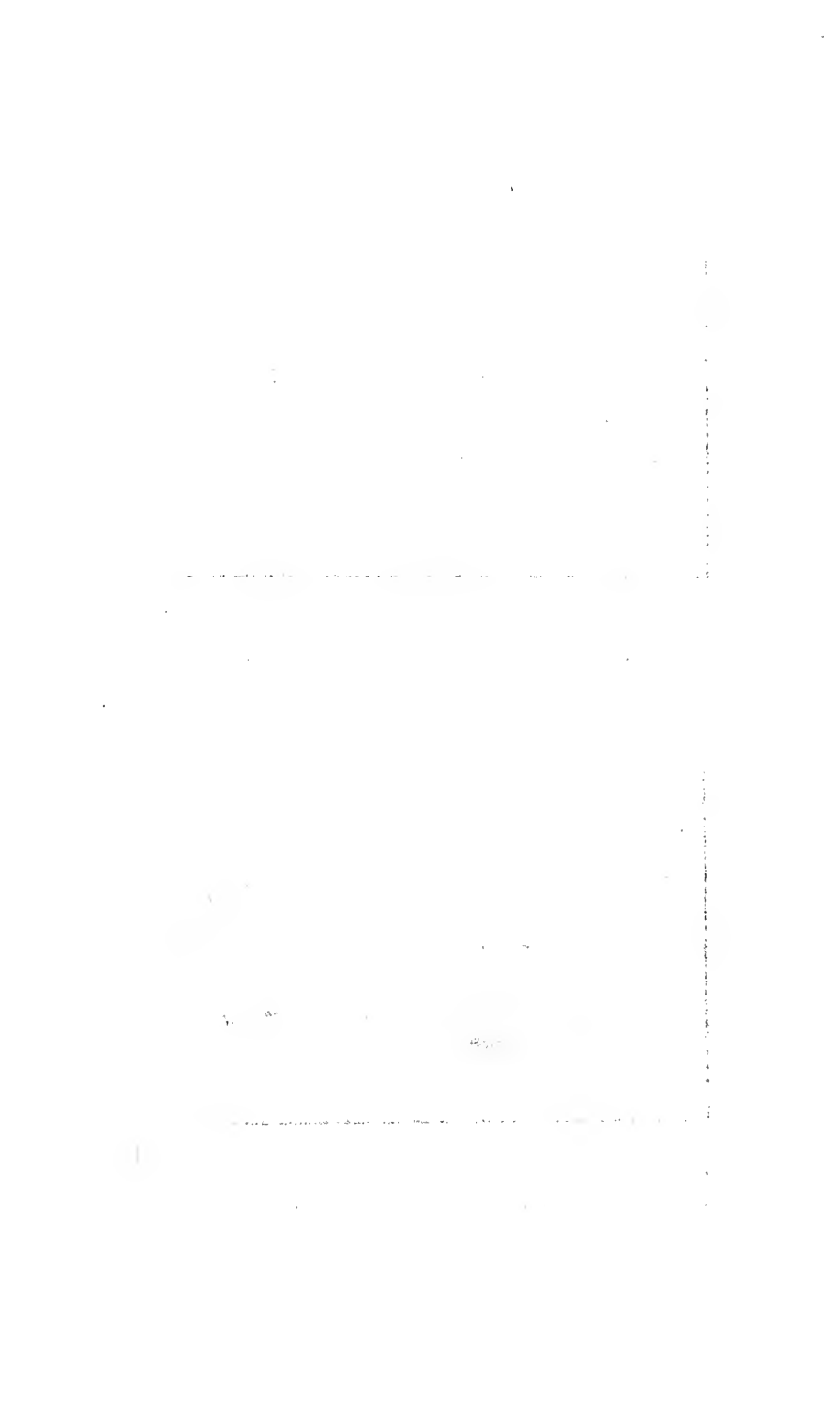
Photo] *[Halksworth Wheeler*
MEN OF "KITCHENER'S ARMY" BATHING.



Photo *[Halksworth Wheeler.*
NEW ARMY TRAINING IN CIVILIAN ATTIRE.



Photo *[Halksworth Wheeler.*
"KITCHENER'S MEN" DRILLING AT SHORNCLIFFE.





Photo

[J. Weston and Son.]
THE LATE COLONEL R. BURNS-BEGG.



[Lambert Weston.]

Photo] LT.-COL. THE HON. E. J. MILLS, D.S.O.



Photo] [*Halksworth Wheeler.*

LIEUT. COL. E. M. LIDDELL.



Photo] [*Halksworth Wheeler.*

LIEUT.-COL. H. F. SPARROW.

43rd Infantry Brigade, but relinquished this in 1917, in order to return to England to obtain a command in France. In June, 1917, his Lordship took over the command of the 14th Training Reserve Battalion as Lieut.-Colonel. This Battalion subsequently became the 52nd Graduated Battalion, Notts and Derby Regiment. In January the following year Lord Radnor was appointed Director of Agricultural Production, B.E.F., with the rank of Brigadier-General, which position he held with distinction to the end of the War.

Captain Viscount Folkestone served throughout the War with the 1/4th Wilts Regiment in India, Egypt, and Palestine, being severely wounded in the memorable operations in front of Jerusalem. Subsequently, from September, 1918, whilst still unfit for general service, he served as A.D.C. to the G.O.C. Northern Command until February, 1919.

Sub-Lieutenant the Honorable Edward Pleydell-Bouverie, R.N., before he was 15 years of age, joined H.M.S. "Hogue" direct from Dartmouth as midshipman, and served at sea throughout the War. He was on the "Hogue" when it was torpedoed, but was amongst those rescued. He was on board H.M.S. "Orion" at the Battle of Jutland, and afterwards served on patrol boats in the Channel.

Sir Philip Sassoon was in the East Kent Yeomanry Territorials at the outbreak of war. He immediately placed his services at the disposal of the Empire. A public meeting was held, at which his constituents enthusiastically declared their satisfaction at his action, and pledged their support to him in his absence. Sir Philip went to France in November,

1914, on General Sir Henry Rawlinson's Staff, and did useful work in various capacities, becoming Private Secretary to Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig on his taking over the command of the British Army in France and Flanders, December, 1915. The value of Sir Philip's work is shewn by the fact that he continued in his office until the end of the War, receiving high commendation from his chief, who, with the characteristic of the Scot, was never lavish with his praise. Sir Philip was mentioned several times in despatches, and received the thanks of the representatives of our Allies. The high appreciation in which he was held is indicated by the honours conferred upon him. He is the happy possessor of the C.M.G., the 1914 Star, the Legion of Honour, presented by Marshal Joffre, the Black Star, presented by M. Clemenceau, and the Croix de Guerre, presented by Marshal Petain. Belgium gave him the Order of the Crown and the Croix de Guerre.

Sir Philip's work was not an easy task. His office was a hut in the grounds of the Field-Marshal's Headquarters. The correspondence was voluminous, and the many tasks were often delicate and full of difficulty, requiring the skill of a tactful man, who could bring to bear upon the questions at issue a cool judgment and a trained intelligence.

Those who remained at home did much to hearten the men in their preparations for their arduous tasks. It would be invidious to mention names. The residents of Folkestone became a committee of entertainment and hospitality. The principal hotels and the poorest cottages were opened to the soldiers. Mr. Gelardi had soldiers billeted at the Grand, and on Sunday

afternoons invited practically any boys who cared to accept the invitation to tea, the parties often numbering 250 to 300. When the military left they presented him with a silver rose bowl, which is among his most treasured possessions.

Visitors to Folkestone during the War were impressed by the ugliness of the Rest Camps, particularly the block of houses enclosed by corrugated iron in the principal part of the West End. But they did not know what a boon these camps were to the men who were crossing to France. The Rest Camp was for many their last sleeping place on English soil ; the last bit of ground over which they walked was from the Leas down the Slope, which now should be known as Victory Road. Their memories depended upon the treatment they received during the last hours in the Rest Camp. We are glad to include the following particulars supplied by those responsible for the Military Command of the town :—

Owing to weather conditions, mines, and various causes, the sailings of the boats with troops from Folkestone to Boulogne, Calais, etc., had at times, in the winter frequently, to be cancelled, which meant accommodating troops in Folkestone for the night and billeting them in the town. This was possible, although inconvenient, as long as the numbers were only small, but, as the capacity of the port and the numbers for embarkation increased, it was realised that other means of accommodation must be provided for the comfort and well-being of the men.

In August, 1915, Colonel R. Burns-Begg was sent from the War Office to Folkestone to organise a system of Rest Camps, his great ability as an organiser making

him especially suitable for the appointment. The post of Town Commandant, Folkestone, was then created, the area at first consisting of Folkestone only, but in 1916 it was enlarged to include Sandgate, Seabrook, Hythe, Cheriton, and the village of Saltwood. In addition, the appointment carried the duty of Competent Military Authority for Kent, except the Dover and the Thames and Medway Defence Areas, and portions of Kent in the London District Area. Seventy Military Police, of which twelve were mounted, were attached to the Command. In 1917 the title of Town Commandant was altered to Commandant Folkestone Area.

In 1915 blocks of houses facing the sea, known as Marine Terrace and Marine Parade, were acquired, and in January 1916, No. 1 Rest Camp was opened, with Major, now Lieut.-Col., H. F. Sparrow as Commandant, and with Major G. C. Grahame as Assistant Commandant. The Camp was equipped with cook-houses and all conveniences, and a large Y.M.C.A. Hut, part of which was given by Mrs. Paul, of 20, Grimston Gardens. There was sleeping accommodation in the houses for two thousand two hundred men.

In May, 1916, another Rest Camp was opened in a big field on the West Cliff Estate, off the Bathurst Road. This was composed of Indian pattern tents heated with stoves, and had the usual equipment and a large Y.M.C.A. Hut, and was called No. 2 Rest Camp, with a capacity for one thousand men.

It was foreseen that still more accommodation would have to be provided, and the blocks of houses on the Leas which include Clifton Crescent, and are bounded by Earls Avenue on the west, Sandgate Road

on the north, Clifton Road on the east, and the Leas on the south, were acquired in November, 1916, and opened early in 1917 as No. 3 Rest Camp, under Lieut.-Col. H. F. Sparrow, with Major E. L. Hunter, M.C., as Assistant Commandant, No. 2 Camp being attached to this Camp for all purposes.

Major G. C. Grahame took over command of No. 1, to which later on No. 4, the Territorial Drill Hall, was attached.

The accommodation at No. 3, when it was completely equipped, was for 5,000 men, and great credit is due to Lieut.-Col. Sparrow and Major Hunter, M.C., for the very high state of efficiency reached in this Camp and the great comfort provided for both officers and men. This Camp, besides having the most up-to-date appliances in the cook-houses, hot bath houses, etc., had also a dairy, where butter was made from Glaxo, Ambrosial, and other brands of dried milk. Thousands of pounds have been saved by the prevention of all waste and by the splendid management of the institutes and messing in this Camp.

Up to January, 1917, the Staff of the Commandant Folkestone Area consisted only of an Assistant Provost Marshal and an Assistant Provost Marshal for the Canadians, but in January Major the Honourable E. J. Mills, D.S.O., Kent Yeomanry, was appointed Garrison Adjutant, and in March the Staff was increased by an assistant garrison adjutant, a quartermaster, a staff captain (Q) and a billeting officer—the last named required for dealing with the large number of officers who had to be billeted almost daily, particularly when sailings from Folkestone were cancelled.

In 1918 the force of Military Police was increased

to eighty foot and twenty mounted, and the total accommodation of the port had been increased to fourteen thousand.

In October 1917, Colonel R. Burns-Begg had to relinquish his appointment owing to a breakdown in health, due to the overstrain on account of the work entailed. He was succeeded by Lieut.-Col. the Hon. E. J. Mills, D.S.O., on 20th December, 1917, which appointment Lieut.-Col. Mills held till February, 1919, after the Armistice, when he vacated to attend to his private affairs. Lieut.-Col. E. M. Liddell, of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, took over from Lieut.-Col. Mills, and Captain P. Alexander, of the Royal Fusiliers, became Garrison Adjutant.

The average number of men passing through the Camps daily during 1917-18 was between 8,000 and 9,000, but during March and April, 1918, the numbers were about 12,000 daily, with a maximum of 16,000 on one day. The troops passing through comprised almost every nationality, English, Dominion and Colonial Troops, 15,000 Americans, French, Russians, Serbs, Indians, Chinese and Kaffirs, West Indians and Fijians.

In May, 1917, the Drill Hall belonging to the 1st Volunteer Battalion "The Buffs" and the Cinque Ports Artillery was formed into No. 4 Rest Camp, attached to No. 1. Accommodation was provided for four hundred men, bringing the total for the station at this date up to 8,600.

Early in the year it was decided to utilise the services of the members of the Women's Legion in the cook-houses at the Rest Camps, which entailed having a hostel attached to Nos. 1 and 3, for their accommodation. Later on the members of the Women's Legion were incorporated in the Q.M.A.A.C., and

their staffs rendered great services during the War and added much to the comfort of the troops passing through the Camps.

In April, 1917, a Tented Camp was pitched to the east of Hill Road, Cherry Garden Avenue, to accommodate 2,000 Chinese or Kaffirs. This Camp was designated the Labour Concentration Camp, under the command of Lieut.-Col. F. Hopley. An auxiliary camp was pitched on the west side of the road opposite this camp to contain another 2,000 Asiatic or African natives; these were found invaluable for the heavy labour work, especially loading and unloading shells, etc., at the front.

During the summer the Chinese labour was utilised to build hutments of re-inforced concrete, and this work was carried out under the direction of the R.E. Cherry Garden Camp, as it came to be called, was really two separate blocks, with kitchens, hospitals, etc., and could comfortably house 1,500 men.

By the end of May, 1919, nearly nine million men had passed through Folkestone embarking to and disembarking from France.

Six months after the signing of the Armistice some 4,000 leave men arrived from and returned to the Army of Occupation daily, besides cadres for dispersal and re-forming, and various drafts, breaking the journey at Rest Camps for a good meal, and some staying overnight.

It is interesting to note that the last gift received by men leaving England was a copy of the New Testament or the Book of Psalms, presented by the Scripture Gift Mission. Nearly 1,000,000 men gladly availed themselves of the generosity of the Society, and doubtless found inspiration and comfort in the literature of courage and consolation in the New Testament.

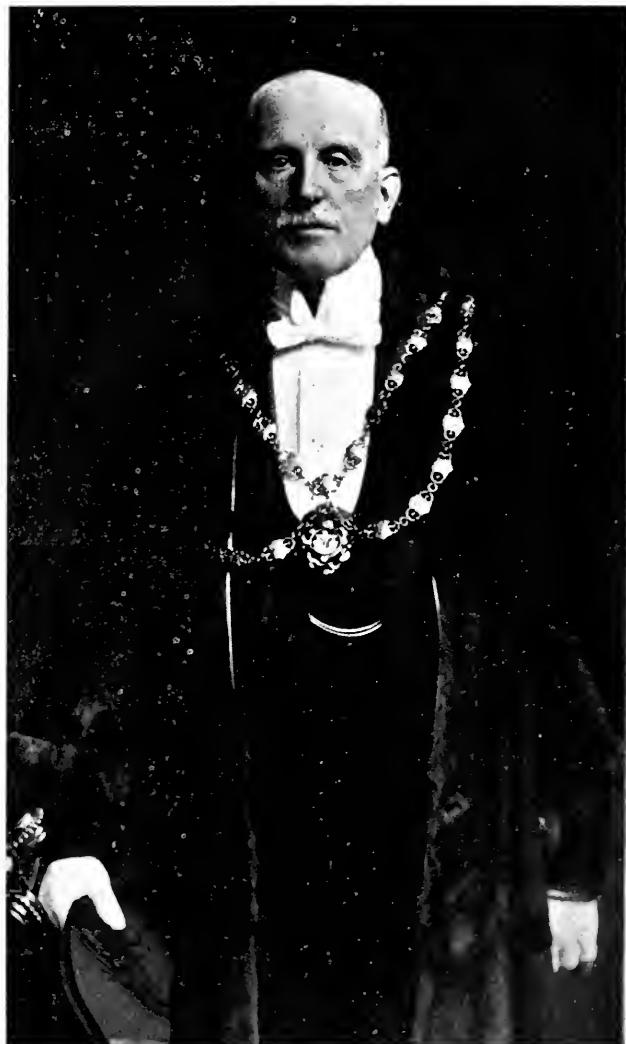
CHAPTER V.

IN CASE IT HAPPENED.

BY THE EDITOR.

In War the only thing that is certain is that everything is uncertain. The chances may be hundred to one that a given emergency will not arise, but the possibility must be recognised and provision made for the eventuality. The unexpected has an awkward habit of coming to pass. It is not surprising, therefore, that many preparations were made "in case it happened."

In areas including coast towns there was necessarily an element of risk. Arrangements were made to meet it. Forewarned is forearmed, and Folkestone, in common with other towns on the south-east coast, was forewarned with dramatic suddenness. The Military Authorities sent out instructions for the formation of Emergency Committees, dealing with matters that might arise in the eventuality of an attack upon our shores, or a bombardment from the sea. It was pointed out that the worst thing that could happen would be the creation of panic; nothing could be more harmful or dangerous than a general movement in the nature of flight on the part of women and children. No action was to be taken until ordered by the Military, and then it would be properly controlled, and directed by the Police. It was of the utmost importance that the movement of troops and



Photo]

[Lam' erl Weston.

LIEUT.-COL. SIR STEPHEN PENFOLD
(Mayor of Folkestone).

artillery should not be hampered by the presence of a considerable body of civilians. Road maps of the coast towns were prepared and privately circulated, giving instructions as to the roads which would be required for Military operations.

The War Office sent instructions for the Committee to undertake the guidance of the civil population to places of safety, and to remove or destroy all food stuffs and material likely to be of service to the enemy. At certain periods, in the dark days of the War, provision merchants were instructed to keep their stocks as low as possible, and at one time arrangements were in readiness to receive a considerable inflow of the French population, in case it should be necessary to evacuate coast towns on the other side of the Channel. Many proclamations were ready to be issued "in case it happened."

In the unlikely event of a State of Emergency having to be declared, it was arranged that the exodus of civilians who chose to leave the town should be by way of Paddlesworth to Lyminge; thence to Stone Street, Brabourne and Smeeth, and on to Cranbrook. Food would be provided along the route. Each person was to be advised to take food for two days, warm clothing and money, but no other baggage. Upon a State of Emergency being declared by the proper Authority, the Military would take over control, and the Chief of Police would become responsible for the care of the civil population. The Government intimated that the instructions were not sent out in view of any immediate apprehension of an attempt to land a hostile force in this country. That was improbable in view of our Naval superiority; but it was never

regarded as so remote that it could be ignored, and extensive Military preparations were made to protect the country against the danger.

It was regarded as unwise not to take all steps to provide, "as far as human foresight enables us, against every possible contingency. A large number of Special Constables are in readiness to assist the civil population and instruct those who desire to leave the town the direction in which they should proceed, and to advise the civil population whether or not they should remain in their houses or leave the town."

The Mayor called a number of meetings and took the necessary action to meet a series of contingencies, which, happily, never arose. Provision was made to ascertain the number of vehicles and horses in the town. The owners were seen and certain instructions were given as to their removal, or if that could not be done, for their destruction, so as to be useless to the enemy. Similar action was taken in regard to motor cars, cycles, live stock of all descriptions, food and forage and petrol.

In the event of the civilian population leaving, Special Constables were to be placed throughout the town, giving directions, and to make provision for the removal of all civil cases from the Hospital who were unable to walk, and for the use of conveyances for the aged and infirm and young children.

The Special Constables rendered assistance of a most valuable character. Their ordinary duties were onerous, but to those were added responsibilities in connection with what might have happened. Motor cyclists were provided with hand-bells to ring as a signal to assemble. Picked men were to call others in

certain areas, so that a force of 200 reliable men would have been available in less than two hours.

Hints of what was being done gave thrills to some timid souls, and notices were prepared to calm their troubled spirits. They were assured that there was no likelihood of any such contingency occurring. Some inhabitants rather resented the motherly attempts at calming their spirits. One day, when the flag was down from a public building, during an air raid, a well-known resident sent to an official a hammer and a box of nails, with a suggestion that it might be put up.

The little town of Bridlington was entirely unfortified, but on the sea-front gardens there were three old artillery guns, which could not be fired. They were pointing seaward. The Town Council decided to remove these so that "the enemy may have no excuse whatever for firing on the town." The enemy had plenty of excuse for attacking Folkestone and the towns adjacent ; but they were not provided with the opportunity. The Military had elaborate plans worked out in minute detail. It is fairly safe to say that if a German Force had succeeded in effecting a landing, it would never have left our shores. It would have been very difficult and costly to land such a force, but it could not be regarded as by any means impossible. In case it happened, arrangements were made to give a hot reception to the adventurers. Roads were mapped out for troops, and emplacements were ready for guns. Officers had full instructions what to do in certain eventualities, and had well rehearsed their parts.

The Chief Constable had minute details prepared

for the guidance of his assistants, and was ready to act immediately the signal was given. A code was decided upon in cipher for use between the Military and the Chief of Police. Stations were assigned to certain men, so that they knew where to go, and had the signal sounded they would very quickly have been at their posts.

A General Emergency Committee was carefully selected from residents of experience and discretion. They were pledged to absolute secrecy. Special duties were assigned to a few men who could be relied upon to remain as silent as the grave. It must have been amusing, and not a little irritating, for these men to have read, or have listened, to the hysterical vapourings of those who condemned because they did not know. The latter were shouting for protection for the town, and those who were responsible for that very thing could not speak a word. The fault-finders were usually of the type of the gentlemen who, when the maroon sounded calling up the Territorials, thought the Germans were coming, or had actually fired on the coast; and they left their refreshments and ran to the Central Station as rabbits at the sound of a gun flee to cover.

The emergency work done may be judged by some general information. The Advisory Committee assigned to Mr. G. J. Swoffer the task of entering into communication with every owner of a horse or donkey, cart, carriage or other vehicle, and to give the information that he must, on receiving notice that a State of Emergency had arisen, immediately remove his horse or vehicle from Folkestone, unless it was required by the Military, and if time did not permit

of its removal, it must be rendered useless to the enemy. Mr. W. R. Boughton was commissioned to communicate to all owners of motor-cycles and motor-cars a similar notice, with instructions as to the best way of destroying the vehicles if the emergency arose. It was expected that the red buses, and all public service cars, would be required for the use of troops. Mr. H. H. Barton, of Temple & Barton, set out to warn the owners of cows and sheep that they must be prepared, in the event of notice, immediately to remove their stock from Folkestone. Directions were given what to do if the cattle could not be moved. Mr. G. Boyd had charge of food and forage. He visited persons having stocks, and informed them what should be done. Mr. F. Seager called upon the users and sellers of petrol, giving them notice that, in a State of Emergency, they should run to waste all the petrol not required by the Military. The Borough Engineer had lists made of tradesmen, builders, and others possessing tools, barbed wire, and other similar things which might be useful to the enemy. It was arranged to have gangs of men with the necessary tools in readiness to carry out any field works required.

It was made clear that there was to be no removal or destruction of property without instructions from the Military Authorities or the Police. Some wise critics thought the whole movement an evidence of panic and a sheer waste of time ; but they had not the disquieting information which came through to the Authorities, and which obviously could not be made public without creating a great deal of panic.

Many questions arose in the Emergency Committee as to what should be done in this or that eventuality.

What, for instance, should happen to the large stocks of wine? There were stored at the harbour some thousands of cases of champagne. It would be practically impossible to remove them. Were they to be destroyed or left for the invaders to drink the Mayor's health?

It was more than suspected that the German Navy was only waiting the chance of a fog to attempt some sort of invasion of the coast. The suspicion was fully justified by after events. No foot of foeman trod our shore, for the simple reason that the first line of defence, the British Navy, did its duty so magnificently that Germany never had a ghost of a chance upon the high seas.

There can be no eulogy worthy of the strong, silent men who kept watch so faithfully. To them more than to all others Folkestone owes its safety. How splendidly sailors of the day maintained the old traditions of Blake, Drake, Nelson, and the rest, who established the tradition that Britannia rules the waves! How completely the German Navy accepted the tradition, when it was bottled up in the Kiel Canal. Only upon one memorable occasion did it steam out in full force, and then it came out to surrender to Admiral Beatty.

In Folkestone Admiral Sir Roger Keyes was a familiar figure, and there was general pleasure when the news came that he and his merry men, in the true old English style, had sailed to a pirates' lair, called Zeebrugge, where a nest of submarines lay during the day, and slunk out in the night to torpedo merchant ships and assassinate their passengers, to the horror of the world. It was a great day in Naval history

when Sir Roger and his men corked up Zeebrugge Harbour like a ginger-beer bottle, and did it under the very nose of the enemy. The Navy enabled the civilians to walk the town in comfort and safety.

There is no reason for secrecy now as to the German plans to bombard the coast by long-range guns. It is known that a giant gun had been prepared for the special benefit of the South-East Coast. It was the intention to mount this gigantic piece of ordnance in the neighbourhood of Ostend, and this design was only frustrated by the courage and vigilance of our boys who fly. The Air Force rained destruction incessantly on the specially prepared track by which it was alone possible to convey the mammoth gun. The gun that bombarded Paris was a comparative pigmy beside the weapon designed for our special benefit. Had it been mounted at Ostend, its range would have covered Kent as far as Canterbury, Folkestone, and Hythe, while the towns throughout the Isle of Thanet would have had to be evacuated. When fired at an angle of 45° the shell would pass through the air at a maximum height of over 20 miles. At this altitude skin friction is reduced to a minimum, as there is believed to be no air there, and through this void of space the shell would travel for over thirty miles before the force of gravity would once again draw it within the air belt, where it would begin its downward path toward the objective.

We may be very thankful that the Germans did not carry out their plans as they had expected. The wonder is that these things did not happen; for all the probabilities were in their favour, though the public knew it not. It is not speculation to record

that the enemy fully intended to make an attempt at a great bombardment of the coast in the summer of 1918. According to all the laws of warfare, the town ought to have been bombarded; the enemy should have made the attempt. It would have given immense prestige, and have influenced the policy of Neutrals as nothing else could. It might have been very costly, but almost any price could have been paid to destroy the tradition that England could not be invaded. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends," and when all has been said it is just a case of the "stars in their courses" fighting against Sisera. It was not to be. Perhaps the final analysis will give no other explanation than that which might be conveyed in old Father Faber's lines :

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win."

The Chief Constable had his work enormously increased by the task of preparing for the things that never happened. One of the curious phases of the War was the development of the spy mania. It served a useful purpose, and doubtless provided an absorbing occupation for many persons who otherwise would have been brooding over their ailments or the calamities they foresaw befalling the country. People who read the blood-curdling stories of the "Female Vampire," feasted upon the cinema displays of "The Enemy in our Midst," or sat through the performances of popular spy-plays, were filled with the very laudable ambition of rivalling Sherlock Holmes. Folkestone had its self-commissioned force of detectives, determined to track down every Hun in the district who was signalling information to unknown ships far out at sea.



Photo

Q.M.A.A.C. HEADQUARTERS (OVERSEAS) STAFF AT HOTEL METROPOLE—MISS IRELAND
(ADMINISTRATOR) IN CENTRE.

Halksworth Wheeler.

Many of the amateur Secret Service men and women watched night by night; not a few of them from opposite sides of the road watched each other. Some devoted their attention to the windows along the sea-front, on the look out for suspicious lights. All lights were forbidden by the Police, and the fines for breach of the law must have totalled up to a considerable sum. Information was sent to the Chief Constable of blinds that moved three times to the right, or twice to the left, or were pulled up rapidly and drawn again at the same hour each night. Investigation showed that in one case a zealous old lady, dressing for dinner, drew the curtain a little aside in order to keep observation upon a bend of the road where she had noticed a suspicious person standing in the darkness. From that spot Sherlock Holmes II., who had been the cause of the mischief, went round with a proud heart to report to the police. The net result was a warning to the old lady and a 10s. fine imposed on the innocent, but legally responsible, hotel proprietor.

Among a sheaf of spy-stories there are some which should certainly find a permanent record. One of the most dramatic episodes was related from several sources. Information was given to the police of a mysterious light up by the hill. It moved in semi-circles. Some watchers had seen it pass through the air very rapidly ten or twelve times in succession. Others observed it moving slowly, exactly the same way, five or six times. Occasionally it flashed very brightly, but not always in one colour; at other times it was a clear, steady light. There could be no doubt it was an elaborate code, giving important information. Some were sure that the worker of the signals was

intimating the arrival of fresh troops at the Camp. It was undeniable that the flashes were seen upon several occasions just after troops came into Shorncliffe Station. Attempts were made to interpret the code, but these were speculative, and finally it was determined to arrest the person or persons working the signals. Very careful preparations were made; men were selected and armed, as there might be desperate resistance. Anyone who would risk flashing signals across the sea would certainly be armed, and in a critical move might destroy the signals, and take his own life, or the lives of others. Reliable men were set on the trail, and they did not fail. After watching for several nights in vain, their opportunity came. It was a lovely moonlight night, with just enough mist over the hills to obscure minor objects. Ships were in the Channel held up by the Dover signals; their forms could be seen clearly, though their lights were out. A breeze was blowing up, but only enough to create a murmur through the fast-falling leaves. The strange light moved with uncanny precision; it was located, and silently the armed men came out from their hiding place. They drew in upon the unsuspecting signaller. A moment's pause, and then, together, they dashed to the attack. It might mean a tough fight, and serious results for somebody, but there was no faltering or turning back. The affair did not last long. The offender was laid low by a well-aimed blow, though his figure could only be located by a line of shadow. Then the secret was revealed in its naked truth. An allotment holder, anxious to keep birds off his ground, had conceived the brilliant idea of hanging up a piece of an old broken looking-

glass. It was tied with string to a big stick. As it swung it reflected any light there was in the sky. When the proposed War Museum is furnished the Chief Constable ought to present that piece of plate glass to the Authorities, that the generations yet unborn may know what Sherlock Holmes II. did for his country in the Great War.

A lady in the West-End reported that she strongly suspected some persons who had recently removed into the house next door were spies, as she was certain that they had a wireless installation on their premises. During several nights she had kept lonely vigil, and had distinctly heard the clicking of wireless coming from their rooms. She had not seen anything, but she knew the sound, and was sure she was not mistaken. Enquiries were carried out by the police, from which it was shown that the occupants were thoroughly loyal subjects. This was notified to the lady, but it did not satisfy her. She returned again, and further reported to the Authorities that the wireless was still going ; she was convinced. In proof of her statement she produced a sheet of paper covered with dots and dashes, which she had taken down during the previous night, while her neighbour was working the wireless. She was so convinced that she urged that the Authorities should get the message decoded, and they would see for themselves the importance of it. To clear the matter up, observation was kept upon the premises for a night or two, and the clicking noise was located ; but it was not the working of a wireless installation, but simply the action of a revolving cowl on the chimney pot.

Upon another occasion some residents reported

signalling from the roof of a certain large building early in the morning. Observation was kept, but no signalling was detected. The informants were told that they had probably been mistaken; but this would not do. They knew that they had discovered something that should be investigated, and they gave hints of information to the War Office. Besides, had they not seen, during the night before, the very thing done? and better still, that very morning the traitor had forgotten to take the usual precaution of removing the apparatus used for signalling. It could be seen. The informant spoke with the accent of assurance, and two responsible officials at once went to the premises. They made a careful search, and discovered upon the flat roof a clothes-line stretched from one chimney-stack to another, on a portion of which the maid, early in the morning, hung out the mats to air.

The spy mania, while it was an amusing feature, sometimes was very irritating. It at least showed the determination of the people to take any precautions within their power. In conjunction with the Metropolitan Detective Service, the local police force kept a close watch upon the thousands of persons crossing from the Harbour, and some smart captures were effected.

Among the most important of the precautionary methods was the registration of aliens. It began in Folkestone on the 7th August, 1914, and was soon applied to all parts of the country. The Chief Constable worked out a system of his own. Some of the features commended themselves to the Authorities, and are still in use. The magnitude of the work

may be judged from the fact that 17,434 aliens have been registered in the town. Large numbers of the refugees who were sent to other centres were not registered locally, or the total would have been very much larger. More than 10,000 aliens have, for a time, made their home in the town; 4,155 have been in Folkestone for the purposes of business or on holidays; and nearly 3,000 Belgian soldiers have spent their leave from Active Service in the hospitable homes of the residents.. It was oft-times amusing to see groups of "les petits braves" playing upon the beach with the children; with the abandonment of the little people to the pleasures of the moment, they paddled and made sand-castles. What a contrast to the life they had lived in the trenches! They expressed great delight when addressed in their own language, and never tired of hearing about the charms of the district.

During the last three years the arrivals and departures of aliens to and from the area have averaged about 500 per month. It is interesting to note among the different nationalities registered thirty countries are represented, including Russia, Siam, Egypt, Rumania, Serbia, China, Armenia, Austria, Greece, and Turkey.

When feeling against the aliens ran very high it seemed that there would be serious unpleasantness for naturalized Germans and Austrians who remained at liberty in the town. Some of them were very old, and in one or two cases so infirm that they could not continue their usual avocations. Two or three others had been naturalized many years ago, and were bitterly opposed to the Kaiser and his military caste.

But that availed nothing with a number of persons who threatened what they would do unless the aliens were all interned. Happily, there was never anything more than threatening and rumours. The police had close supervision of all enemy aliens in the county, and could at any moment have produced their records, and even their finger-prints, and they always knew where to find those whose names were upon their lists. The system of registration was very carefully carried out. A full description of the person was given, and a photograph attached. It was not permissible for a registered man to leave the district without obtaining a special permit, and then it was required that he should report himself to the police in the area in which he went to reside. By this means all the aliens, whether suspected or not, were under police supervision.

The things that might have happened and did not come to pass were very many ; but it was wise on the part of the Authorities to take no unnecessary risks.

CHAPTER VI.

THE AIR RAIDS.

BY ARTHUR J. CROWHURST.

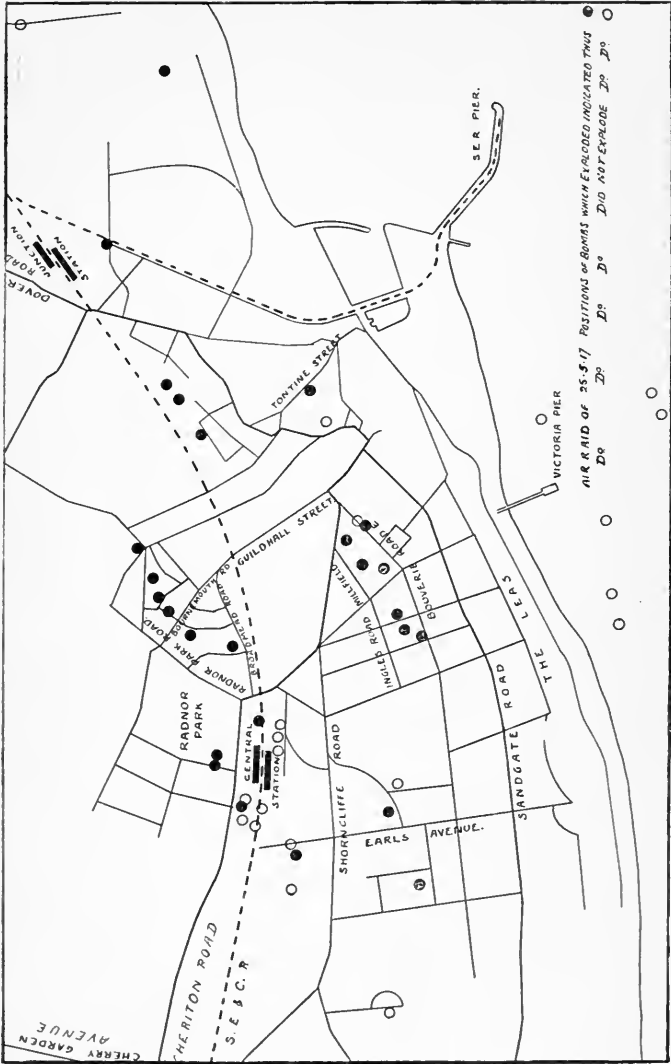
The most vivid phase of the war so far as Folkestone was affected was the air raids phase. It surpassed all other experiences of those "crowded hours" of 1914-19, in its effect and influence upon the life and activities of the local community. It was not until May 25th, 1917, that a raid on the town actually occurred, but that ordeal was horrific, never to be effaced from the memory. For ten minutes or so death literally rained from the sky—a sky of azure blue—causing the streets in some parts of the town to run with blood, and carrying bleak desolation into scores of homes.

No warning of the imminence of the deadly peril was received by the town authorities—although it is said that something of the approaching danger was known of and spoken about by some workers on the Harbour—and the visitation was wholly unexpected. Folkestone had somehow allowed itself to be lulled into a soothing sense of security. It regarded the war almost with complacency so far as actual danger went. Perhaps it was too complacent. It was familiar with the happenings and the panoply of war in various aspects. There had been "alarums and excursions." Even before England had thrown down the gage to Germany we had watched our mighty battleships swiftly surging their way through the waters of the Channel en route to their stations in the North Sea ;

some of us had seen or heard the troops silently marching in the dead of night from Shorncliffe to the railway station. We had seen a great deal of the aftermath of war. Quite early the Belgian refugees had landed in their thousands, and we soon became accustomed to the sight of wounded soldiers, likewise to the distant thunder of the guns in Flanders and Picardy. Thousands of troops embarked and disembarked at the Harbour, and many of the best houses in the town had been taken over by the military for use as rest camps, enclosed with hideous corrugated iron fencing, with entrances diligently guarded by sentries who challenged all and sundry if there were a doubt as to their having any business there.

There were these and many other things to remind us that we were at war—at war with an implacable, unscrupulous, and barbaric foe. The husbands and sons of many citizens had fallen in the fighting, but wives and parents carried on with little outward sign of their grief. There had been enemy aircraft raids east and west of Folkestone, with loss of life on each side, not so many miles away; we were conscious of the fact that we were well within the war zone, and there was no sound reason to think that the Hun would spare us. On the contrary, the main line of communications with the vast battle plains on the Western Front ran plumb through the heart of Folkestone, and the town and district were an armed camp of vital military, if not strategic, importance.

In the minds of a few people there was one fact which they felt might cause the enemy to exclude the town from his sinister attentions from air and sea, and that was that in the Cemetery there reposed the



AIR RAID OF 25.5.17 POSITIONS OF BOMBS WHICH EXPLODED INDICATED THUS ●
 Do Do Do Do Do Do DID NOT EXPLODE ○ Do Do

WHERE THE BOMBS FELL ON MAY 25TH, 1917.

remains of a number of German sailors, men who lost their lives on the occasion of the foundering of the "Grosser Kurfurst" on May 31st, 1878, and some of whose comrades were gallantly rescued by Folkestone fishermen. Greatly daring, the Mayor of Hythe (Mr. William R. Cobay) had written to a prominent London newspaper, pointing out this fact, and suggesting that, in consequence, the district might hope to remain immune from bombardment. How anybody acquainted with the mentality of the Hun could found any hope upon such a reason it is difficult to understand.

At any rate, whatever may have been the cause, Folkestone went scathless for nearly three years. Prior to May 25th, 1917, all our suffering had been vicarious, and we went about our lawful business with scarcely a tremor. The Great War might rage elsewhere; vast areas of Europe might be a welter of blood; German submarines might lurk beneath the waters of the earth and blow sailors, soldiers, and others to kingdom come; nations might go up in flames and millions be put to death; but there was little or nothing to disturb the even round of our daily life in Folkestone such as we had known it since those seemingly far-off pre-war days. The gigantic conflict was being waged with all the resources of art and science, but others were "in it," not we. In the war zone as we were, we yet viewed the war with a more or less strong sense of detachment, the majority perhaps vainly imagining that this happy state of things would continue until the end of the chapter.

Such was the local atmosphere of serenity and security which was blasted into oblivion by the high explosive bombs hurled upon the town of Folkestone

on the evening of May 25th, 1917. Truly it was a terrific awakening, horrifying, for a brief interval almost stupefying! If the town staggered and reeled under the blow—a blow so utterly unexpected—perhaps it may be forgiven, for the raid was (up to that time) the biggest and most deadly raid of the War!

In the introduction to this section an attempt has been made to give an idea of the local circumstances and attitude at the date of the Great Raid. But events under this heading of local cognizance, if not of actual local incidence, should be dealt with in chronological sequence before that dire disaster is described in detail. Dover was the locale of the first aircraft raid on this country, a solitary German aeroplane appearing over that town on December 24th, 1914, and dropping a few bombs, but without inflicting any loss of life, and damaging property to a small extent only. Dover is separated from Folkestone by only six miles, which is a mere nothing in this distance-annihilating era of the aeroplane, but Folkestone took no more than a casual interest in the episode. It may be worth mentioning that January 19-20, 1915, was the date of the first Zeppelin raid on England; on that occasion four civilians were killed and fifteen civilians and one soldier were injured in Norfolk.

On May 3rd, 1915, in the morning, some excitement was caused in Folkestone by the report that a German aeroplane had crossed to Dover and was on its way to our town. There was a sound of gunfire away to the eastward, in which direction many people, leaving their occupation and going into the streets, strained their eyes, whilst not a little commotion was created

by a military lorry on which an anti-aircraft gun was mounted careering through the town by a devious route to the Dover Road to take a part in the prospective affray. Some distant object, apparently an aeroplane, was seen away up over the Downs, and it was reported later that pieces of a shell from an anti-aircraft gun had fallen in a field a little distance from the Valiant Sailor. It was not, however, a German aeroplane which was fired at, but one of our own! What had happened was this: There was in existence an order that every British aeroplane crossing from France to England should previously send intimation of its coming, in default of which it would be fired at. On this day an airman had omitted to do this, and consequently his machine was mistaken for a hostile craft.

On August 9th, 1915, many inhabitants were aroused just before midnight by the reverberations of terrific explosions, and these who looked out eastwards saw vivid flashes. A Zeppelin was making a raid on Dover. The din must have been deafening at the actual locale of the raid, but it was again a case of much cry and little wool, the casualties being limited to three sailors injured. This was the only instance of a Zeppelin dropping bombs on Dover, although on two other occasions enemy airships were in the neighbourhood of the town, one being so seriously damaged by gunfire that it descended in the Channel and was destroyed by Allied airmen from Dunkirk.* Dover was, however, bombed by aeroplanes on quite a number of occasions.

On October 13th, 1915, at a comparatively early hour of the night a Zeppelin discharged

bombs on the Canadian Camp at Otterpool (near Lypne) and at Stanford, in the neighbourhood of Westenhanger Station, which is only about eight miles from Folkestone, where the sound of the explosions was heard by many people, flashes being seen from the Leas. No civilians were killed or injured, although some houses were missed by a very narrow margin, and there was some damage to property. But our friends from the Land of the Maple Leaf did not come off so well. A score or more were killed or injured. The official return, published since the signing of the Armistice, gives the number of killed under the heading of "Sailors and Soldiers" as 17 and the number of injured as 21. These figures may have included casualties in other areas which were bombed that night, but undoubtedly the majority related to Canadians stationed at Otterpool.

Associated with this raid at Otterpool Camp was a remarkable instance of the futility of the censorship on that occasion. The British Press at this period was hedged about with all sorts of restrictions in regard to air raids. In the case of nocturnal visitations the precise localities bombed were not to be stated. Such mention had been made in the case of some of the earlier raids, but definite instructions had been sent to the newspapers that the names of towns and places were not to be included in such limited reports as were permissible. Consequently in the reports in the English Press there was no indication that the Canadian Camp at Otterpool had been bombed. But the whole story was told in the "Evening News," published at New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, on October 16th, 1915—only three days after the raid. On the front and

principal news page there appeared the following article, headed in big type: "Canadians were killed in Zeppelin Raids—Eleven Artillerymen Fall Victims to Hun":—

(Canadian Press Dispatch).

OTTOWA, ONTARIO, October 16th.—The Zeppelin raids on England have now come home to Canada. From the latest casualty list and from information obtained from local militia sources, it would appear that there were 11 Canadian Artillerymen who lost their lives in the last raid, that of the 13th.

The total military casualties reported in the official statement by the British authorities were 14 killed and 13 wounded, so that it would appear the Canadians were the chief sufferers. Besides the eleven men who lost their lives, three are reported as missing and three wounded.

All these cases took place at Otterpool Camp, Kent, England. The casualties took place among the 5th Brigade of the Canadian Second Division Artillery. As far as is known, these are the first Canadians to meet death as a result of a Zeppelin raid.

Last night's casualties of this type are all Western men, except one, whose next of kin is given as residing in St. Catherine's, one who is a member of the 29th Battery.

As the foregoing was published only three days after the raid occurred, the information could not have been sent in a letter under cover, but must have gone through by cable. Even if it were nobody's business to censor the cablegram, it might have been thought that it would be somebody's business to prevent the details being blazoned forth in a Nova Scotian newspaper. Obviously it would be absurd to allow such a report to be printed in a Canadian paper if it were deemed desirable to forbid English papers to insert it.

Nearly a year passed without anything happening in the air in the immediate vicinity of Folkestone. Dover and other parts of Kent were raided, and at times there was a little mild excitement in our own town caused by the sound of gunfire at a distance, or

distant flashes seen at night. Shortly after two on the morning of August 25th, 1916, a Zeppelin passed over, or very nearly over, the town, Actually the course which it took lay over the inner Harbour, and it was travelling at a height of 12,000 feet. It was picked up by the searchlight on the hills between Folkestone and Dover at 2.15 a.m., according to an entry in the records of the local Fire Brigade, and was subjected to a brisk cannonading by the anti-aircraft guns, the din arousing many from their slumbers. Those who looked out from their windows saw a cigar-shaped object travelling eastwards. Soon it altered its course a point or two to the south—its crew were probably endeavouring to baffle the gunners on the hills—and eventually disappeared from view. It dropped no bombs in this district, but later in the day an official report sent out from Berlin contained the following :—

“During the night of August 24-25 several naval dirigibles attacked the southern portion of the East Coast of England. They dropped numerous bombs on the City and the South Eastern district of London and the batteries at the naval stations at Harwich and Folkestone, and numerous vessels moored in Dover Harbour. Everywhere very good results were observed.”

Just before midnight on the 2nd of September, 1916, a Zeppelin was heard over the sea, apparently steering west. It was subsequently reported that it turned northwards after passing Dymchurch, crossing the coastline between that place and Lydd.

Up to this date the arrangements in the immediate locality for defence against aerial attacks were not

organised on any elaborate scale. Apart from the small weapons on lorries, the only anti-aircraft guns were those stationed on the hills between Folkestone and Dover. Whether the military mind was at one with the civilian mind in imagining that the district would continue to enjoy immunity from attack, or whether the weakness of the defences was due to the fact that the War Department had not enough guns to be able to spare more for this neighbourhood, is a matter which must be left to conjecture. Some more guns, however, were placed in position at the top of the hill, a quarter of a mile or so from the Valiant Sailor, towards the end of the summer of 1916—about or after the time when the Zeppelin passed over Folkestone Harbour.

On the night of March 16-17, 1917, one or more Zeppelins were cruising about in the vicinity, four explosive bombs being dropped at Swingfield, four incendiary bombs at Hougham, two explosive and seven incendiary bombs at Newchurch, three explosive and seven incendiary bombs at Appledore Farm, and one explosive bomb at Ivychurch. The results were restricted to the killing of four sheep at Ivychurch, slight damage to a few ceilings, and a few broken windows.

So, without anything more momentous occurring, we passed on to the fateful 25th of May, 1917.

Picture to the mind an exquisite evening in late spring, the sun still comparatively high in the heavens, and radiating a genial warmth upon the earth—a quiet, calm evening when all Nature appeared to be at rest. A few minutes after six Folkestone, in the full

glory of its springtime garb, resembled a veritable paradise of peace. An aeroplane cruised about over the town rather low down, but we had become so familiar with the spectacle of flying machines that one hardly even associated it with the war, and certainly nobody would regard it as an ominous sign. Complete tranquility was the predominant note of the closing day, and there was nothing to warn us of the tragedy that was about to burst upon us. Yet only a few minutes journey away nearly a score of German aeroplanes of the most recent design and construction were racing towards Folkestone at top speed, laden with bombs ready to be hurled amongst the hapless populace.

The first indication of the approach of the Huns was the sound of distant explosions, two, three, possibly four, minutes before the full blast of the attack. But, accustomed as we were then to the sound of gun practice, at first we were disinclined to pay any heed to the sounds. Probably it was only in the quieter parts of the borough that the distant detonations were heard at all. In point of fact, as we were soon to learn, they were the reports of bombs dropped a few miles to the west of the town. The sounds gradually came nearer, and in a few minutes there was a perfect furore of explosions. We were in the midst of the first great daylight raid. At first some of the inhabitants laboured under the impression that the town was being bombarded from the sea, but the unmistakable whirr of powerful aeroplanes, heard between the explosions as the machines were passing directly overhead, informed them that the attack came from the air. It was a racking, nerve-testing

experience. In the principal zones of devastation the horror of it all was enhanced by the cries and moans of the wounded, the noise of falling masonry, and the crash of broken glass as windows were rent into a million atoms. Sixty or more were killed instantaneously, before they had time to realise what was happening; others, less fortunate in a way, were injured beyond recovery, and many others maimed for life.

A ghastly, horrible business of death and mutilation truly! The sights which met the gaze of those who hastened to the grim task of removing the bodies and remains and succouring the wounded baffled description. Human trunks were cleft in two or more pieces, heads were blown from bodies, and there were fragments of bodies and limbs in whose case identification was more a matter of surmise than anything else. Yet, in spite of this heartrending holocaust, the military value of the raid was practically nil. One bomb hit the railway—this fell between the up and down lines at the Central Station—but it did not explode, and the damage was quickly repaired. Obviously the object of the German aviators was to wreck the railway and the Harbour, but in this they signally failed, although it must be admitted that their aim was far from being discreditable, bearing in mind the great height at which they flew. Many civilians were killed and a greater number injured, but from a military point of view the achievement was of insignificant, if any, value.

The enemy aircraft had approached the town from the west in well-observed formation, the leader of the fleet being somewhat in advance by himself.

Not a few people who happened to be out of doors gazed at the oncoming Gothas with keen, undisturbed interest, mentally remarking, "What a fine spectacle!" and failing to realise that they were enemy raiders until bombs dropped in the heart of the town startled them into an accurate appreciation of the deadly character of the aerial visitation. As the aeroplanes neared Folkestone they broke from their formation and spread out fanwise, some deviating so that their course lay over the golf links, their objective being probably the military encampment at the foot of Castle Hill (Caesar's Camp), others taking a line over the railway, and some diverging seawards, evidently in the hope that their bombs would strike the Harbour and perhaps sink some of the transports there. But the German crews, being at the great height of 14,000 feet or so, failed, with the slight exception already recorded, to hit their targets.

The total number of bombs dropped in the borough, including those which fell into the sea not far from the beach, was fifty-one. Of these thirty-one exploded or partially exploded, fourteen which fell on land did not explode at all, and six dropped into the sea, some a short distance from the Victoria Pier. Others were dropped at Shorncliffe and Hythe, and yet others near the Railway further up the line. A fast train from London was on its way to Folkestone at the time, but the driver, sagaciously apprehending the danger of the situation, slowed down with the object of letting the aeroplanes get well in front. With regard to the bombs which were discharged in Folkestone and the immediate district, a military expert in explosives who visited the town stated that only

a few fully exploded, including that which fell in Tontine Street and one which fell at Shorncliffe Camp. But some of the others "exploded sufficiently" to cause enough damage to life and property. One hardly likes to imagine what the total extent of the disaster would have been had all the bombs completely exploded.

From an examination of some of the missiles which did not explode at all it was obvious that the failure was due to bad workmanship. An interesting instance can be given. The construction of a bomb includes a contrivance which may be termed a safety device, which enables it to be handled without danger. At the tail end are fans which cause the bomb to revolve as it passes through the air, such revolution setting up a centrifugal force which opens, or should open, the safety device, whereby the percussion cap is brought into effective action. But in the case of at least one bomb this safety device did not open because an obstruction was caused by the head of a screw which had not been turned right home, and thus projected slightly above the surface. Time was when we heard a great deal of the splendid quality of German workmanship, but after seeing such an instance of "scamping" one is inclined to think that a great deal of the laudation was unmerited. No doubt negligence in like or other details was the cause of other bombs not exploding or only partly exploding.

With reference to the topographical incidence of the bombs, it is perhaps remarkable that it was not where the greater number fell that the greatest loss of life occurred. The area which received most attention was what may be called the Central Station area.

Within a radius of 300 yards or 400 yards nearly twenty bombs were dropped—almost half of the total number which fell on land. But it was in Tontine Street where the toll of human life was greatest. Only one bomb fell there, but sixty-one men, women, and children lost their lives, and many others were more or less seriously injured. The other principal "death zone" was the lower part of Bouverie Road East.

Dealing in detail first with the Central Station area, only one human life was lost in immediate proximity thereto. This victim was Mr. Edward Horn, butler to Sir Thomas Devitt, of Radnor Cliff, who was in the approach road on the down side when two cab horses, affrighted by explosions, started to run away down the declivity. Mr. Horn gallantly endeavoured to stop one, when a bomb fell close to him, killing him and both horses. As already stated, one bomb fell on the railway track, but did not explode. Three fell in gardens at the rear of Nos. 14, 16, and 19, Kingsnorth Gardens, close to the railway embankment, but each one of these was a "dud." One of them penetrated the ground to a depth of sixteen feet, "travelled" in a lateral direction another sixteen feet, and rose towards the surface a distance of ten feet before coming to a standstill! A bomb which exploded fell in a garden at the back of a house in Cheriton Road (at a point opposite the south end of Julian Road), and three others came to earth close by, but failed to explode. On the other side of the railway three missiles fell in open ground some distance east of Marten Road. One of these exploded, causing two deaths. A bomb fell at the top end of Jointon

Road, just outside the entrance gates of Kimberley, the residence of Dr. W. J. Tyson, the explosion killing a pedestrian (a woman). One which fell in the lawn tennis ground of the Pleasure Gardens and another which found impact in Earls Avenue did not explode. A bomb which came down in the grounds in front of Grimston Gardens exploded; but that can hardly be regarded as being in the Central Station area. There was no loss of life in this instance, but windows were shattered on a wholesale scale, as indeed was the case in all neighbourhoods where bombs fell. As coming within the Station area may be mentioned those dropped, one near the top end of Radnor Park West; another in the Park itself close to the road; others in Wiltie Gardens (Nos. 2 and 4); Radnor Park Crescent (north end, west side); Bournemouth Gardens (east side, wrecking the front of Mr. F. E. Crosswell's house, No. 2); Boscombe Road (No. 18); and St. John's Church Road (No. 3). All these exploded or partially exploded, as also did one which fell on a piece of vacant land behind a hoarding at the corner of Radnor Park Road and Black Bull Road, the casualties including one fatality.

Three others narrowly missed the railway embankment (south side) between the Viaduct and the Junction Station. One partly demolished No. 28, St. John Street (but inflicted no loss of life) and two fell in the meadow at the back of Grove Road, one killing a horse belonging to Mr. F. W. Pepper. Some missile burst over or near the goods shed at the Junction Station, causing much damage to glass and ceilings in the locality, but there was some doubt as to whether this was not a shell from an anti-aircraft gun in the Dover district.

In the Bouverie Road East area, in addition to a bomb which hit the pavement in front of No. 21 (killing the occupier, Mr. J. Burke, and other people), one fell in the grounds of the County School for Girls, another in a garden of No. 1 (south side), Mill Field, and another in the garden of No. 19 (north side). Bouverie Square, all there exploding. A bomb also came down in Bouverie Road East, opposite Christ Church Schools, but happily this did not explode. Similar failure attended one which fell on a furniture store at the rear of premises in the lower part of Rendezvous Street (east side).

One bomb wrecked No. 21, Manor Road, killing a cook who was in the basement. Not many yards away, a bomb fell in the back garden of No. 22) the residence of Dr. Percy Lewis), on the other side of Manor Road. At any rate in more than one official record this missile is described as a bomb, but another account is that it was an anti-aircraft shell, which burst on the roof of a back wing and crashed into the room beneath, smashing all the windows and lamps and severely damaging a piano and carved chest. A chair, which had only just been vacated by Mrs. Percy Lewis, was completely destroyed, but a large billiard table in the middle of the room was untouched. Eventually the "shell" was found in a room below, the windows and furniture of which room were also badly smashed. A bomb in the same district fell through the roof of the Osborne Hotel (at the corner of Christ Church Road and Bouverie Road West), penetrating to the lower part of the building, where it exploded, wrecking the greater part of the interior, but causing no loss of life. Most of the occupants had previously run outside.

“Stragglers” bombs fell: one just inside the municipal boundary, in the grounds of Enbrook, at the corner of Military Road and High Street, Sandgate; one in the grounds of a school on the west side of Cooling Lane; one in Turketel Road (on the West Cliff Estate); two on the golf links; one in a field near the links, but on the west side of Hill Road; another in open ground, south-east of the Sanatorium, on the East Cliff; and yet another near the western end of the Warren.

As already stated, Tontine Street was the scene of the greatest loss of life, the result of a single bomb falling on the pavement in front of the spacious green-grocery stores of Messrs. Stokes Bros. (Nos. 51a, 51b, 51c). In an instant a spectacle of life and bustle was changed into an appalling scene of carnage and destruction. In this part of the town the early part of Friday evening is a favourite time for shopping. To many inhabitants it is a convenient opportunity for replenishing the household larder for the ensuing week, as likewise it is to some people in the adjoining country districts. Consequently, when the Gothas passed over the borough this thoroughfare, especially at this point, was thronged with people, mainly women and children, amongst whom was hurled from the skies this death-laden missile. The bomb exploded with tremendous force, killing nearly sixty people instantaneously, injuring others so grievously that they died the same night or the next day, and wounding more or less seriously nearly a hundred more. In a moment the street was filled with dead and dying, some torn limb from limb, intermingled with human bodies being the lifeless and mangled carcasses of

horses, which added to the horror and ghastliness of the scene. Near the centre of this zone of slaughter was Police Constable Whittaker, who, wonderful to relate, was left standing unhurt, with the dead and maimed strewn all around him. At the inquest, in describing the spectacle which he saw on visiting Tontine Street immediately after the raid, Mr. Harry Reeve (the Chief Constable) said it was an appalling sight which he would never forget to his dying day.

The premises of Messrs. Stokes Bros. were completely wrecked, the materials of which the structure was composed, fittings, and stock being reduced to a state of chaos difficult to imagine. Mr. W. H. Stokes, one of the partners, was killed, dying just as the rescuing party reached him, most of the staff of women and girls meeting with a similar fate. William Edmond Stokes, the fourteen-year-old son of Mr. W. H. Stokes, was amongst those fatally injured. The shop front of Mr. J. A. Waite, confectioner, of No. 51, was destroyed, Mr. Waite himself sustaining a rather severe wound in the head, which was struck by some flying fragment, and the Brewery Tap (No. 53), kept by Mr. Albert Taylor, was also extensively damaged. No. 53 was not badly damaged, but the proprietor, Councillor John Jones, was injured in the leg.

Great havoc was also wrought on the opposite side of the road, the drapery emporium of Messrs. Gosnold Bros., at Nos. 56, 58, and 60, Tontine Street, bearing the brunt. The front of the premises was destroyed, and some people sheltering there were killed. None of the employees was killed, but Mr. George Gosnold was injured. Mr. William Henry



Phot. J.

Official.

SITE OF MESSRS. STOKES' GREENGROCERY STORES—AFTER THE AIR RAID,
MAY 25TH, 1917.



Photo]

NO. 21, MANOR ROAD—WRECKED BY BOMB,
MAY 25TH, 1917.

[Official.



Photo]

BOMB DAMAGED HOUSES IN ST. JOHN STREET
(AIR RAID, MAY 25TH, 1917).

[Official.



Photo]

DAMAGED SHOPS IN TONTINE STREET (AIR RAID, MAY 25TH, 1917).

Official.

Hall, pork butcher, of No. 68, was badly injured, and died on the following Sunday. His premises suffered severely, as also did those of Mr. W. J. Franks, decorator and plumber (No. 62), the Premium Trading Stamp Co. (No. 64), Mr. H. R. Springate, newsagent (No. 66), and Mr. John P. Marsh, draper (Nos. 70 and 72). Various other shops suffered in a lesser degree, the area of the damage in Tontine Street extending approximately from No. 35, Mr. Henry Warren's fruit shop, to the Congregational Church.

An eighteen-inch gas main under the pavement in front of Messrs. Stokes' establishment was broken, and the gas ignited by the flame from the explosion. Some of the woodwork of the wrecked premises caught alight, but the Fire Brigade, which was quickly in attendance, soon put out the fire. Mr. H. O. Jones, the Chief Officer of the Brigade, left the jet from the main burning for a time, there being a more urgent call for the services of himself and his men in succouring wounded and removing the dead. Subsequently the gas flame was put out by smothering it with a load of sand. This was the only outbreak of fire during the raid.

The lower part of Bouverie Road East, where it runs past Alexandra Gardens, was also a scene of havoc, although the toll of life was small compared with that in Tontine Street. A bomb fell on the pavement in front of No. 21, Bouverie Road East, a shop tenanted by Mr. John Burke, a boot and shoe repairer. The shop and the adjoining premises (No. 19), used as a cafe, were "wiped out." Mr. Burke was in his little establishment at the time. The force of the explosion literally "picked him up" and flung him

across the road against the railings of the County School for Girls, killing him instantly. The adjacent building at the corner of Alexandra Gardens, one of several stories, let out in flats, was almost completely wrecked. Some of the pavement was blown into the basement, and floors and dividing walls collapsed into a mass of ruin, in which furniture, masonry, and woodwork were jumbled pell-mell together in chaotic and indescribable fashion. It was not recorded that any fatality occurred in this building, but Kathleen Chapman, a girl employed as housemaid at Bates' Hotel, Sandgate Road, who was walking along Alexandra Gardens to fetch a pair of shoes belonging to a friend from Mr. Burke's shop, was struck by some substance when about fifty yards from Bouverie Road East, and mortally wounded. Two soldiers who were with her, George Henry Bloodworth and another, were also killed.

Another bomb fell in the road a little further down, in front of the premises (No. 11) of Messrs. Durban Bros., butchers. Mr. Wilfred Durban and several others were in the shop, but, although the front of the premises was shattered, those inside escaped with injuries or shock. Mr. Durban himself was thrown behind his safe. The County School for Girls, Christ Church Schools, the building at the corner (east side) of Alexandra Gardens, then used as a Belgian School, and other premises in the neighbourhood, including some in Alexandra Gardens and Cheriton Road, also sustained damage.

At the time of the raid the only people indoors at West Lodge, No. 21, Manor Road (the residence of Mrs. Callaghan), were Jane Marchment, a cook, and

another servant. The latter ran out of the house just before it was struck by the bomb and in greater part collapsed. As already stated, the cook, who was in the basement, was killed. Her body was not recovered until nearly 24 hours later. Men of the Fire Brigade and others worked for three hours on Friday night in the search, at the end of which time it was felt that no living soul could be amongst the wreckage. On the following day the search was resumed and continued until five, when the body was found beneath the ruins of the staircase and other parts of the house. Her feet had been cut clean off. Apparently she had been endeavouring to make her exit from the house when she was overwhelmed by an avalanche of debris.

To continue the narrative of the incidence of the bombs so far as they were accompanied by fatal effects, mention should be made of the deaths of Mrs. Maggie Grey Bartleet (the wife of Sergeant-Major J. J. Bartleet, R.A.M.C.), who was killed in Jointon Road ; of Mr. Albert Edward Castle, a naval pensioner and gardener, who was hit whilst in the grounds of the Grange School, Shorncliffe Road ; of Doris Eileen Spencer Walton (a pupil at The Mount, Julian Road), who was playing tennis on a lawn at Athelstan Ladies' School, Shorncliffe Road, when she was struck by a fragment which was hurled through the air by the explosion of a bomb which fell some distance away ; and of Mr. George Edward Butcher, a coal carter, who succumbed on June 6th to injuries received whilst standing near the Castle Inn, Foord Road. Reference has already been made to the fatality at the Central Station.

It is impossible to chronicle all the remarkable incidents and narrow escapes during the raid. But mention must be made of the extraordinary occurrence at No. 28, St. John Street, the residence of Mr. Stephen Chittenden, a member of the Folkestone Fire Brigade. At the time he was on duty at the Head Station in Dover Road, which is close to St. John Street. When the bombs commenced to fall on the town Mr. H. O. Jones, the Chief Officer of the Brigade, was in Sandgate Road. He at once proceeded to the nearest available telephone, rang up the Head Fire Station, and asked if there were any calls to fires. Fireman Stephen Chittenden replied that there was only one—from Tontine Street. Just then there was another explosion, and the fireman exclaimed: "My God, I believe that is at my house!" And it was! The bomb exploded on the roof of 28, St. John Street, the top floor being blown away. In a room on the floor immediately underneath were two women and a child—an elderly woman (bedridden), her daughter-in-law, and a grand-daughter. Their escape from death was almost miraculous. One part of the ceiling and floor above them fell into their room, but it swung down slantwise as it might have done had the other side being fixed on hinges; consequently the other part remained suspended above them. The old lady had a leg broken, and the child sustained an injury to the hip. The occupants were rescued from the wrecked premises by the Fire Brigade.

Very remarkable, too, was the case of the Osborne Hotel in Bouverie Road West. The bomb fell through all the floors to the basement, where it exploded. The roof of the building was broken in, all the floors

suffered, and the basement rooms became an entanglement of debris and broken furniture. Yet nobody was seriously injured.

The dials of the clocks of Tontine Street Congregational Church and Radnor Park Congregational Church were both broken, and the works themselves put "out of action." Christ Church was also damaged. The manner in which the shock from explosions found its way over house-tops and other obstructions, passed round corners, and shattered windows and caused other damage was not a little extraordinary. Tons of broken glass lay on the pavement in various parts of the town after the Gothas had passed over the borough. The effects of high explosives, fantastic as well as fatal, were a revelation.

Connected with the raid were two things which perhaps should be recorded. One was the suggestion emanating from some imaginative mind that the aeroplane circling about the town rather low down just before the Hun machines arrived was in reality a "spy machine" acting as a guide to the enemy. Once this brilliant idea was mooted it spread with amazing rapidity, not a few giving credence to it. As a matter of fact it was a "training bus" of the Royal Flying Corps.

Another impression was that the Hun aircraft included a Zeppelin. Many people emphatically asserted that they saw a Zeppelin, and remained unconvinced that they were wrong even after the announcement in the official report that the raiding craft were aeroplanes. The erroneous notion was due probably to the expansive wing spread of the

machines and the effect of the sun shining on them.

It is impossible to place on record here all the examples of courage and self-control, but brief mention may be made of one. At Kent College, in Grimston Avenue, a Girl Guides' service was being conducted by the Rev. J. Edward Harlow, when a terrific explosion took place, followed by others. The service, however, was completed as arranged. Subsequently Mr. Harlow wrote to *The Times* a letter in which he stated that as long as life lasted he would remember with admiration and pride "the perfect self-control and cheerfulness of those eighty daughters of England, some of whose homes were far away. Their behaviour was superb." This communication drew from General Sir Robert Baden Powell an appreciative letter addressed to Mr. Harlow and another of congratulation to the Folkestone Girl Guides.

Before the tense period of the raid was at an end the members of the various organisations charged with the duty of dealing with such an emergency were hurrying to the various scenes of carnage and destruction. In addition to the local Ambulance Corps and the Fire Brigade, the Red Cross contingents, the Canadian Army Medical Corps, the regular Police, and the Special Constables were swiftly in attendance to take part in the work of removing the dead and conveying the injured to hospitals. It was a grim and melancholy task, but it was efficiently and expeditiously carried out. The lifeless bodies and remains were conveyed to the Cemetery mortuary and the Royal Victoria Hospital mortuary. The injured were taken to the Royal Victoria Hospital and to the West Cliff Hospital, until the accommodation

became overtaxed, and then recourse was had to the Hospitals at Shorncliffe. Medical and nursing staffs worked devotedly throughout the night in dressing the wounds of the injured and tending to their various needs.

But perhaps the saddest and most distressing scenes were those witnessed at the mortuaries in the process of identification of the bodies by bereaved relatives. In some cases there were only detached and mangled remains to identify. Many relatives had only become aware of their losses by the non-return of some of their household. No attempt can be made to describe the mingled feelings of fear and hope with which they viewed the array of corpses. In one or two instances the raid had reduced a family of three or four to a single survivor. In the work of laying out the bodies and remnants the Coroner's Officer (Mr. E. J. Chadwick) worked assiduously and untiringly, and tactfully rendered much assistance to the bereaved ones.

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The total number of people killed in Folkestone, including three whose deaths occurred in the course of the next week or two, was 71—16 men, 28 women, and 27 children. No fewer than 61 of these resulted from the explosion of the bomb which fell in Tontine Street.

A list of those injured compiled at the time by the authorities contained 96 names—34 men, 50 women, 6 boys, and 6 girls—but there were others who did not report their cases to the authorities.

If there be added to the number killed in Folkestone the three fatalities at Cheriton and two at Hythe,

the total for the district is 76 (this being exclusive of the soldiers killed at Shorncliffe).

Nineteen bombs were dropped at Lympne (where there is an aerodrome), 19 at Hythe, 2 at Sandgate, 16 at Cheriton, and 18 on St. Martin's Plain and Dibgate, Shorncliffe. On St. Martin's Plain four soldiers were pitching a tent; a bomb made a direct hit, and the remains of the men had subsequently to be gathered up in bags. Two huts were demolished, the inmates being killed. One bomb fell near the Shorncliffe Military Hospital, but failed to explode. A lady stenographer in the open was killed.

The casualties amongst the soldiers at Shorncliffe were 18 killed (16 of these being Canadians) and 90 wounded (86 being Canadians).

As previously remarked, it was the worst air raid on this country up to this stage of the war, so far as the number killed was concerned. None of the Zeppelin raids had caused so many deaths. In the official return, published after the signing of the Armistice, it was set forth that in the raid on May 25th, 1917, on Kent and Folkestone, 77 civilians were killed and 94 injured, whilst 18 soldiers were killed and 98 injured (these latter figures nearly all relating to casualties at Shorncliffe).

During the whole war there was only one other raid in which the casualty list was heavier than in that which plunged Folkestone into mourning on May 25th, 1917. The other raid referred to was that of June 13th, 1917, when German aeroplanes dropped bombs on Margate, Essex, and London, the casualties numbering: Civilians—killed 158, injured 425; sailors and soldiers—killed 42, injured 7.

Several other towns on the coast of Kent suffered from aerial invasion on numerous occasions, but in the case of none of them were the casualties so many, even all told, as at Folkestone on May 25th, 1917. To take the experience of Dover, that town was bombarded from the air on 18 occasions, yet the total loss of life was only 13 men, 7 women, and 2 children, the numbers injured being 35 men, 22 women, and 9 children. The number of bombs which fell on Dover was 185.

Mr. Daniel Stringer Lyth, verger at Hythe Parish Church, was one of the victims. The circumstances were recounted in the Folkestone Coroner's Court, Mr. Lyth having died in hospital in Folkestone. The Vicar (the Rev. H. D. Dale) and his wife had been engaged with the verger in the vestry; hearing explosions, they went out into the churchyard, where a bomb fell, breaking tombstones and scattering shrapnel and debris in all directions. Mr. Lyth was hit on the leg by shrapnel, sustaining a mortal wound. Mrs. Dale was slightly injured in the face. The Vicar himself had a remarkable escape. He was struck on the side, and on putting his hand in his coat pocket he found there a piece of shrapnel, which had lodged against a tin box that he was carrying.

The following communique was issued by the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, Home Forces, at 12.45 p.m. on Saturday, May 26th:—

“A large squadron of enemy aircraft, about 16 in number, attacked the south-east of England between 5.15 and 6.30 p.m. last night.

“Bombs were dropped at a number of places, but nearly all the damage occurred in one town,

where some of the bombs fell into the streets, causing considerable casualties among the civil population.

“Some shops and houses were also seriously damaged.

“The total casualties reported by the police from all districts are :

“Killed, 76 ; injured, 174.

“Of the killed, 27 were women and 23 children, while 43 women and 19 children were injured.

“Aeroplanes of the Royal Flying Corps went up in pursuit, and the raiding aircraft were engaged by fighting squadrons of the R.N.A.S. from Dunkirk on their return journey.

“The Admiralty report that three of the enemy aeroplanes were shot down by the latter.”

The following announcement by the Secretary of the Admiralty was issued at 1.10 p.m. on Saturday, May 26th :—

“Naval aeroplanes carried out an attack on the aerodrome at St. Denis Westram, near Bruges, yesterday morning. Many bombs were dropped.

“In the evening several enemy aircraft, returning from a raid on England, were engaged oversea by R.N.A.S. machines. An encounter took place between one British and three hostile aeroplanes in mid-channel, and one of the latter was destroyed.

“Several encounters also took place off the Belgian coast, in which two large twin-engined hostile machines were shot down.

“All our machines returned safely.”

The report of German Main Headquarters, issued in Berlin on Saturday, May 26, contained the following :—

“During the course of a successful raid one of our air squadrons dropped bombs on Dover and Folkestone, on the south coast of England. Long distance flights inland also gave good results.”

It will be seen from the foregoing official reports that it was the Germans who first mentioned the name of Folkestone. For three days the authorities in London refused to allow the English papers to specify the exact town, the censorship being relaxed in time for the dailies published on Tuesday morning to announce that it was at Folkestone where the loss of life had been so great.

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So far this narrative has dealt only with the attack. The reason is the all-sufficient one that there was nothing else to record until the actual raid was almost at an end. The explosions of the bombs had almost, if not entirely, ceased before the anti-aircraft guns upon the hills on the east side of the town came into action. Possibly until then the enemy planes could not be seen by or were out of range of the batteries. In any case no hits were registered by the “Archies,” and the aerial invaders passed from our shores scathless, although they were subsequently engaged over the sea by English fighting machines which went up from Dunkirk and the neighbourhood to intercept them, and which brought down three of their number. But how was it that the Huns had not been attacked by British aviators when they were travelling towards Folkestone? It was an amazing thing! The enemy did not approach Folkestone from the sea, but from inland. It subsequently transpired that the Hun machines had passed

over North Kent into Mid Kent—they were heard, but not seen, at Maidstone—until apparently they reached the main railway line from London to Folkestone, which latter town they passed over without let or hindrance. The inhabitants who watched their flight over Folkestone looked in vain for English aeroplanes hastening to the attack. Why was it? Had someone blundered?

Naturally enough questions were raised at the inquests following the raid. There was the same note of interrogation at the special meeting of the Town Council held on the following day, and later the matter was the subject of queries in Parliament. Certain explanations and statements followed, and possibly there were official enquiries behind closed doors, but the matter was never wholly cleared up, or if it were, the authorities did not see fit to take the public into their confidence. A "high official" was reported by a London newspaper to have stated that "it was known that the fleet of aeroplanes was about. They were reported at various places, but as it happened they came over that town (Folkestone) at a great height above a screen of clouds. The moment they reached the edge of the clouds they had Folkestone directly under them. That accounts for the populace being so tragically taken unawares. It is certain that hereafter an entirely new and thorough system of notification will be introduced"—which is tantamount to saying that there was something lacking or unsatisfactory about the system in existence up to that time.

The inquests were opened by the Borough Coroner (Mr. G. W. Haines) on the evening following the raid.

Before the jurors viewed the bodies the Coroner said it was a task that would try the nerves of the stongest of them, but it was a painful duty that was cast upon them. After the visit to the mortuaries the inquest was adjourned till the following Tuesday. Mr. Arden Blake was foreman of the jury. The first inquest was upon the body of Mrs. Florence Louise Norris, wife of Alfred Norris, of 30, Blackbull Road, who also lost his daughter (aged 2 years) and his baby son (10 months), only the father of the family circle of four remaining. The verdict was "Death by bombs from hostile aircraft, Great Britain being in a state of war, and deceased at the time being a non-combatant," the jury adding a rider to the effect that they regretted that the competent authorities did not give notice of the approach of the aircraft, and that they were strongly of opinion that in future the town should be warned by a siren or other such device.

[The Chief Constable (Mr. H. Reeve) had stated during the hearing that as a rule he received a warning from the military authorities when there was an air raid, but on this occason he received no warning at all, and knew nothing about it until the enemy aircraft were over the town.]

A similar verdict was returned in other cases, the court eventually being adjourned till Thursday, when the remaining cases were taken. At the close the jury proposed to add two riders, as follows:—

“(a) The jury condemn in the strongest possible manner the negligence of the local and military authorities in not having made arrangements whereby the public could have been warned.”

“(b) The jury are agreed as to the necessity of removing from our midst all enemy aliens of both sexes, and call upon the local authorities to do all they can to have them removed at once.”

The Coroner asked to whom the first rider should be sent, remarking that it was no use blaming the local authorities, at any rate, as, however many warning signals they might have had in the town, they would have been of no use on the previous Friday, when no warning was received in the town till the aeroplanes were overhead.

The second rider was withdrawn, the Coroner observing that there was no evidence to connect any alien in the neighbourhood with that inquiry.

At the special meeting of the Town Council following the raid the aliens question was alluded to, and it was proposed by Councillor R. Forsyth, and seconded by Councillor W. J. King-Turner, that a deputation should wait upon the Home Secretary and ask that in the interests of the town all aliens of enemy origin should be removed from the district and their businesses closed down. It was moved, however, as an amendment, by Councillor C. Edward Mumford, that the Home Office be asked to strengthen the Secret Service in the town, this being seconded by Alderman E. J. Bishop and carried by nine votes to seven. Councillor R. G. Wood proposed a motion expressing the Council's profound disappointment that the town and district were not efficiently defended from the German aerial attack, and the hope that every effort would be made by the military authorities to give the town better protection. This was seconded by Councillor W. J. Harrison and carried,

and on the following Wednesday a deputation from Folkestone and district had an interview with Field-Marshal Lord French, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces, on the subject of defence against attacks from the air. Lord French, in reply, said that such experience as they had showed that it was not possible absolutely to prevent attacks by aeroplane, but that the scheme of defence had been very carefully considered in the past and had been reconsidered in the light of the experience gained in the recent raid. Even if it were not possible to prevent their coming, he hoped that the measures which had been taken would make any future raid a very risky operation, and would ensure heavy loss to the enemy.

Following the raid, special services were held at the various local churches, chief amongst them being a very impressive and solemn memorial service at the Parish Church on Saturday, June 2nd, at which the Marquess Camden (Lord Lieutenant of Kent) was present as the Representative of the King. The Mayor and Corporation attended, being accompanied by the Borough Member (Sir Philip Sassoon), the Recorder (Mr. J. C. Lewis Coward), and many representative men, including nearly all the local Free Church Ministers. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Randall Davidson) gave an address, and, in addition to the Vicar (Canon P. F. Tindall), the former Vicar (Canon Erskine W. Knollys), the Rev. L. G. Grey (Vicar of Christ Church), Canon C. Evelyn Gardiner (Vicar of Holy Trinity), and the Rev. C. H. Griffith (Vicar of St. Michael's) assisted in the service.

Eminently suited to the occasion was the address of the Primate. In the course of an inspiring oration

he remarked : We are in, yes, in, the great war. We are absolutely persuaded of the rightness, the inevitableness for men and women of honour, of what we did nearly three years ago, when duty and loyalty to truth compelled us to enter in it. Well, of course, we are not going to be simply flustered or frightened because in carrying our great cause through—through to victory—we are ourselves among those who personally suffer. We in this corner of England, on this Kentish coast, have the trust—would it be exaggeration to say the solemn privilege?—of being the bit of England nearest to the enemy. We are proud of our sons and brothers who held the foremost trench in action on the Somme, or in defence of Ypres, or were the first over the parapet. Someone—or rather some set of people—must be in the forefront. So far as English soil is concerned, the people to whom that special trust is given are we ourselves, we living here in Folkestone and Dover, and Deal and Ramsgate, and Canterbury. We mean to be worthy of it, and, please God, we will. Of course, we want to secure every reasonable protection that we can for those in our homes who cannot be combatants. But war brings peril—involves peril—and we are prepared to face the peril bravely, and with quietness, and thus by God's grace to give a wholesome lead to all who anywhere are apt to be nervous or excited, or afraid—all who forget the assurance given at Patmos in a world of tempestuous strife : "He laid His right hand upon me, saying, Fear not, I am the first and the last, I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore. Amen. And I have the keys of death and of Hades."

Church and Nonconformist pastors united in a service held in Radnor Park on Sunday afternoon, June 3rd. There was a vast congregation numbering several thousand people. An appropriate address was delivered by the Rev. J. C. Carlile.

In the days immediately following the raid the Mayor received many messages of sympathy, including telegrams from the King and Queen. A Relief Fund for the sufferers was opened, and speedily assumed substantial proportions. Folkestone quickly settled down to its usual diurnal routine. Early in the morning after the raid there were workmen engaged on the task of re-constructing Messrs. Stokes' Greengrocery Emporium, and the whole town "carried on." But there was a change in the local "atmosphere."

"Comfort, content, delight,
The ages slow-bought gain,
They shrivelled in a night."

Gone was our complacency; gone was that feeling of security and immunity with which we had previously pursued the even tenour of our way. The war had been brought home to us with fierce intensity. There was no actual panic, but the populace was braced up to a tension which it had not known before, and it was only natural that there should be a desire that every reasonable precaution should be taken to prevent a repetition of the calamity. With a view to bringing pressure to bear upon the Government and the Military Authorities, meetings were held at the Hippodrome then existing in Linden Crescent. Local opinion was divided as to the desirability of this agitation, but I simply record the fact, and

have no intention of entering here into a discussion of the pros and cons. Any way, before long more anti-aircraft guns and searchlights made their appearance in the neighbourhood, some being stationed in Cherry Garden Avenue, whilst later a machine gun was mounted on the roof of Avenue Mansions, Earl's Avenue. Fresh "Archies" were also installed at Westenhanger. Moreover, when, later in the summer, the sirens were sounded in the day-time the inhabitants were gladdened a few minutes after the signal by the spectacle of English fighting machines high up in the sky ready to give battle to any invaders. It should be placed on record, in reference to the question of defence against aerial attack, that before the agitation in Folkestone, on the day after the raid, in fact, Earl Radnor himself called at the War Office and obtained the assurance that more guns would be provided in the Folkestone district as soon as they were available.

The question of installing the sirens alluded to received the attention of the local authorities without delay, and it was decided that there should be electric sirens at the Town Hall and the Head Fire Station in Dover Road, and steam sirens at the Public Baths, Foord Road, and the Electricity Works at Morehall. There was some divergence of view as to whether the alarm should be sounded during the day only or during the night as well. Some people held the opinion that if a raid occurred after most folk had retired to bed, it would be better not to arouse them, especially as in all probability they would be just as safe in bed as they would be anywhere else. It was, however, strongly argued that the sirens should be sounded at

whatever hour of the day or night the Authorities received a warning, and finally that view prevailed.

The provision of dug-outs or shelters was another subject which engaged the attention of the Council, and eventually refuges were specially constructed at the top of Marshall Street, the rear of Mead Road, the sandpit north of Radnor Park, the basement of unfinished houses in Cheriton Road, Morehall, Mr. Scrivener's coal stores (under Radnor Bridge Arch), Darlington Arch, the old lime kiln at Killick's Corner, and a dug-out in the chalk hill on the north side of Dover Hill at Killick's Corner. The basement of the Town Hall, the Technical School, Sidney Street Schools, the Grammar School in Cheriton Road, the store under Mr. Reason's house, there being a concrete floor, and the new garage on The Bayle (used at that time as a military guard room), it having a concrete roof, were also open to the public after an alarm had been received. The Martello Tunnel, near the Junction Station, was also used as a shelter, the Railway Company running a train into it for the accommodation of those wishing to take cover there. At the time there were no trains running to or from Dover, owing to the line having been wrecked by the landslip at the end of 1915. The shelter under the Leas Parade (near the lift) was also available as a refuge.

Later in the year the very existence of these so-called shelters caused the authorities a good deal of anxiety. When the air raids were "in full blast" the basement and Police Court at the Town Hall, for instance, were full night after night. Many people would wait near the Town Hall for the first

note of the siren. But even those who were not experts in such matters thought that the Town Hall (like most other buildings used as shelters) was not bomb-proof, and that a direct hit on the building would result in a catastrophe involving terrible loss of life. Ultimately a military expert was consulted, and his opinion was a sweeping condemnation of the shelters. His view was that there was only one which was bomb-proof, viz., the dug-out in the chalk hill at Killick's Corner.

The great raid on Folkestone and the increasing frequency of raids on South-East England by aeroplanes had a serious effect upon the material prosperity of the town. Many residents who had no local business ties left the district for safer parts of the country, as likewise did nearly every private school in the town. There was also a decrease in the number of visitors. Everybody was by this time fully convinced that there was a war on. Still, Folkestone was never reduced to the straits experienced by the East Coast resorts.

The raid of May 25th proved to be the only daylight raid on our town. Other parts of Kent, London, Essex, and Suffolk were attacked by Hun aviators in the day time during the summer, but not Folkestone, and the inhabitants, or the majority, at any rate, became less concerned as to the possibility of another daylight raid. The moonlight raids did not commence till the end of the summer. On one occasion, on the morning of August 22nd, a great sensation was created in the town by the spectacle of an aerial battle three or four miles to the east of Folkestone. The Germans were bombing Dover, and at one time there was a

prospect that we should also be visited, but the gunners on the hill were putting up a barrage, and British airmen were engaging the invaders. A thrilling sight was presented by the manœuvres of thirty or more aeroplanes far up in the sky, and the conflict was watched with keen interest, if not with some feeling of apprehension, by thousands of residents and visitors, who eventually had the satisfaction of seeing the German aeroplanes wheel about and turn tail, followed by their British antagonists. The invaders had been driven off. An official record states that 21 hostile aeroplanes passed over Capel aerodrome. On the day on which this raid occurred the funeral of Councillor S. W. Joseph, who had been killed in the tramway smash at Dover, took place. At the time the battle in the air was in progress the Mayor of Folkestone and a number of his colleagues were journeying to Dover by motors to attend the last sad rites. They almost ran into the raid, and arrived at Dover as the dead and wounded were being removed.

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During the summer of 1917 a score or more of alarms were received, but nothing eventful happened at Folkestone. As the summer waned, however, there were indications that the Germans would rely more upon nocturnal visitations, and the latter part of September found us in the full experience of the moonlight series. There were periods when the sirens gave forth their shrill note several nights in succession, and sometimes twice in a night. The warning was proclaimed by ten short blasts, and the "All clear" by one long blast. All traffic in the streets was stopped as soon as a warning was received, and those who

happened to be some distance from their homes sometimes found themselves obliged to undertake a long walk. As already stated, there were various so-called shelters, but the authorities eventually appealed to the townspeople to remain in their homes. Some listened to and acted upon this sound advice, but others did not, and many children were taken to the refuges night after night, with the result that on the following day they were so drowsy during school hours that they were unable to attend to their lessons. Fires and seats were provided at some of the shelters, and in some cases refreshments.

Happily Folkestone was only bombed again once, and then the missiles fell right outside the town. This was on September 25th, when the warning was sounded at 7.11 p.m. and the "All clear" at 10.30 p.m. During the period between those times there was a great deal of firing from the anti-aircraft batteries, and between the shrieks of the shells heavier explosions were heard. These proceeded from bombs which were dropped, two on Castle Hill (commonly known as Caesar's Camp) and three in the grounds of the Waterworks adjoining, no real damage being done. One fell into the reservoir, killing some small fish. On the following day Mr. James Waite, the Secretary of the Waterworks Company, took the precaution of having a sample of the water analysed, but no trace of anything deleterious was found. A few bombs were dropped at Swingfield on this occasion, but there were no casualties.

But if, save for the instance just recorded, we were not bombed, there was "liveliness" enough and to spare. The reports of the guns—in addition to those

stationed on land, there were those on the patrol boats in the Channel, which put up a tremendous barrage calculated to command the respect of the bravest of the Hun airmen—the shriek of the shells, the explosion of the same at the end of their journey through space, the glare of the searchlights, the Verey lights, with sometimes the staccato of machine gun fire, combined to make the nights lurid enough in all conscience. They were indeed nights of stress and tension. “The pale-faced moon looked bloody on the earth.” Some of the anti-aircraft guns were brought into the heart of the town on motors and fired from the streets as opportunity offered. The reason generally of all this commotion was that many of the Gothas, after discharging their cargo of bombs on London or some other place, returned over Folkestone. Apparently they “picked up” the main railway line, and followed its course till they neared or reached Folkestone, when they turned out to sea, where the lightships then stationed not far from the Harbour helped them in shaping their course.

Hostile aircraft passed over the town on September 29th,-30th, 1917 (one believed to have been hit); September 30th (one believed to have been hit); October 19th (one or more Zeppelins: this was the occasion on which several Zeppelins were blown or “forced” out of their proper course and came down in France); October 31st-November 1st (one machine, thought to have been “winged,” was very low down, so that it could clearly be seen); December 6th (three hostile aircraft passed over to the north of the town, from west to east, between 5 a.m. and 6.15 a.m.); December 18th.

On the last-named date several enemy machines returned via Folkestone between 8 p.m. and 9.15 p.m. One Gotha was hit in the petrol tank by the guns at Westenhanger. Its commander decided to make a dash for "the other side," but found it impossible to cross the Channel. The machine came down into the sea about three miles from the Harbour Pier, five white Verey lights and one green light being sent up, in response to which signals H.M.A.T. "Highlander" hastened to the rescue. The crew of the aeroplane were three in number. An ober-lieutenant and a first-class air mechanic were taken on board the trawler, but the other man (the pilot) was entangled in the gear of the machine, and died or was drowned. The Gotha itself was destroyed by a time-fused bomb (this must have been ignited by one of the Germans who had sent up signals of distress), which exploded just as the crew of the trawler were preparing to bring it aboard. The mate of the vessel, Mr. Frank William Henry Gee, aged 47, was so seriously injured that he died on the following night. The two prisoners were landed at Folkestone Harbour, and on the following morning were sent to London under escort. En route the ober-lieutenant told the corporal of the guard that it was his third journey over to England, and that he came from Belgium. Subsequently various articles, which the crew of the "Highlander" took into port, were returned to one of the Germans, the original owner, it being stated in the official correspondence on the subject that "the articles were not a free gift, but given by one of the prisoners to the crew to propitiate them, the prisoners imagining that they would be badly treated." It should be

added that the explosion by which the aeroplane was blown to pieces caused much speculation and some consternation in the town, coming, as it did, after the "All clear" had been sounded.

According to an official communication reports from reliable sources indicated that the Gotha was hit by the guns at Westenhanger, but the gunners at Cherry Garden Avenue also claimed a hit.

Coming to 1918, in this year twenty warnings were received, the last being on August 24th, at 11.35 p.m. Enemy aircraft passed over the town on January 29th, February 16th (one apparently hit), February 17-18th, and May 19-20th (Whit Sunday, this being the last occasion on which enemy aeroplanes travelled over Folkestone). In the early part of 1918 the two guns which had been stationed at Cherry Garden Avenue, mounted on lorries, were replaced by one heavier gun, fixed in position on the ground. The first time it was in action it scored a hit, but before it fired its 20th shot it was disabled owing to the recoil spring breaking.

According to the records of the Fire Brigade, the numbers of air raid alarms received were: 1915, 1; 1916, 29; 1917, 52; 1918, 20. Total 102. In many instances there were no local developments following the siren's warning note, and the community would have been spared much unnecessary anxiety had no alarm been issued to the public, as was the case prior to May 25th, 1917. In some cases there were raids on more or less distant parts of England, but often there was no official report to tell us what, if anything, had happened, and frequently it was some town on the French coast which was the objective of the Huns.

On some occasions we in Folkestone heard the anti-aircraft guns at Dover and on the hills almost as soon as the shrill notes of the sirens had died away. On others there would be utter silence for a couple of hours; then one or more German aeroplanes would approach from inland on the return journey to Belgium or North Western France. Two alarms in one day were not a rare occurrence. For instance, on September 29th, 1917, there was a raid alarm period from 6.5 p.m. to 6.45 p.m., and another from 7.45 p.m. to 1 a.m. Sometimes we had to stay up nearly all night if we preferred not to retire till the "All clear" was sounded. For example, on October 31st, 1917, the alarm was sounded at 10.40 p.m., and the "All clear" did not "go" till 3.15 a.m. Before long the truth of the old saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt," began to assert itself. The inhabitants, or many of them, ceased to resort to dug-outs and shelters, even disdainingly to descend to the basements of their houses. If they were in bed they remained there, being by this time convinced that they were as safe there as anywhere else.

Throughout the air raid period the Fire Brigade held itself in special readiness to deal with any outbreaks of fire, there being four posts, viz., the Head Fire Station in Dover Road, the West End Sub-Station (adjoining the Pleasure Gardens Theatre), the Public Baths, and Morehall Sub-Station.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CARE OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

BY VARIOUS CONTRIBUTORS.

In the early days of the war Folkestone was requested to report what buildings could be utilised for the care of the wounded. The military hospital accommodation on the Camp was largely increased, and provision was made in the town. Morehall Schools were furnished for the reception of patients, but not used, as they did not entirely comply with the War Office requirements.

The Royal Victoria Hospital set apart as many beds in the wards as possible, and later placed others in spacious corridors. The medical staff was depleted by Dr. Linington leaving for France, where he did great things in the operating theatre and in organising hospital administration.

Dr. T. Eastes had charge of the X-Ray Department. Dr. Tyson, who has worked like a Trojan all through the war, was entrusted with making the arrangements with the War Office, and finally it was agreed that a hundred beds would meet the requirements. But how little were the authorities able to foretell the results of the war.

Many ladies volunteered assistance; the doctors' wives undertook to furnish a number of beds. Mrs. Linington collected nearly £100 for additional equipment, and other ladies gave or lent bedding. French and Belgian refugees were received as patients, and

generally the wards were kept very full. In all 1,760 wounded soldiers have been treated as in-patients, and 276 Belgian soldiers and 37 refugees. Large numbers of minor cases have been treated in the out-patients' department, and many were the expressions of gratitude received by the Committee.

There were two occasions upon which the Hospital was enabled to render exceptional service: one when the French steamer, the *Amiral Ganteaume*, was torpedoed in mid-Channel. This incident is described in another chapter, but it must be recorded here that the Victoria Hospital rendered magnificent service to the poor sufferers by the medical staff and nurses going to their aid and assisting in doing the first things imperatively required. On the night of the disaster 37 bad cases were treated. Dr. Tyson and his colleagues were in attendance for long hours, and the sisters kept to their tasks all through the night. It is not too much to say that a number of patients owed their lives to the self-denial of the doctors and the nurses.

It would be invidious to single out one institution in the medical service more than another, and in the Folkestone area the hospitals were particularly fortunate in their medical and nursing staffs, and the Victoria Hospital was among the most fortunate of them all.

The other occasion was upon the night of the air raid. Over 80 casualties were admitted, and before midnight 25 bodies were laid out in the mortuary. About six other victims died subsequently. It was impossible for the Hospital to take all the patients. Some of them were treated for their immediate needs

and then removed to Shorncliffe, where they remained for a few weeks, returning to the Victoria Hospital to complete their recovery. Those who were in the Hospital on that fateful 25th of May will never forget the grim sight of the bodies huddled together in the corridor, and the limbs brought in wrapped in blankets. It was more terrible than a battle scene. It was so ruthless and wanton in its savagery. There were the bodies of women and little children, maimed and shattered by the crime of war. The moans of the sufferers were heard in every part of the building. Nurses and doctors and voluntary workers rapidly passed upon their errands of mercy and ministry of healing. The Matron by her sympathetic words comforted many a heart. Special constables and men whose names are unrecorded brought patients to the wards, and helped in the institution. Some members of the Committee were with the present writer taking names and addresses of patients, and assisting bereaved people in identifying the killed, while others went upon sorrowful journeys to relatives in the town to tell them where the bodies of their loved ones were resting.

Among the bright things of the war will stand out the work of the medical organisations. What lives they saved, what ministries of healing they accomplished. There will be criticism of some shortcomings at this or that period, but when it is all told there will be nothing more wonderful in the chronicles of the war than the care of our wounded men, and among the local records there is nothing brighter than the story of the help rendered on the night of the air raid. The staff of the Victoria Hospital, Miss Browne

(the Matron), with Sisters Lawson and McBeth, seemed tireless in their efforts, and Mrs. Haines and Miss A. Cearns did much useful work in the Wards.

The Matron and Sisters named were mentioned in "The Times" list of October 20th, 1917, for valuable services rendered during the war. Folkestone owes them a debt which it can never repay.

The Bevan Hospital was opened almost immediately upon the declaration of war. It originated in the Voluntary Aid Detachment Kent 30 of the British Red Cross, with Miss M. A. Mumford as Commandant. The premises in Sandgate had been used as a Convalescent Home, though for a long time they had been empty, and had fallen into a dilapidated condition. The Commandant gathered together a number of workers, who speedily transformed the rooms and made them into one of the most comfortable hospitals on the South East Coast.

After six months' work the hospital became an annexe to Shorncliffe Military Hospital, and was allowed to rank as Class A. From that time there was a continuous influx of patients, including Imperial troops, Australians, Canadians, and Belgians. The medical staff included Drs. Calverley, Brædbury, Davis, Fitzgerald, Hackney, and Perry, and for a short time Drs. Stranaghan and Scoones. The central court was entirely devoted to open-air treatment, and here the most obstinate cases of septic poisoning were rapidly cured; so much, indeed, were the patients benefited by their sojourn here that whenever any of them for one reason or other were moved indoors they invariably begged, even in wintry weather, to be taken back. This open-air sea ward

was sheltered from the rains and winds by a transparent roof and storm blinds, erected through private generosity, and only in the event of the most severe gale was this ward vacated.

Unlike many military hospitals, the kitchen department at the Bevan was entirely managed by ladies, who, with the aid of two salaried kitchen-maids, undertook the whole of the culinary work. Under their supervision every endeavour was made to send up the different meals, not merely in sufficient quantity, but skilfully and daintily cooked. Among the most efficient workers in this department was the late Miss Margaret Bishop. She was head of the staff. For some months at the commencement of the war she was at her post at four in the morning, and when she had finished her duties went on to assist in canteen work. Later she had entire charge, and spared no efforts to make her department a success. There is no doubt that her death was the result of over-work. She was greatly beloved by her colleagues, and had the respect of the patients with whom she came in contact. It may be said of her as much as of any soldier in the field that she willingly laid down her life for the country. Her fragrant memory will linger with many men who were wooed back to health by the staff at the Bevan. A scholarship has been founded by her father to perpetuate her memory. Mr. Alderman E. J. Bishop has himself undertaken many duties in connection with the war, not the least being that of Chairman of the Refugees Committee.

More than 12,100 patients passed through the Bevan, and there were 1,552 operations performed. The men were loud in their praise of the doctors and

the nurses. Miss Mumford received distinction at the hands of the King, but perhaps her greatest honour is in the fact that she made the hospital more like a home than a public institution. Miss C. Dale was Assistant Commandant, and Miss House Honorary Secretary. Mrs. Chambers had charge of the sanitary and kit department.

The Canadian Hospitals were worked entirely by the Military Authorities, and hardly come within the range of this volume, and yet we would be loth to omit them. The work at the West Cliff should be known in Canada. The staff represented specialists from all over the Dominion, with the assistance of some of the most eminent men in this country. Literally, wonders were performed in throat, eye, and ear cases, while the special department called the "nose factory" performed miracles. Men went in terribly disfigured, whose faces would have been horrors but for the surgeon's skill. They came out bearing scarcely a trace of their disfigurement. Sketches were made of the lost feature, a nose was designed, and made up in model. Then thin cuttings of bone were built in to the disfigured member, and covered with flesh until, as one boy expressed it, "they ceased to be frights."

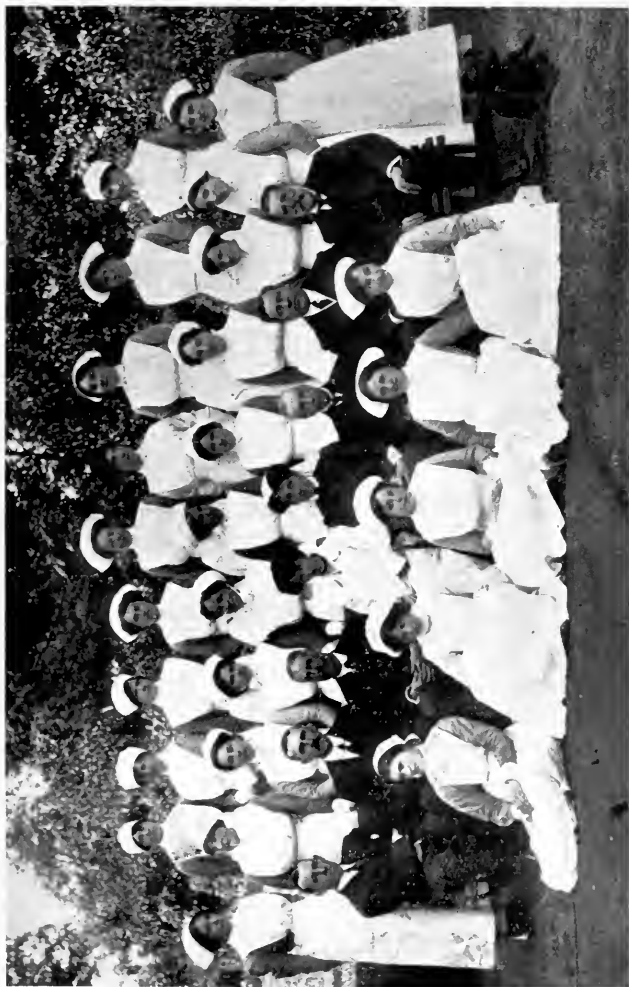
The hospital was visited by the Duke of Connaught, Princess Louise and Princess Alexander of Teck, in addition to the Prime Minister of Canada and many well-known people from the Dominions, all of whom expressed much pleasure with the arrangements for the care of the sick and the wounded.

The Queen's Canadian Military Hospital, Beechborough Park, was operated and maintained by



Photo]

V.A.D. AT WORK—(Picture by Mr. H. Evans).
[Halksworth Wheeler.



Photo]

[Halksworth Wheeler.
THE MATRON (MISS BROWNE), THE SECRETARY (MR. J. KENNETT) AND MEDICAL
AND NURSING STAFF AT ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL.



Photo

[Hawksworth Wheeler.

THE HON. FLORENCE DALY (COMMANDANT), DOCTORS, AND NURSING
STAFF AT MANOR HOUSE HOSPITAL.

the Canadian War Contingents Association. This body was organised among Canadians in August, 1914, to supply extra comforts to the men of the Dominions at the Fronts, and to maintain a hospital for the general use of His Majesty's Forces. An offer was made to the Army Council, through Queen Mary, to maintain a hospital in connection with the camp. Her Majesty has always taken the keenest interest in the care of the wounded. The offer was accepted, and the house and grounds at Beechborough Park were lent by the late Sir Arthur Markham, M.P., and Lady Markham, without whose assistance the hospital could not have attained the reputation it enjoyed.

It was opened in October, 1914, with 55 beds. In the summer of 1915 it was decided to erect four new wards in the grounds; a recreation room was added, and an excellent operating theatre with the latest appliances installed. Lieut.-Col. Sir William Osler, Bart., M.D., and Lieut.-Col. Donald Amour, C.M.G., both Canadians, were the Physician-in-Chief and the Surgeon-in-Chief respectively. Lady Markham was the first Superintendent. The officers, matrons; nurses, and V.A.D.'s were all Canadians.

The hospital was classed as a primary hospital for all kinds of surgical cases. About 3,000 soldiers passed through the wards, with only 30 deaths, which is a great tribute to the care and attention given to the very serious cases that were treated. Beechborough was the only Canadian hospital in the United Kingdom supported by voluntary funds and open to all the wounded soldiers of His Majesty's Dominions. Sir George Purley was the President of the Association, and Mr. J. G. Colmer, C.M.G., the Honorary Secretary.

The hospital closed early in 1919. At that time, the Officer in charge was Captain James Christie, the Resident Medical Officer Captain A. J. Fisher, and the Matron Miss Mitchell.

Folkestone residents arranged for concert parties to visit Beechborough. Many local entertainments were organised for the benefit of the patients, and greatly appreciated. In this connection it may be recorded that several residents, notably Mrs. Walter Joseph and Miss Bridget Keir, in addition to the choirs of several churches, regularly supplied concerts for hospital patients and convalescents.

The Canadian Lodge of Freemasons in London and the Masonic Order in the Dominions co-operated with great cordiality, and contributed liberally to the funds. The Canadian Red Cross Society gave £1,000, and many individual donations were received.

St. Andrew's Convalescent Home on the East Cliff received during the last year of the war 342 soldiers, convalescents, and five sailors, making a total of 1,121 during the war. The Report says: "The Inmates were very happy and appreciative of the Home. They improved very greatly during their stay." It is interesting to note that 74 silver badged men were sent by the War Pensions Committee and others from private sources, men discharged from the services in poor health and unfit for work. Three or four weeks at the Home proved a sovereign remedy, and sent them back to their occupations with strength renewed.

Manor Court and York House Hospitals were originally nursing homes arranged for private patients.

The owners, Miss Harrold and Miss Edden, placed them at the disposal of the War Office. The medical staff included: Dr. P. Lewis, Dr. Streatfeild, Dr. Wainwright, Dr. Wilgress, also Dr. Palk and Dr. Menzies, ophthalmic specialists.

The two houses had a total accommodation for about 100 patients. Each had its operating theatre, and all the appliances demanded by modern medical and surgical science. These hospitals were very popular. Many ladies offered their services, and some even offered to pay for the privilege of working in the wards. Local residents were generous in their response to the appeals made for funds, and enabled those responsible to brighten the rooms and add to the comfort of the boys. In Manor Court Hospital nearly three thousand patients were treated. There were 180 major operations, and only nine deaths. The nursing staff worked untiringly, Miss Harrold and Miss Edden were the Matrons, and succeeded in making the inmates very comfortable. Sister Thompson and Sister Peetz set an example that was magnetic.

In the early days Col. Reason, D.S.O., had the supervision of the whole of the Medical Institutions in the area, comprising fifty-seven hospitals. The command became too large, and was divided into districts.

Manor House Hospital, lent by the owners, was opened about the end of October, 1914. The beautiful residence used to be the home of the Earl of Radnor, and it made a charming little hospital of 90 beds. The Commandant was the Hon. Florence Daly, and the V.A.D. carried on the work of the institution

throughout the War. The first convoy consisted of 50 Belgians. In November the stream of British wounded began to pour in. In the spring five tents were erected in the garden; the number of beds was increased to 120. Of these, 10 or 12 were always available for officers.

3,392 patients were received; 2,136 were British. There were 976 Canadians, 170 Australians, 110 Belgians. Many out-patients were also treated. During the whole time there were only six deaths, which is eloquent testimony to the work of the institution.

The medical staff consisted at first of Drs. Chambers, Evans, and Wood, with Dr. Gore and Dr. Dodd as physicians. Dr. Tyson was consulting physician, and Mr. J. Walton dentist. When Dr. Evans joined the R.A.M.C. and went to France Dr. Eastes was added to the staff. Miss Crawford was appointed Matron, and the Hospital owed much to her powers of organization.

The people of Folkestone were very kind to the patients. Gifts of all sorts arrived at the Hospital, and extra pleasures and comforts were provided. Entertainments and motor drives for those who were able to go out did much to break the monotony of convalescence.

A considerable amount of unobtrusive, but very useful work was done by the men's V.A.D.'s. There were two Voluntary Aid Detachments in Folkestone at the outbreak of War. One was V.A.D. Kent 9, which was raised by the Folkestone and Sandgate St. John Ambulance Brigade, of which Mr. F. A. Adams was the Commandant and Mr. John Strood the

Quartermaster. The other was V.A.D. Kent 43, raised by the British Red Cross Society, with Mr. H. O. Jones as Commandant, and Mr. W. C. Marsh as Quartermaster.

V.A.D. Kent 9 at once responded to the order for mobilization issued in October, 1914, and took up duty in assisting to give skilled aid to the thousands of Belgian soldiers brought to the Harbour.

The Voluntary Aid Detachment under the command of Mr. H. O. Jones, Chief Officer of the Folkestone Fire Brigade, was formed from the Special Constables, and finally was recognised by the British Red Cross Society as a separate unit: V.A.D. Kent 43.

The work of these men at the Harbour was of a trying nature, especially when it is remembered that they were engaged in their own occupations during a considerable part of the day. They received the wounded as they arrived, in every conceivable kind of craft, totally unfitted for the conveyance of suffering men whose wounds were undressed, or at best only roughly bandaged.

It was the task of the men of the detachments to make the sufferers a little more comfortable; to remove them on stretchers from the ships; to carry them to the trains, and often to go with them to render assistance on the journey. Some of the men engaged in this work were on duty for over thirty hours consecutively. It is estimated that the detachments dealt with more than 7,000 wounded soldiers.

Wounded British soldiers began to arrive in considerable numbers at the end of 1914, for treatment in local hospitals. The method of working was for telephonic messages to be sent from the Military

Hospitals to Mr. H. Evans and Mr. H. O. Jones, stating the probable time of arrival of the hospital train, and giving the number of stretcher and walking cases. The officers called up their available men and reported to the medical officer in charge, by whom they were detailed for special duty.

Stretchers were prepared on the platform, and the men stood by until the train arrived, which often meant waiting several hours. On the coming of the wounded, walking cases were taken in cars, lent by residents, and by motor chars-a-banc, while the cot cases, on stretchers, were placed in ambulance wagons. The cases were then distributed to local Hospitals. One hundred-and-twenty-one hospital trains, with 12,300 wounded, were attended to by V.A.D. men.

Mr. Evans, the Area Transport Officer, received, in common with his colleague, many expressions of appreciation from the Military Authorities on the Camp, and the work of the Corps was of great value. Major Reason bore testimony to the ability and unselfishness of the Corps.

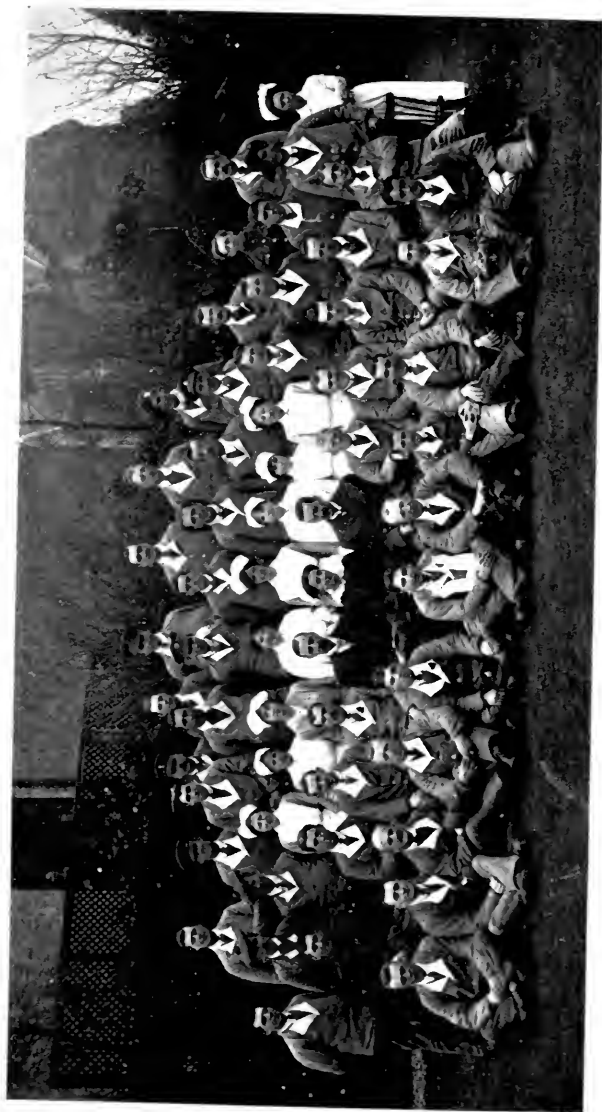
Members of V.A.D. Kent 43 undertook, for nearly two years, regular duty as orderlies at Manor Court Nursing Home, and until the spring of 1918, Sunday orderly duty, with occasional all-nights reliefs to the regular staff of the Bevan Hospital. Kent 9 did duty at the Manor House, which was staffed entirely by members of St. John Ambulance Brigade. In the early days of 1915 the detachment formed a squad of men, under an officer, for duty during the night at the Harbour, and at the request of the Chief Constable squads of trained ambulance men took duty at the Police Station each evening, to attend to the

numerous accidents which occurred, owing to the traffic in the darkened streets.

The men had charge of the Emergency Hospital, arranged by the Town Council, at the Technical Institute, in case of air raid casualties. Fortunately, it was only required on one occasion, May 25th, 1917, when the V.A.D.'s, though they did not receive the usual warning from the Military Authorities, turned out as soon as the bombs commenced to fall, and did what was possible to mitigate suffering in the streets and at the hospitals. Previously to 25th May, 1917, there were no public warnings other than the extinguishing of street lamps and orders to drivers of vehicles to put out their lights. A squad of men were nightly on duty at Dover Road. The members of both detachments were warned from the Fire Station when hostile aircraft were known to be actually approaching the district. The men proceeded to their duties, and remained until the "All Clear" sounded. Over one hundred air raid warnings were issued by the Military Authorities, through the police, from 1915 to 1918.

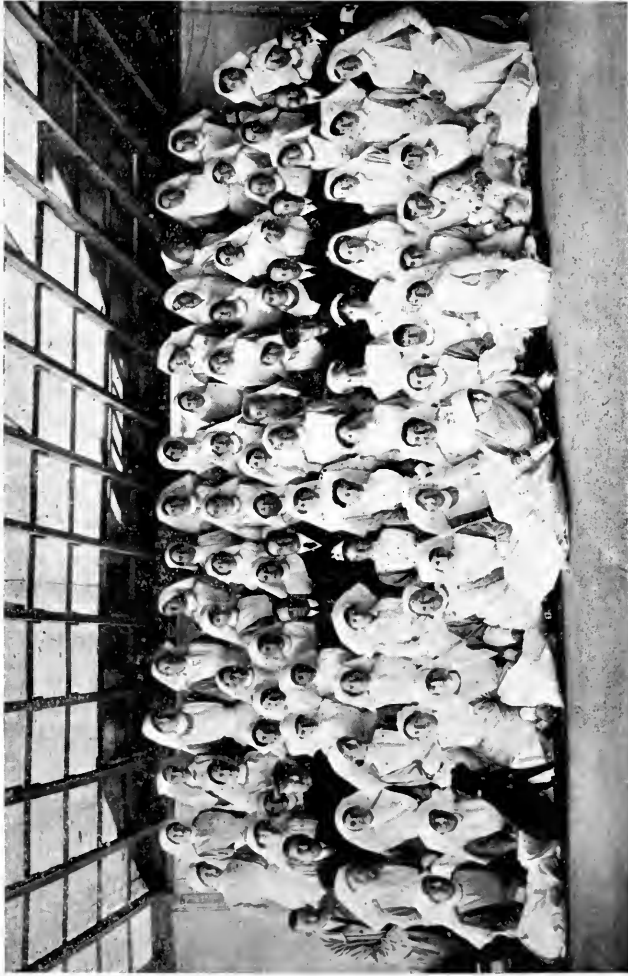
The Military Authorities in 1917 called for the formation of a Voluntary Field Ambulance to be ready to co-operate with the Royal Army Medical Corps for coastal defence. Men of the V.A.D. joined almost *en bloc*, and constituted the Folkestone Section of Kent No. 1 V.A.D. Provisional Field Ambulance, with headquarters at Canterbury, and its war station at Deal. In January, 1918, the Kent R.A.M.C. Volunteers were raised and equipped by the War Office. The V.A.D. Provisional Field Ambulance formed the nucleus of the Corps. The Folkestone

section, which acted as "C," 329 Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C., was under the command of Dr. W. W. Linington, as Major ; Dr. E. L. Pridmore was Captain, Mr. H. O. Jones Lieutenant, and Mr. H. Evans Lieutenant-Quartermaster. Both Major Linington and Captain Pridmore subsequently joined the Regulars, and the command was, in September, taken over by Dr. E. D. Fitzgerald. Had there been need, the Company was fully equipped to undertake work in France, or on the coast.



Photo]

Halksworth Wharfedale.
MISS EDDEN, DOCTORS, STAFF, AND PATIENTS AT YORK HOUSE HOSPITAL.



Photo]

[Halksworth Wheeler.
DOCTORS, NURSES, AND HELPERS AT BEVAN MILITARY HOSPITAL, SANDGATE.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOCIAL LIFE IN WARTIME,

BY ERNEST R. J. MACKWAY.

Much of Folkestone's social life was woven into socks and stitched into shirts.

The presence of a common danger humanised the people, as it were ; breaking down those sharp barriers of distinction which years of peaceful prosperity had set up. A snow-storm very often has the same transitory effect.

The town got to know itself better. Sorrow brought a wondrous surge of sympathy, and difficulties the desire for mutual help ; and so, beneath the gathering clouds of war, the social life whirled in unaccustomed circles. Are we the better for it? *Tempus omnia revelat.*

It is night. The air is heavy with grim stillness. Suddenly the warning sirens shriek in sinister dissonance. Again the portentous stillness. Great shafts of light sweep into the ebon vault, and there comes the muffled moan of distant guns. Then the weird horrific hum of engines in rising crescendo . . . the roar of near-by artillery . . . the sprinkle of shrapnel on slated roof. Another air raid ! To the nearest house ! "Why, certainly, come in at once," says the host. "What will you have—brandy or coffee? Yes, these raids are a bit startling, but it's part of the war, I suppose. Let's put out the light and see what's

going on. . . . Look at the shells bursting. . . . Gad, but I hope they hit 'em!" And so on till the "All clear!" sounds, and the shelterers leave their kindly host with another friendship formed. In years to come you may hear men speak of how they first met So-and-so during an air raid.

It is a cheap cynicism to say that Folkestone never fully realised there was a war on until Conscription came into force, but it is nevertheless true that the coming of the Military Service Act, with its ever-increasing tentacles, very considerably altered the social aspect of things. The men who were soldiers by profession and those who had volunteered for the stern work of War had gone, in mysterious silence, to God knew where. Vague tales of disaster filtered through, and sometimes you would hear a depressed and tired warrior declare that we could never win. Yet Folkestone, in common with all England, never lost heart. We would "muddle through" somehow, and we did, in very truth, muddle through.

When, however, the call came for all men who could be considered in any way fit to bear arms, there were very considerable heart-searchings and knee-quakings, and Tribunals and Appeal Tribunals assumed an importance far, far above that of a world conflagration or a cosmic cataclysm. One envied not the Mayor and his colleagues who were suddenly charged with the responsibility—the very grave responsibility—of sending their fellow townsmen to the Forces, yet, to the Government, which is the people themselves, it became a very necessary thing. Thus, fathers were torn from their families, husbands from their wives, and sons from their mothers, and so the whole

social fabric seemed ever-changing. The kiddies were proud to think of their soldier daddies, but the mothers who were left behind knew what they had to face. Some people have publicly declared that the way the wives fought and overcame difficulties has been one of the miracles of the War. Men faced perils with pals and platoons ; the women vicariously faced those perils in silent solitude, and, until the blessed day of the Armistice, the terror of evil tidings was ever present. To those to whom that terror came, to those who gave their all for England, we stand in respectful homage, trusting that, while the passing years may calm the stricken soul, the memory of their sacrifice will never fade.

That is a tribute we owe and which we gladly pay. But it must not be taken that a settled gloom descended upon the inhabitants of Folkestone. That was far from being the case, as we shall seek to show in the ensuing pages, the object of which is to attempt to reflect the social spirit in the diversity of its expression.

It was said that practically no visitors came to Folkestone during the greater part of the War period. How could they, it was asked, when so many houses had been taken over by the Military Authorities, while others had been vacated by occupants who went in search of more peaceful climes ? Yet, in point of fact, Folkestone, probably in the whole course of its career as a fashionable South Coast watering-place, never entertained greater crowds of visitors. From the four corners of the earth they came—the dusky Hindoo, the slant-eyed Oriental, the stalwart Antipodean, the resolute Canadian. It was, as it seemed, the gathering-place of the peoples of the world, the

focus-point of the League of Nations, speaking many tongues, but unified in one common, set purpose—the Triumph of Right.

For the most part these were as ships that pass in the night. But the Canadians stayed, and Folkestone speedily became a suburb of many a Dominion City. Indeed, it may be said that Folkestone was completely Canadianised. The town took the boys to its heart immediately, and during the years the Canadian troops were stationed here the warmest possible feeling existed between them and the townspeople, while the higher commands and the civic authorities were cemented by very real friendship. The formation of the Canadian Club, which brought to Folkestone so many eminent men, set the seal to this. The various social clubs of the town were thrown open to those from the Land of the Maple Leaf; brethren of the Masonic Craft held many happy unions and reunions; and institutions sprang up like mushrooms for the entertainment of the men.

Meanwhile Folkestone gradually absorbed many of the customs and quaint terms of expression so characteristic of Canada. You forgot to say "Yes," because "Sure!" was much more fashionable, and you never spoke of having had a good meal. "Good eats" was the correct equivalent. So, too, did our young people try to imitate the "semi-nasal twang" they thought so "fetching," and learned to dance and "rag" and sway as their Transatlantic friends would have them do.

So, out of this commingling of people speaking the same mother tongue arose many a happy romance which ended in rice and confetti at Folkestone churches,

or in quiet plighted word at a registry office, and war brides awaited with impatience the day when they would sail for the Promised Land. And if, in some cases, romance was shattered and deceit claimed its victim, well, the greater is greater than the less, and human nature, as a whole, rings good and true. The coming of the Canadians opened up possibilities for the girls of this country which, but for the War, might never have been.

In the absence of the men, the women carried on but not in a perverted sense admirably. We saw the trim-figured W.A.A.C's. either at work here or marching down the Slope on their way to France. We saw the patient, tired-faced nurses, the W.R.A.F's and the W.R. (e) N.S. and, occasionally, the rosy-cheeked women of the Land Army, smocked and breeched and legged, exuding radiant health. The banks opened their desks to lady clerks and perhaps were sorry they had not done so before, and behind the counters of nearly all the shops your wants—from ironmongery to ham—were attended to by women. Here again was the social life changing. Girls who had never been "out" before knew what it was to draw a wage that had been well and truly earned, and life opened out to them a new perspective. To the credit of a great many, let it be gratefully recorded that after a hard day in shop or office they donned their V.A.D. nursing rig and ministered to the comfort of our broken boys, or worked in canteen or club for the entertainment of the fit. Yes, all the while, the women were behind the armies—steadfast and unflinching.

Thoughts of the troops, fearlessly fighting on all

Fronts, were never absent. Loving hands tied many a parcel of cheer and comfort, and restless fingers ceaselessly stitched and knitted, weaving into the wool something which was more than sympathy. Sewing parties in those days were sewing parties indeed. There was no time for the social scarifier to work. The talk was of the boys—always the boys—save perhaps when the rationing of food became necessary. That struck a big blow to social hospitality. It was not easy to give a dinner-party and request your guests to bring their own meat; and meatless concoctions threw rather more responsibility on your kitchen staff than you cared to allow.

The food question, indeed, calls for passing reference. At first we bound ourselves in honour not to eat more than so much bread per diem, and declared to the world the sincerity of our undertaking by notifying the fact from our front windows. Moreover, we diligently studied economy, and regarded waste of any kind as a cardinal sin. Then we sought to solve the mystery of substitution, which was difficult to our custom-bound selves, for can any sane Britisher imagine anything else for breakfast but bacon and eggs? Yet something had to be found, and although Empires began to totter around us, the British Constitution held fast. When queues began to form outside provision shops, and one saw, with infinite regret, little children standing in the cold and rain, it was realised that drastic steps were necessary if there was to be equality of distribution, and thus rationing came into being.

So, like good and loyal citizens, we adjusted ourselves to new circumstances. What we had looked upon as

butter, margarine, and lard now became "fats," and certain delicacies with which, in the past, we had endeavoured to stimulate our jaded appetites were now known under the generic and hideously offensive title of "offal." Dear, respectable ladies held up their hands in pious horror when told they could have offal, and, forsooth, it was not nice to refined ears; but, *mirabile dictu*, it grew to be a cherished word. If you went to a tea party you were expected to take your own sugar. In fact, your first gay words on entering a house were, "I've brought my sugar," at the same time producing a dainty little silken bag, or, if you were rich and well-favoured, a costly but convenient silver pocket casket. When the milk supply threatened to become short one hoped that no friend of D.O.R.A. was watching when one of your guests said she always regretted the American War because it introduced condensed milk.

"Dora," to tell the truth, became an obsession. She grew to be a very real and terrible person, with unlimited powers and a positive genius for "butting in" where she was least wanted. Mrs. Grundy was unpleasant and unpopular enough in all conscience, but "Dora" was a horror which stalked by night and by day, implacable and incorruptible—Argus-eyed and relentless—in a word, a nuisance, but, as all will admit, a necessary nuisance. A protean guardian of the Realm, she could assume numerous appearances and personalities—from a Staff Officer to a Special Constable, and you never really knew how "Dora" was going to turn up. If you were mad enough to commit some heinous crime against the King and his Crown, "Dora" was seen in the characters of a Court Martial

and a firing squad one dread morning. If you thoughtlessly sketched a fishing boat leaving the harbour, "Dora" might come in the guise of a Red-cap; while if you were guilty of the colossal folly of telling an absent friend what happened on the night of so-and-so at such-and-when, "Dora" might sail in as a policeman in the full dignity of the Law. If, perchance, you left a light burning, and it threw a wedge of brilliance across the footpath, "Dora" became a Special Constable who faithfully investigated how and by what means "that there light" was showing, contrary to the provisions of sub-section IIII, section 2222 of the Consolidated (2) Order (59) of the Defence of the Realm Regulations, 1914-1918.

The Lighting Order, by the way, led to many otherwise perfectly respectable persons being haled before the Court of Summary Jurisdiction. A Magistrate once said to a military witness, "Could a Zeppelin have seen the light?" "Can't say," replied the man, "never been in a Zeppelin." Another witness declared that at a certain house a naked light was showing. The defendant indignantly protested that it could not be naked as it had a mantle! So we all hid our lights under bushels of coverings, thereby saving many fines, and, in the streets, we groped about in the inky blackness, barging into trees, falling off kerbs, cannoning off walls into people, and, for the first time in our lives, envying the cats, which, it is said, are gifted with nocturnal vision.

Harking back for a moment to the Food Question, the people, urged by the Government, went in for gardening with amazing enthusiasm. Men and women who, mayhap, thought that potatoes grew on trees for



Photo. [Hicksworth Wheeler.

MONSIEUR G. CORBES.
(FRENCH CONSUL).



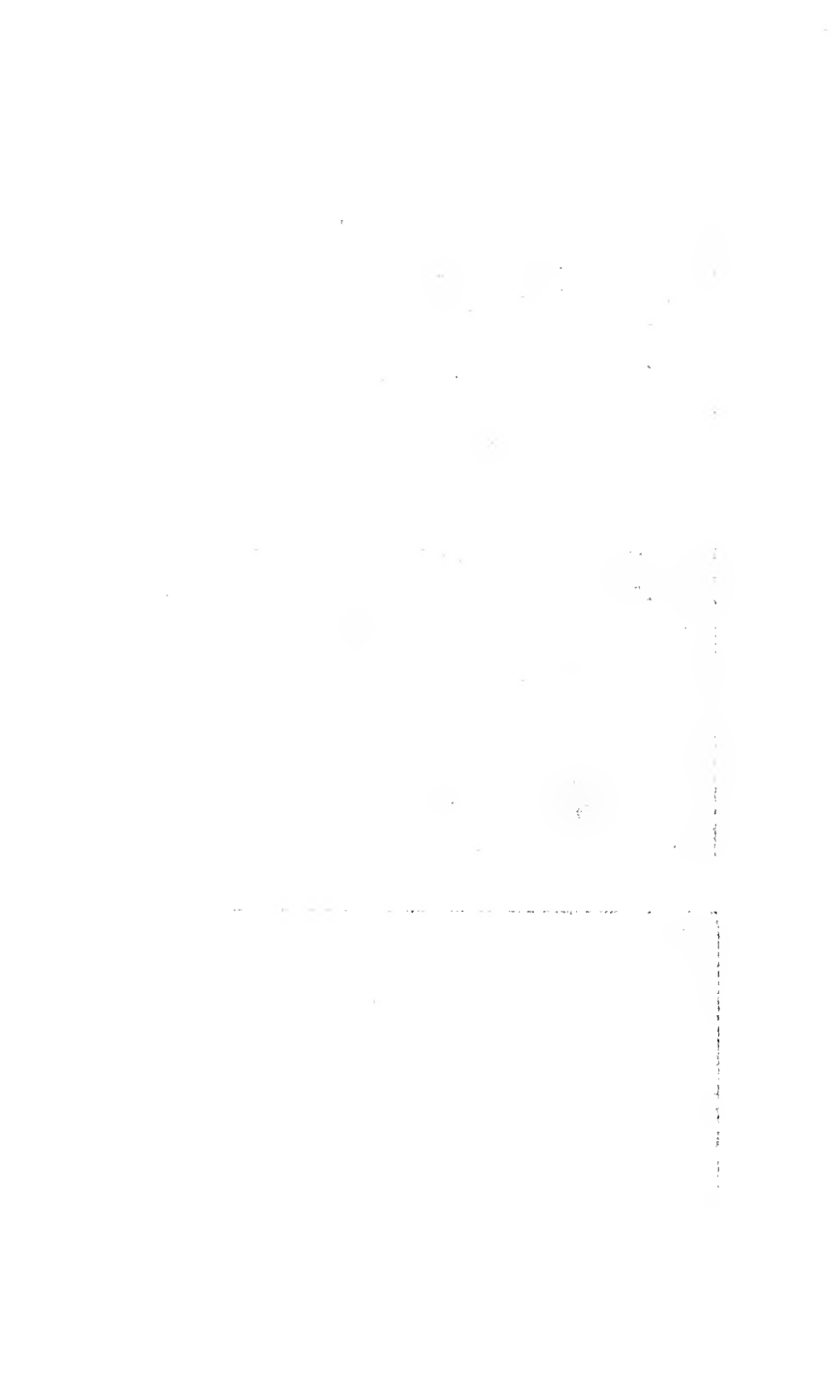
Photo. [Elliott and Fry.

MR. A. F. KIDSON.
(TOWN CLERK).



Photo. [Lambert Weston.

MONSIEUR A. PETERSON.
(BELGIAN VICE-CONSUL).





Photo

ROYAL ITALIAN CARABINIERI BAND AT FOLKESTONE.

(Inset is Cavaliere E. F. Ronco (photo Lambert Weston), local Italian Representative).

News Illustrations Co.

all they knew of agriculture dug and delved in their newly acquired allotments, and, assisted by text books and the practical wisdom of experienced gardeners (for there is an open-hearted *camaraderie* among those who would seek Nature's gifts), grew highly creditable crops, as a big vegetable show held in the Town Hall in the autumn of 1918 demonstrated. Unkindly folk spoke lightly of "the luck of the innocents," but it was something more than that. Previously, except at meetings of the Gardeners' Society, it had been rare to hear men wax ecstatic over a tuber, or speak in dithyrambic terms of a cabbage, a cauliflower, or a Brussels sprout, yet now the points of a well-grown vegetable were weighed and debated with meticulous care, and he was a happy soul whose leeks excelled in quality those of his colleagues. Gardening, then, played an important role in the social life of Folkestone, and who shall say that the people, despite their aching backs and strained muscles, were not the better for getting nearer Nature's heart?

Those recreative centres, the Clubs, went quietly on their way, the members who remained behind making it a point of honour to "carry on" (no matter the difficulties), so that when the absent ones returned to the fold they should find things as they left them. Thus the Rowing Club maintained its position, although, of course, no sculls were seen in feverish competition, as of yore. Bowls were always popular, especially among the convalescent Tommies, and tennis attracted its votaries. Golf revived the tired townsmen and kept officers "in the pink," and while there was but little cricket or football, baseball, with its

“Fan” and its extraordinary “barracking,” appealed to the residents, but particularly to the Canadians, whose own game it was. The Folkestone Club was the scene of many a merry gathering of wounded who enjoyed a generous hospitality. Nor were the children forgotten.

Reformers have regretted that so much of our social life has centred in the public houses. Still, for our present purpose, we must take things as we find them. One of the papers crystallised the new conditions as applying to the “pubs” when, in a comic illustration, a faithful follower of Bacchus up-to-date exclaimed vehemently, “Yus, this his an ’orrible war. Why, look at the price of beer!” But while the price of beer went up alarmingly, the hours of supply were cut down in a very determined way, and so it became increasingly difficult to emerge into that happy state of vinous exultation whence one is supposed to view things through rose-tinted glasses—which was just what the Central Control Board were aiming at. The cry was for national efficiency and the maximum output of labour, not to mention the safeguarding of the troops from temptation.

Thus it became impossible to purchase drink save between the hours of 12 and 2.30 and between 6 and 8, and no officer or soldier proceeding overseas could, under any pretext whatever, be served. This led to not a little indignation, and, indeed, it did seem to the superficial mind something more than a hardship that those who were on their way to the sternest possible duty—to face the hideous perils of modern warfare—were denied their glass, while those living at home in comfort and relative safety could have just

what they liked to pay for. But there was no doubt excellent reason for the Order, and it has been eagerly admitted that the licensed victuallers did their very utmost to carry out such drastic regulations amid a sea of perplexities which are not always appreciated. Whether the general restrictions had anything to do with the increase in drug-taking or the fostering of industrial unrest elsewhere, it is no business of ours here to enquire. Folkestone, at any rate, cheerfully accepted the position and made the best of it.

Was the "No-treating" Order actually resented or not? It is a little difficult to say. It certainly struck at a time-honoured custom, rendering all those defying the regulation amenable to criminal prosecution. Of course the law was evaded time after time, as laws always will be. In that it put a stop to "group drinking," which no sane man ever justified, it was beneficent legislation; in that it prevented the friendly exchange of a glass as between two old pals, it was, perhaps, open to criticism. Again, when it became unlawful for a man to buy for his wife a glass of wine or stout (and habits are not easily broken) it seemed as though we had reached the *reductio ad absurdum*. However, the greater must ever include the lesser; and, with a vagrant "grouse" or two, the inevitable was accepted in the hope of better times to be. With the coming of the Armistice some of these far-reaching Orders fell into desuetude; but never was the hope expressed that we should eventually revert to the "bad old times" when the public houses were open continuously from very early in the morning till late at night, with so little opportunity afforded the landlord or his staff to enjoy the benefits of God's good air.

Coincident with the emergence of women and girls into winningly aggressive activity in helping England in her hour of need came the extension of the Franchise to all ladies over 30 years of age, and, for the first time, those of the gentler sex who did not mind admitting that they were more than thirty cast a Parliamentary vote in December, 1918. They regarded this business quite earnestly, as all Suffragists knew they would, although, in the very nature of things, there could be no great political excitement. All parties, however much divided on other matters, coalesced for a Win-the-War Government, and so they returned the Sitting Member (Major Sir Philip Sassoon) who had done and was doing important and responsible work on Sir Douglas Haig's staff somewhere in France. A little side-show was put up by the newly-formed Labour Party, and although this was not taken too seriously, still it added interest to the contest, which would otherwise have been as flat as yesterday's paper.

From the point of view of the amusement caterers, there possibly never were such times. Night after night the Pleasure Gardens Theatre, where the best productions "on the road" could be seen, presented the appearance of solid, hard-packed masses of khaki, and similar conditions obtained at the Kinemas. The imposition of the Entertainments Tax made not one penny difference to the audiences, although it amounted to millions the country over for the Government. A noteworthy development was the scheme of Sunday evening concerts for soldiers and their friends in the Leas Shelter, and a few explanatory words in this special connection will not be *mal-a-propos*.

It was felt that something should be done to provide

a reasonable attraction for soldiers, who, if they did not elect to go to church (and there were a great many who did not), had only the public houses to visit, or the cold, dark, wet, and dreary streets to roam about in. A Committee was formed, and it was arranged to give special Sunday evening concerts for the khaki lads and their friends in the Queen's Kinema, the Town Hall, and the Leas Shelter. At the Queen's Kinema and the Town Hall the concerts did not realise expectations.

The Queen's was possibly not well enough known, and the big room at the Town Hall had been turned into a Restaurant for Soldiers—an institution which won ever-increasing respect as a place where Tommy could get a good square meal at a reasonable figure "according to schedule." But the Leas Shelter, quite a small place dug into the cliff, had a very different story to tell.

Sunday evening after Sunday evening great crowds of the khaki-clad, together with their lady friends, packed the Shelter, while on the entrance decks without (so carefully screened that not a glimmer of light showed seawards) the boys assembled in such density that passage-way was impossible. Within, the stringed orchestra played popular and pleasing pieces, and vocalists lent acceptable variety. Not a penny was charged, but it used to be suggested that the visitors might like to contribute (if they cared to) a penny or so to meet expenses, any surplus going to provide comforts for wounded soldiers then lying in the military hospitals in Folkestone. So successful did the concerts prove, and so much were they appreciated by the troops, that not only were expenses

easily met, but a considerable amount of money was spontaneously and gladly given, wherewith to provide the "Blighty" boys with cigarettes, stamps, stationery, newspapers, and all those little comforts which the wounded so greatly valued, and which showed they were not entirely forgotten.

But a concert lasting from 6.30 till 8 was not enough for the troops, and so it was arranged for them to have an "impromptu" hour. Anyone was invited to give a sample of his or her artistry, and many delightful times were spent, this Sunday hour proving an inexhaustible mine of musical and dramatic talent of a standard which again showed that the Army, the Navy, and Air Force had seized unto themselves all that was best and brightest in young manhood. Men from all parts of the British Dominions will remember Sunday evenings in the Folkestone Leas Shelter.

From time to time sports were arranged on the Athletic Ground, and one which particularly leaps to mind is the meeting of the W.A.A.C.'s when the little khaki ladies nobly battled for supremacy in all kinds of strenuous sport—racing, high jumping, relays, and so on, showing amazing endurance and unconquerable enthusiasm. The W.A.A.C.'s, who had their headquarters at the Hotel Metropole, were exceedingly popular and it was not long before the soldiers "palled up" wit'h their friends of the Women's Army, couples in khaki being the rule rather than the exception. Khaki, the pervasive colour-scheme of Folkestone at that time, was useful if not alluring, so perhaps it was as well that the great majority of the W.A.A.C.'s had disappeared before their sisters of the W.R.A.F.'s came on the scene in their more attractive costume-uniforms

of bewitching light blue—as blue as the skies through which the pilots drove their speedy planes.

We lived in an age of rumour. A thoughtful Town Council had arranged for official telegrams to be posted up as they were received, in the Town Hall window, and immense crowds gathered from time to time to ascertain the latest intelligence. Never, perhaps, did faces appear graver than when the wires recorded the watery grave of Lord Kitchener. Following an air raid warning, everyone was on the alert to know “where they had been” and the extent of the damage. Tales travelled, losing nothing in their telling, but it was not until long after the Armistice that the full facts were known to the general public. We heard about spies, of war babies, of Russian hordes passing through England; but one of the most astounding stories was that connected with the flares of the Dover barrage. It was solemnly stated, and believed by not a few, that the flares liberated certain rays which either brought down enemy aeroplanes, or so interfered with the machinery and instruments, that airships became unmanageable. The facts that Edison was said to have been closeted up in a long and mysterious silence and that five Zeppelins lost themselves in France lent colour to this preposterous tale, which, nevertheless, brought solace to those to whom air raids were as the flapping of the wings of Death.

The world now knows the story of those flares, and of the part they played in the defeat of German U-boat infamy.

CHAPTER IX.

CANADIAN LIFE IN FOLKESTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Canada was among the very first to respond to the Call of the Mother Country in her need. Within seven weeks of the outbreak of hostilities, the Land of the Maple Leaf had created an Army which ranked second to none in spirit and courage. Canada came into war by the side of England not for the first time in her history. She sent a gallant little force to join the liberators of India in the days of the Mutiny; and in the South African War more than 7,000 Canadians were with the British troops. In this War she played a noble, sacrificial part.

Who shall tell the story of her achievements? She came in to the conflict having least to gain in material things; for her there was no question of territorial increase, no neighbouring lands that could become new parts of the Empire and fall under her influence, as in the case of South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. She was not threatened by alien races. She had complete self-government, and could not look for greater liberty in managing her own affairs, as may be the case in India and some of the Crown Colonies. Canada is a daughter; in her own home she reigns as queen. Her gain must be of a moral nature, an intangible sentiment, something that cannot be set down in figures or measured in miles,



Photo
[Lambert Weston.
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR SAM B. STEELE.



Photo
J. Weston and Son.
COLONEL CIAS. A. SMART, C.M.G.

but is an infinitely more valuable asset than any Treasury can show. Rudyard Kipling said the greatest gain of the War would be the greatening of the soul of the nation. That undoubtedly will be Canada's reward.

The First Contingent came to Salisbury Plain. They will remember it, not for its association with Stonehenge and the rites of Druid worship, or for the quaintness of many of its ancient buildings, or even the charm and mystic sentiment embodied in its beautiful cathedral, the Canadian boys will remember Salisbury by its mud. What a contrast to the Camp at Valcartier, among the lovely Laurentian Mountains. There the open roads, with broad paths and electric lights, offered an invitation, even to tired men, to take a stroll. But Salisbury! with its mud over the boots, and the rain that seemed to fall incessantly! The boys

"from Montreal,

From Quebec, and Saquenay,

From Ungava, Labrador,

And all the lands about the Bay

Which old Hudson quested for,"

gave themselves to forming fours, and the equipment for war. They were eager to get away.

Canada answered the Call magnificently. Within eight weeks of the declaration of War, the Dominion had sent to Europe a force of 33,000 men, and very soon, at Langemarck, these men gave wonderful proof of their courage and skill. They saved Calais, and wrote the first page of one of the most glorious chapters in military history.

The story was told in France of two boys meeting

not far from Vimy Ridge. One of them belonged to the First Division, the other to the Second. They talked of their time in England at Salisbury and Folkestone. The boy from the Second Division said : "So you were at old Salisbury. You painted the place red, and left us something to live down in the Old Country." "Yes," said the other fellow, with a twinkle in his eye, "We *were* at old Salisbury, and we *did* caper about and paint it red. Now we've been up there at Vimy Ridge, and we've painted that red, and left you something to live up to."

Nobly did the boys of the Second Division live up to the traditions of Vimy Ridge. There is nothing finer in the history of our Empire than the story, the epic written in blood, of Vimy. It will be told in Canada and in England as, in the old days, was told the story of Agincourt, Crecy, and Waterloo. It should be written in lines to match Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade."

The First Division was commanded by General Anderson, who, when addressing his men as they went into the trenches for the first time, said :

"There is one thing more. My old regiment, the Royal West Kents, has been here since the beginning of the War, and has never lost a trench. The Army says the West Kents never budge. I am proud of the great record of my old regiment, and I think it is a good omen. I now belong to you, and you belong to me, and before long the Army will say, 'The Canadians never budge.' Lads, it can be left there, and there I leave it. The Germans will never turn you out."

Kent is proud of the gallant General, and he has good

reason to be proud of his command. The most severe military circles have pronounced a eulogy upon the splendid achievements of the Canadians, remembering that Canada was an industrial country, and that her Army was equipped in so short a time.

Canada came to Shorncliffe in force in February, 1915, and very soon Folkestone was a suburb of Toronto ; within the year, 40,000 men were in training.

A detachment could leave Shorncliffe early in the morning and be in the trenches by lunch-time, though the only lunch available would probably have been biscuits and bully beef.

Shorncliffe stretches across the plains along the heights by the cliffs. The Camp walked out in its extensions through Sandgate, Hythe, Dibgate, and Otterpool. It is lovely in spring and summer. The district is the border of the Garden of England. Pasture land stretches away to the belt of hills, glorious in their green ; and on the other side there is the sea, with all its haunting charms of adventure and beauty. But the camp can be very lonely, especially in winter-time, when the bright spots are the Y.M.C.A. Huts.

A visit to the Camp in the morning would have been a surprise to a member of the German High Command, who would have seen a great crowd of boys stripped to the waist, intent upon learning the art of war. By the station at Sandling Junction trenches had been dug, and there men learned to "go over the top." They practised precision in bomb-throwing, and became familiar with hand-grenades. They learned how to use observation posts, and to detect the approach of the enemy by tapping the sound-waves created by his movements.

At the foot of the hills a company of men would race along to a given objective and dig themselves in. It was a competition against time. Above them, storming parties would be attacking supposed impregnable positions, high up, while on the plains, hundreds of boys were learning proficiency in the handling of the bayonet, which was proverbially dreaded by the Germans. Sacks of straw hung from poles, with marks in chalk to indicate the vulnerable parts of the body. The exercise was to charge on the run and "pink" the man in effigy; so that long before the Canadians gave proof of their methods at Neuve Chappelle and Vimy, and beyond Arras, they had learned to handle a bayonet as a professional handles a golf club. It was said that the enemy so disliked the bayonet that he would not face bayonet attacks; and the Canadians demonstrated their efficiency and their strength to drive the weapon home.

All the work of men in the field was practised at Shorncliffe. His Majesty the King was warm in his praise of the smartness of his Canadian troops. When Lord Kitchener came upon surprise visits to St. Martin's Plain, the men turned out splendidly, and old soldiers were loudest in their expressions of admiration. It seemed impossible that boys from the office and the field could acquire the technique of war so readily.

The Camp was self-contained. It provided recreation and instruction, and was sufficiently near the town to enable thousands of boys to throng the streets every night. In the early days, many an amusing episode took place by Caesar's Camp. There was a

tent just by the old road along which Caesar is said to have gone with his army to London, when London was a little Roman colony. In that tent a concert party was delighting a crowded audience. The boys had permission to smoke, and the air was very thick. Clouds took fantastic shape in the light of the big oil lamps. Dr. T. T. Shields, of Jarvis Street, Toronto, had arrived unexpectedly, and was announced as "a surprise packet from Home, of large size and full of good things." The orator from Jarvis Street had a great reception, but found it very difficult to speak in such an atmosphere. It seemed as if he were shouting through a megaphone; when suddenly the back of the tent was blown out, and the air came in from the sea. It was a welcome breeze, certainly for Dr. Shields. By this time his presence was known, and a great crowd assembled outside the tent. The rest of the musical items were forgotten, and the boys listened with delight to a message from Home. One never knows how ideal Home may be until one is far across the seas.

Dr. John McNeil, of Toronto, came over for special work with the Y.M.C.A. One afternoon he was to give an address in Sandgate. The boys of the 11th came over very tired, after their gruesome practice of bayoneting sacks of straw. They filled the old Alhambra Music Hall; it had been converted from its old uses; it was not a good place to speak in. It was operated by the Canadian Red Triangle. As a preliminary to the address, Captain "Peg," a great boy who, like Peter Pan, had never grown up, was leading the singing. With John McNeil there were two other parsons, fresh from a game of golf; suddenly "Peg"

announced that "The Ministerial trio will sing the next verse of the song, 'Mother Machree.'" Nothing daunted, the three faced the music, and their performance brought down the house. It was a good prelude to the manly appeal of the Toronto Demos-thenes.

There is another story of Dr. McNeil, which may not be forgotten. He had preached on Sunday, and on the Monday morning was to play a round of golf with three others. One of them had been in his congregation and enjoyed the sermon. He watched the Canadian take his stand to drive the wayward white ball. He had thought of an easy victory, but when he saw the quality and the length of the drive, he said, in his broad Scotch: "Ay, mon, I heard you preach yesterday, and it was a fine sermon; but if you could only preach as you can drive, my word, you'd be a mighty fine preacher."

Among the Canadian officers there are many remembered in the town for their fine character and genial spirits. They were good comrades as well as very gallant gentlemen. General Sir Sam Hughes had a place of his own, but not less in the esteem of the men was General Sir Sam Steele. With his wife and daughter he became very familiar to Folkestone audiences. He was ever ready to respond to an invitation to help a good cause or an individual who got into difficulties. It was a beautiful thing to see the brave old man sitting in his room on Saturday afternoon, listening to the story of some boy who had got into difficulty, and had found a sympathetic friend in his General. It is not given to many officers in command to become the confidant of men of all ranks ;

but "old Sam Steele" won the hearts of the boys. It was a continual grief to him that he was not sent overseas ; but the duty of a soldier is to obey orders and to serve wherever he is commanded.

Colonel Smart, who took over the command and held it until the close of the Camp, was a businesslike soldier. It was difficult to imagine that he had not been in the Army all his life. He had the distinction of withdrawing the Military Police from the streets of Folkestone ; he put his men upon their honour, and told them that there would be no picket in town. He would depend upon their good sense to behave as gentlemen. And they did. The charges for drunkenness were few, and the occasions upon which there was any disturbance of the peace were very few indeed. By some ill wind a rumour was spread abroad, especially in Canada, that the Army in Folkestone was "going the pace." Awful tales were told ; but they were tales so exaggerated that they bore no resemblance to the truth. As a matter of fact, charges for drunkenness were rather less than 1 per 1,000, and before the days of Prohibition there was probably no town of any size, even in Canada, that could show so clean a record. The Mayor of Folkestone, when the present writer was going upon a speaking tour through Canada, made a special request, with the sanction and endorsement of the Corporation, that the people of the Dominion should be told that their boys in Folkestone were as well behaved as they were brave in the field.

Hundreds of boys on Sunday afternoons were guests in Folkestone homes, and were more than welcome. They endeared themselves to the children, and captured

the hearts of the girls so successfully that about 1,100 Canadian brides went from the district to strengthen the tie of Empire across the seas. Many are the stories of the wooing that could be told. Let this one suffice. A boy from the Land of the Maple Leaf was captivated by the charm of a girl serving in a Hut. After a while Tommy said to the maid at the coffee urn: "D'you sleep here?" "Oh, no; I live down by the Church." She spoke in a tone that fired the blood and made a man forget whether he was in a hut or in dreamland. "D'you go home by yourself?" he enquired. "Of course," she said. "What time do you leave?" "When the hut shuts." As the girl came out of the hut she saw Tommy, all eyes. "T'aint right," he said, "for a girl like you to go along alone, late at night. May I see you home?" "Yes—" and they walked along together. "D'you know the new arrangements about the separation allowance?" She shook her head and laughed. "It's mighty good; 25 dollars from the Government and 15 from the man. Worth thinking about." She was silent. "Did you ever think of getting married?" he blurted out. She shook her head. "Then think of it," he said. "Forty dollars a month is some allowance. You think of it, and if you want to get hitched, tell me to-morrow night." They had arrived at the house, and he went away all unconscious that he had proposed marriage to one of the three beauties of Europe, one of Queen Mary's maids of honour.

One memorable night a little party was going up to the camp. The sky was hazy, with banks of grey and bars of gold. "Just the sort of night for old Fritz to get busy," said the driver. He was a boy



Photo]

[Canadian Records

CANADIANS TRAINING EXERCISES AT SHORNCLIFFE.



Photo] CANADIAN OFFICER AND HORSE WITH GAS MASKS. *[Canadian Records.*

who had spent two years in France until he got potted. He had driven an officer along the banks of the famous Canal which had been a death-trap to Canadian soldiers. "We don't like that kind of sky," he remarked. "You can't see what's in it, and it's light enough for flying." The line of hills seemed further in the distance, and the tall poplars silhouetted against the drifting banks of white cloud. The roads were winding and narrow, and partly hidden by an arch of leaves. Then they stretched across hill and plain, where the tents were thick and the lights were welcome after the darkness. The camp was like a great city, with its shops and canteens, cinema theatre, and great huts. One of the party alighted with a soloist; there was a crowd of eager boys to bid him welcome. "Good old Cameron!" they called. "What price Bloor Street?" The car went on, carrying a lecturer to a hut at the extreme end of the Camp. It was a long, narrow building, with a bar across one end, four billiard tables, a partition, and a hall. There was a good audience, eager to consider some problems of social reconstruction. The lecture had proceeded half-way when a military policeman called certain men out of the hut; they were not many, but their departure created a great deal of uneasiness in the audience. Then, without a moment's warning, the electric light went out. One could see from the windows that the whole camp was in the dark. The animated scene of a moment before was blotted out; the moon was somewhere lost behind the clouds. The thrill could be felt; no one moved. Then came the sound all knew: it was the warning of immediate danger from aircraft. Still the boys sat tight. "What shall we do?" said

the lecturer. "Shall we get back to the huts, or clear and have a look at the show?" "Can't we carry on?" called a voice from the back, at which there was applause. "Can't find a better 'ole than this, can yer?" piped in shrill tones from somewhere near the platform. There was more applause, and the lecturer went on. It must have been difficult work talking in the dark. Suddenly, across the hill, clearly seen in the light of the moon, now undraped, appeared an aeroplane with the unmistakable marks. The searchlights had picked her up; her bars glistened as silver wings, and all about her shrapnel was bursting from the anti-aircraft guns. There was a dull thud. "It ain't a blighty!" somebody called. The guns peppered away, and the burr and the buzz grew more distinct. It seemed as if the machine would be brought down, but an unlucky breeze shifted the clouds, and the enemy had the advantage of oblivion. A succession of explosions, and then it was over; the only sound was the dying away of the thud of the machine, indicating its direction; it was over the sea.

Among the most pathetic sights witnessed at Shorncliffe was the decoration of the graves of those who had died far away from home. It was a beautiful thought, conceived by Mr. E. Palmer, of Hythe, and carried out by Mr. C. G. Molyneux and Mr. Percy Greenstreet, with the assistance of a large number of very willing helpers. The first ceremony was held on June 13th, 1917. The Canadian band played while more than 1,500 children from neighbouring schools marched past, bearing flowers for the honoured dead. The little wooden crosses, with the identification of the bodies lying beneath, tell their own tale, and

bring mist to the eyes and a choking sensation to the throat. The presence of these little children, the majority of them clad in white, with their floral tributes of affection, will never be forgotten by Canadians. The Mayor of Folkestone and his colleague the Mayor of Hythe, with the Vicar, the Rev. H. G. Dale, and hundreds of visitors, representing public bodies, churches and institutions, stood round, uncovered, while the ceremony was performed.

Appropriate words were spoken for those who were honoured.

Colonel C. A. Smart, in broken tones, expressed the appreciation of Canada of the ceremony and the spirit behind it. He explained that the graves would be kept as a bit of Canada in Folkestone. Many of the boys whose bodies were lying there had never seen France, and others had done their bit and come back to hospitals in the districts, where they had died. Canadian parents would be bound closer to the Mother Country by the action of the little children.

The number of Canadians in the Folkestone area has been given with great variety. The official figures present a surprising total. During the first year, 40,000 men were stationed in the Camp. From 1915 to 1916, 45,000 men received training. During the two years, 70,000 men in the Shorncliffe area were equipped and passed to France. During 1917, the approximate number of troops stationed in the Camp was 30,000 ; and in the following year, 20,000. At the beginning of the present year, 1918-1919, only 10,000 remained. The number of troops proceeding overseas from the area between Christmas, 1916, and the end of the War was 60,000. Canada has contributed

to the Overseas Force 550,000 men, and of these more than 350,000 have been to France during the War.

The number of Canadians who died in the Shorncliffe area, from 1915 to 1919, including deaths from wounds, was nearly 1,500.

The Canadians have nothing to learn in horsemanship. From early youth they are trained to the saddle. Many men in the cavalry regiments ride with the ease and skill of cowboys. The Canadian Mounted Rifles presented one of the smartest turn-outs in the field. A display of horsemanship always brought a great crowd to the Camp. The Reserve Cavalry raised considerable sums of money by their Gymkhanas. Lieutenant Bertran, a very fine horseman, had an adventure in the display in Radnor Park. It was in a jumping contest ; the officer was going at a smart pace. The horse slipped and rolled over heavily, with the rider underneath. It seemed that something very serious had happened, but in a few moments the Lieutenant was extricated, apparently unhurt. His brother officers lifted him up, but he broke away, and seizing another saddled horse, mounted it and rode in amid the cheers of the boys.

Tent-pegging, with lances and swords, was very popular, and greatly enjoyed by the men. Great fun was created on the Camp by the gas-mask exercise. Men and horses were masked ; both objected to the precautionary appliances, and did not willingly take to their use. The men looked more like divers preparing to go below than soldiers ready to withstand an attack.

Boxing practice became a regular part of the soldier's

education, and he took to it with true sportsmanlike spirit. In play they toughened their muscles and gained an alertness of eye and rapidity of movement which stood them in good stead. The fun of the practice sometimes led to the real thing, and contests not recognised by the authorities.

The first Canadian Baseball match played in England took place in the Cricket Ground in May, 1915. Sir Stephen Penfold and Alderman Spurgen took part. The game is very popular across the Atlantic, but hardly known in the Old Country. It resembles our familiar game of "Rounders." A diamond-shaped pattern is marked out on the ground, 90 feet from the side. Nine men are in a team; one side takes the field, the other goes in to bat. When the fielders are at their points the pitcher stands inside the ground near the centre, facing the batsman, whose position is at the home base; the batsman endeavours to drive the ball far enough away to allow him to run around the bases, which count one on the score. If he fails to run all round, he can stop at any base, and wait for the next pitch. If the ball touches him when away from a base, he is out. The play is less artistic than cricket, but it lacks nothing in excitement, especially when the spectators, following the trans-Atlantic fashion, shout advice to the players, and do not hesitate to yell criticisms.

Athletic competitions and general sports were arranged by the Canadian Y.M.C.A. Subscriptions were invited to provide prizes. Councillor R. G. Wood gave several beautiful silver cups, and the response enabled Captain Miller to offer some fine trophies, which will go back to the Dominion not only

as evidence of the prowess of the victors, but as souvenirs of Folkestone.

Social life was made very homelike by the presence of a large number of Canadian women. Many of them found occupation in the Hospitals and Canteens, where they rendered invaluable assistance. Other ladies joined Mrs. Sherbrooke in mothering lonely and wounded men, arranging social functions, concert parties, and motor drives, and doing the beautiful little things which only women with sympathetic insight could devise.

The Maple Leaf Club began with a little company of English women attempting to provide something like a Canadian home. Beds, baths, and meals were arranged at very reasonable rates. In 1916 the Club was taken over by the Canadian Women's Union, and worked entirely by ladies from overseas. Its popularity is indicated by the fact that in one year more than 4,000 men slept under its roof. Arrangements were made for visiting the various Canadian hospitals, and supplying the wards with flowers and magazines. Mrs. Charles Nelles was the President, and had for her assistants many well-known women. Among them was Mrs. Smart, the wife of the G.O.C. She added to her work as Red Cross Hospital visitor, responsible for several wards in No. 11 General Hospital, that of Vice-President of the Anglo-Canadian Club. With her daughter Dorothy, Mrs. Smart was continually in evidence, engaged in good works for the men.

The Canadian Club for Women was founded in December, 1915. Its object was to welcome the wives and relatives of the officers of the Canadian

Expeditionary Force then in England, and to unite them in friendship with the women of the Motherland. It was affiliated to the Victoria League, and had for its patrons their Majesties the King and Queen. "At homes" were given at Adyar, lent by the Theosophical Society, every Tuesday evening, during the first and second years of the War, and once a month until the Armistice. These gatherings enabled the residents of Folkestone and the neighbourhood to have the pleasure of welcoming and knowing their fellow-countrywomen from the Dominion.

The Hon. Secretary's register contains upwards of 1,400 names of Canadian ladies, numbers of whom have said how greatly these gatherings helped to make their stay amongst us pleasant, as it not only gave them opportunities of meeting English women, but also of discovering each other.

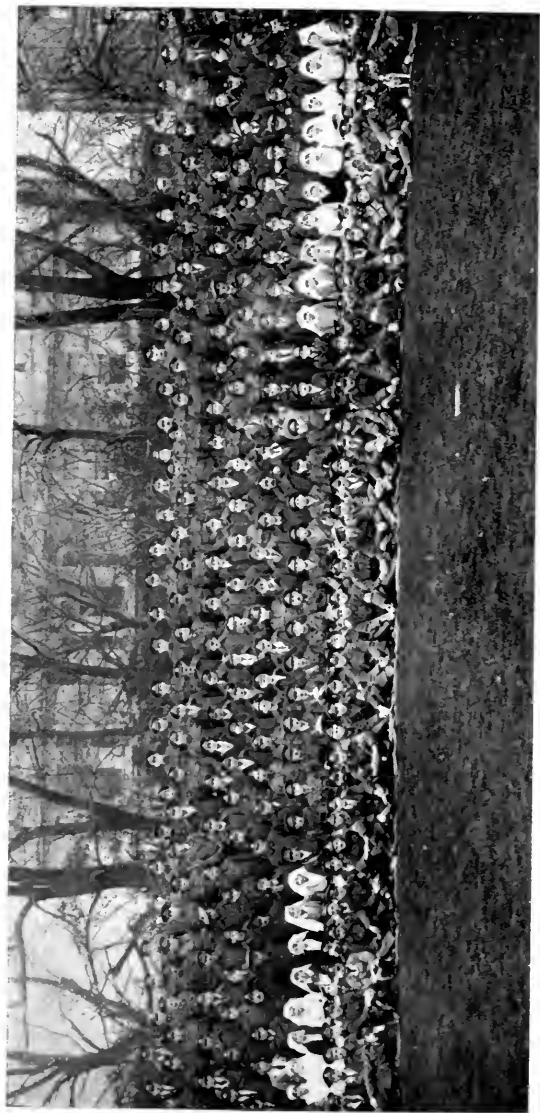
Captain R. W. Ensor, Canadian Headquarters Staff, was most indefatigable in helping to find new arrivals. The originator of the idea was Miss Lilian Edwards, who, with her usual zeal and energy, soon made the institution successful. Miss Edwards left the town for an appointment at the War Office, and the work devolved upon Mrs. Philips, who had the assistance of Lady Steele and afterwards Mrs. Smart, Mrs. V. Edwards, and Miss Peachey. The last "At home" was made the opportunity of thanking the Committee. Colonel Smart, on behalf of the Canadian ladies, expressed their deep appreciation of the efforts made to strengthen the links that bound the women from overseas to their fellow countrywomen in the town; adding that he personally regarded Folkestone as a second home.

Many eminent visitors came to the Camp, including the Premiers and most of the Members of Parliament, and Sir Robert Borden. They were enthusiastic over the hospitality shown to their boys. Distinguished Generals came from the War Office and from overseas; they inspected the men, and were not stinting in their praise of the work done. The gunners gained remarkable proficiency, and fulfilled in the field the brilliant promise given in their practice. Their achievements were the more creditable as, in common with the Eaton Machine Gun Section, the men were largely drawn from the stores and the schools.

The intellectual life of the soldiers was not forgotten. The Public Library allowed men on the Camp to have the loan of books. Large numbers of soldiers used the Reference Department and Reading Rooms in the evenings, and found in the Chief Librarian and his assistants willing helpers in obtaining the information they required.

Dr. Tory came over from Alberta University to organise the educational work, being carried out by the Y.M.C.A., and the Chaplains. His report marked a new phase of Army education, and will produce a type of soldier hitherto unknown.

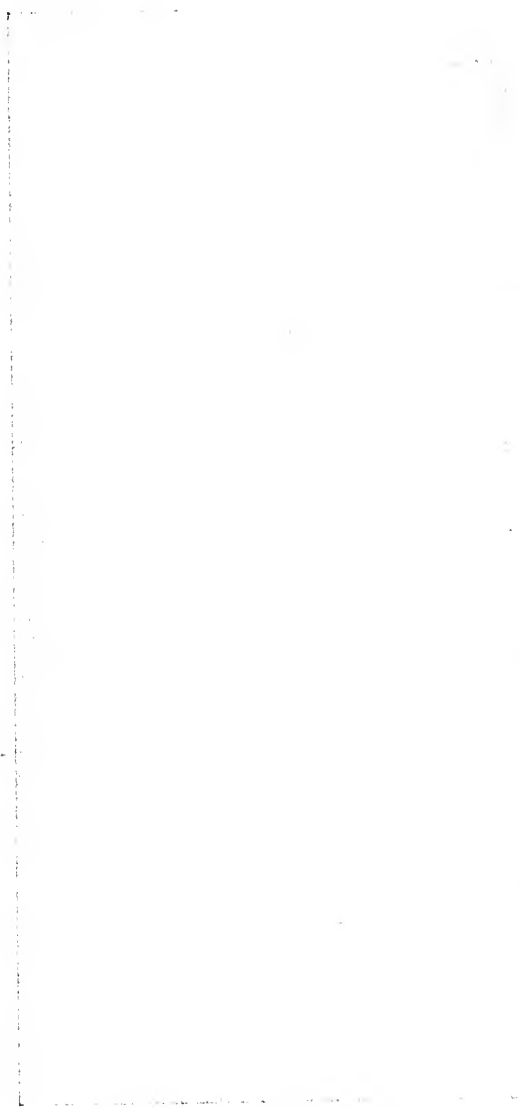
Dr. Tory reported upon the need for educational effort, and its value in view of military efficiency. He interviewed large numbers of men and officers, that he might become acquainted with their outlook. As a result, he felt justified in proposing a definite educational programme, in which the Universities would have prominent place. Principal Tory's report is so valuable that we venture upon the following extract :



Photo]

MEDICAL STAFF, NURSES, AND PATIENTS AT WEST CLIFF HOSPITAL.

[Halksworth Wheeler.



“There is no doubt in the minds of the military authorities but that such work, if properly done, would be of great benefit to the soldiers from the point of view of efficiency as soldiers and of general morale. And, further, that a great and useful service might be done in preparing them for the time when they resume the normal duties of life again.

“There is a strong desire on the part of the men of the Army, particularly among those who had previously been following intellectual occupations, to undertake any work that would bring them again into connection with the problems of civil life. The excitement associated with the beginnings of Army service has passed away, and the social and civil instincts are again asserting themselves. A considerable portion of the men are not only willing to take advantage of opportunities for intellectual improvement, but are anxious so to do. This applies not only to religious men who have been interested in Bible study and corresponding subjects, in association with the Y.M.C.A. and Chaplain’s service, but to those whose thought and interest run entirely to ordinary secular occupation. Two illustrations of the sort of evidence gathered will serve to show why I came to this conclusion.

“I met a group of two hundred men who came together after a religious service, on an invitation to discuss with me the possibilities of their taking advantage of an educational scheme in order to prepare them for their life at home after the War. As these men had been

at a religious meeting, naturally a large percentage of them were men who were thinking in the terms of religious effort. Personal inquiry among them showed that fifty-seven of them wished to take up the study of agriculture, forty had their minds turned toward the Christian ministry, thirty to get a business education, eighteen to take up work of the character done by the Y.M.C.A., fifteen the study of practical mechanics, several the teaching profession, while the remainder simply desired to improve themselves.

“In order to get information from a more representative group of men, a brigade was selected representative of Canada as a whole, in which there were one battalion from the Eastern provinces, two from the Central provinces, and one from the Western provinces. An officer was appointed to determine what would be their attitude toward an educational programme, especially for the demobilisation period. Eighteen hundred and sixty men were interviewed. Of these, thirteen hundred and seventy expressed a desire for, and a willingness to participate in, an educational programme. A large number of them wanted instruction in engineering, an almost equal number in agriculture, and a considerable number in subjects of the ordinary academic type, such as economics and history.”

The “Khaki College” took practical shape, as the “Khaki University of Canada.” Its branches soon extended to all the Camps in England, and, wherever possible, at the back of the lines. Khaki College at Vimy Ridge will ever be remembered. An Advisory

Board of the Young Men's Christian Association, for whom Dr. Tory made the original investigation, suggested that the Universities should be the instrument for developing the work. The principal colleges agreed, and Sir Robert Faulkner became Chairman of the new body. Dean Adams left McGill to take charge of the Headquarters in London, and a full programme was worked out, embracing as much of a University education as could be given in the Army.

The difficulties were very considerable, and the cost heavy; but the resources were more than sufficient, and large numbers of students have been able to continue advanced work, which will be accepted by the examination Board at its full value. The study of Agriculture has been carried out in a way that would have seemed impossible to the stereotyped organisation dealing with military education. Medical students have been helped, and those who looked to the study and the practice of the Law encouraged and enabled to continue their work. Thousands of men have taken elementary courses, while shorthand, book-keeping, and typewriting have been very popular.

The last step in the development of the Khaki College was the establishment of a bureau of information, where particulars could be obtained concerning the Government's plans for assistance of men returning overseas. Officers have been engaged tabulating replies to all kinds of questions, so that a man need have no difficulty in knowing exactly what help he might reckon upon from the Government when he was demobilised.

Canadian airmen delighted to come to Folkestone. Their main quarters were in another camp, but large

numbers of them were at Lydd and Capel, and were frequently in the town. Canada's share in the air was between 13,000 and 14,000 men. Of these, 1,239 officers had been transferred from the Canadian Forces to the Imperial Air Force, and more than 4,000 fully trained officers were sent direct from Canada.

Several Canadian regiments, following the example of the West Kents, deposited their colours in Canterbury Cathedral. It was a lovely sight to see the boys lined in the butter market by the statue of Marlowe, the poet, looking up at St. George's Gate, that old monument that was very old long before Agincourt was won, that echoed with the popular rejoicing at the news of the defeat of the Armada, and in whose shadow men breathed more freely after Waterloo. As the companies passed into the Cathedral they were greatly impressed with the charm of the building; the grey towers that have stood four-square to all the winds that blew for nearly a thousand years; the choir, in which boys lift up their fresh, young voices as boys did eight hundred years ago. The Cathedral is full of monuments to the memory of those who have given their lives in sacrifice to their country. It is fitting that in the home where the greatest sacrifice of all is remembered there should be the banners of those who have gone forth ready to make the greatest sacrifice within their power, for a cause, a sentiment, an intangible something that has ever been a beckoning hand to heroes. The authorities received the flags and promised to keep them in safety. Then the men knelt in prayer: a moment of tense silence before the National Anthem rang out as a challenge to our foes.

Canadian life in Folkestone was under great obligations to the Chaplains; the representatives of the Churches of the Dominions were, with few exceptions, able and devoted men. They enriched the life of the camp by their presence, and did far more than it is possible to chronicle. Their tasks were varied and often largely shaped by their particular gifts. In addition to the regular church parades on Sunday, and devotional meetings during the week, the Padre came into close personal contact with officers and men. They had unique opportunities for influencing the lives of those committed to their spiritual care. Many a boy in difficulty found deliverance and guidance through the Padre.

The men were living under strange conditions. Life in Camp, thousands of miles away from home, was abnormal, and offered peculiar temptations. Men, feeling terribly lonely and hungry for companionship, with plenty of leisure time in a town of strangers, were confronted by attractions never experienced in their Homeland. They might easily have slipped into undesirable ways, and fallen victims to the Camp followers and to the worst phases of English social life, but for the good influences of the Chaplains and the attractions of the Hut.

The Padres organised many useful agencies for different types of men. From the earliest days some of them conducted classes for students who desired at least to keep in touch with their studies. The work was necessarily informal. During the summer classes were held under the friendly shade of the trees. It was not uncommon to find, in the glory of the sunset over the hills a group of undergraduates from McGill,

Queen's, or McMaster, studying the Greek verbs or difficult constructions in the Classics.

The Chaplains arranged for courses of popular lectures by those in their own ranks who had been engaged in College work, and called to their assistance local Ministers, who gave travel talks, conducted conferences, and delivered lectures on various subjects. They collected books and magazines for Hospital libraries and arranged to take men on short leave to see the places of historic interest.

The right kind of Chaplain had a great field of usefulness, and the Canadian Churches sent many of their most gifted Ministers to serve the troops. They were wise in their action, and their sacrifices will be more than repaid by the enrichment of the Chaplains themselves, and the increased interest in the Churches which will be felt among the men. It is difficult to do justice to the Chaplains' work and devotion. Not a few of them entered largely into the religious activities of the town, and were held in honour by the local Churches.

Colonel J. H. McDonald, C.B.E., was among the first to establish a record for devoted service. Keen in intellect, sound in judgment, ever ready to lend a helping hand, and always accessible, he became very popular among the boys. After serving in France, he returned to England to become Deputy-Director of the Chaplaincy Department; afterwards his visits to the Camp were all too few.

It is not possible to record even the names of all those who endeared themselves to the men and became popular among the civilians. Lieut.-Colonel Pringle made a great reputation for valour on the field

of battle and gracious ministry in the Camp. Major Gordon found his fame had preceded him. Those who knew "Ralph Connor," author of "Sky Pilot" and "Black Rock," crowded the local Churches when he was announced to preach, just as eagerly as the soldiers flocked to his services on the Camp. Colonel Armond and Bishop Fallon were welcome visitors. The names of Captain Porter, Major A. G. Wells, Professor Mackintosh, Bishop White, and Bishop de Pencier will long be remembered, while the Senior Chaplain, Major T. A. Wilson, will never be forgotten. They were ever ready to serve the men, and spared not themselves in the effort to make religion a vital force in the lives of their countrymen. Canada owes a greater debt than she can ever repay to the Chaplains who came overseas.

Mr. W. Glanfield, "Felix" of the facile pen, was present at a Canadian parade service, and has given his impressions :

"There must have been 2,000 men, all Canadians, present at the service under the shadow of Caesar's Camp. The Chaplain, assisted by Captain Beatty, conducted the service. 'Men of the Brigade, pay attention to Divine Service,' called the Brigadier-General, who stood apart from the rest of the officers. He saluted the Chaplain, and the salute was returned. The hymn,

'Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty,
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee,'
was announced, and sung with great heartiness. I have heard the verses rendered in little Bethels and stately Churches, but they never sounded so impressive as that morning under the hill.

“After the recital of the Psalms and the reading of the Lesson, the Brigadier-General blew a whistle, and all the boys thereupon sat down in companies on the grass; some lay at full-length, in a kind of go-as-you-please posture. Another hymn,

‘Through the night of doubt and sorrow,’ and then Captain Beatty stepped forward and gave a stirring address to the boys, as they were lying in the meadow. It could hardly be called a sermon, but rather ‘A Talk Between Ourselves.’ The Padre dwelt with eloquence upon the meaning of real friendship: friendship, as he said, for which a man at a pinch would give his life. That was both loyalty and friendship. ‘Greater love hath no man than this, that he would lay down his life for his friend.’ In ringing tones the khaki-clad orator described patriotism—the response to a cause greater than the individual. He referred to Florence Nightingale, and drew lessons from the fall of Warsaw. With dramatic power, he described the reasons that brought Canada to England. The cause of the Empire was greater than the claims of the individual. The Call came to them, and they answered, some of them hardly knowing why. Yet they were asked by God Almighty to fight for Freedom and men and women; to fight for the Empire, for the Freedom of black as well as white; to fight for the body and soul. They were asked to fight for the realisation of the world. The earth shall be the kingdom of this world, and of His Christ; and this could never be while there existed military despotism. ‘Boys,’ he concluded, ‘be worthy of the great cause, and God bless you.’

The whistle blew again; the men were instantly



Photo]

[Canadian] Records.

SCHOOL CHILDREN PLACING FLOWERS ON CANADIAN SOLDIERS' GRAVES AT SHORNCLIFFE.

on their feet and at attention. The morning air resounded with the hymn,

‘Fight the good fight with all thy might ;’

then the Blessing, and the Service was over. It was a magnificent spectacle to watch these Canadians. They have taught many of us a much-needed lesson in patriotism and loyalty. They have lifted, as it were, the curtain from the great Dominion across the sea, and we have seen the reality of Empire. Our hearts go out to them.”

In the years to come pilgrims from Canada will find their way to Folkestone, and many Folkestone people will make the journey across the seas. In the hearts of all there will be treasured memories of friendships formed during the War, and in Folkestone, and in many a Dominion city, stories will be told of the wonderful days when the boys from the Maple Leaf Land were on the fringe of the sea in the Garden of England, pioneers of the mighty host that went to France to win Freedom for civilization.

CHAPTER X.

THE CROSS-CHANNEL SERVICE.

BY REAR-ADMIRAL YELVERTON AND THE EDITOR.

The great Naval Base at Dover was not completed before the outbreak of war. It was hurried forward with all possible expedition, and proved of inestimable value, not only to the South East Coast, but to the whole country. The sea traffic at Folkestone was limited by the absence of a deep-water harbour, but its volume was far greater than the public supposed. Those who watched it day by day were amazed by its rapid development, and the skilful way in which it was handled. Folkestone Harbour soon became one of the vital strategic positions in the War.

The enormous increase in passenger traffic may be gathered from the significant fact that the Officer of Health, Dr. Yunge-Bateman, from August 26th to December 31st, 1914, inspected 185,572 persons at the Harbour. In 1915, 260,674 passengers were inspected, and 4,935 up to March, 1916, when the work ceased.

The Embarkation Department, which was charged with great responsibility, began in the early days of the war. Colonel Aytoun and Lieut.-Col. L. H. Noblett were sent down to the port to prevent officers going across to France with civilians. Men who were turned down for duty in the reserve of their battalion at home were very sore, and determined

to get across to join their regiment in the fighting line. Many of them succeeded and saw considerable service before it was discovered that they were supposed to be in home camps. They adopted all sorts of devices to get past the authorities at Dover Harbour. One man who was stopped with the question, "Are you a British Officer?" replied, "Yes." Much to his chagrin, "What regiment?" With a wink he answered, "The Italian Guards." He was passed through. A bright-eyed boy, obviously anxious about getting on board the boat, was met with the question, "Are you an officer?" With a very red face he replied, "No, but I hope to be." The Embarkation Department grew enormously, though in the first months of the War Folkestone seemed to be overlooked for military purposes.

The story of the rescue of 2,200 lives in little more than half-an-hour by the steamer "Queen," under Captain Carey, will live in the annals of heroic deeds. A pressman on board related his experiences to the "Daily Chronicle." "I and two French children were sitting aft upon the starboard side of the 'Queen' watching the coast-line disappear. We were all very cheery, if the truth be told, at our escape from the racking atmosphere of the area of the War. We were making a hesitating return to easy laughter, when the first laugh was abruptly choked. There was a stir amidships. Three members of an American Red Cross Contingent had passed their binoculars to a couple of British officers, who were peering at a black hull which lay ahead. A King's Messenger stood apart and rather perplexed. And now the men had shot up to the upper deck and were loosening

the ship's boats in their davits. She was the Amiral Ganteaume, of Calais, and she was flying signals of distress. Off her lay a fishing smack, and now a couple of French torpedo boats raced with us to get alongside. At first there was a talk of taking the Amiral Ganteaume in tow back to France. Then it was decided that the refugees must come aboard. A tidy sea was by this time breaking on her. Small boats were impossible, and there was nothing for it but to stand alongside and let them swarm upon us. The Red Cross men and I persuaded all our women to get below, all save one, who worked like a heroine, catching flying babies and tugging at hefty infantrymen of the line. Captain Carey brought us round to the lee side of the sinking ship. The two torpedo boats and the tiny smack hovered around us. The refugees cheered. We crunched past her bows, and a small boat by the side of the doomed steamer was almost squashed between us. The side of the 'Queen' touched the sinking ship. The refugees leapt at us by the score. We helped them aboard. The Red Cross men and an officer and I cleared a path to the companion way to get them below to make room for the mass that pressed on. Some were so fear-stricken that they had to be led to the companion way. Others, those who had been in the trenches, were quiet, and helped to clear the decks. Mothers tossed their babies to us, and were pulled over themselves. Some were jammed between the heaving ships. Others, half-dressed for swimming, took flying leaps at us. The last of the Belgians was got aboard. He was a soldier of the 8th Regiment of the Line. The news—unfortunately not true—flashed round that all were

saved. There never was a louder cheer. 'Vive l'Angleterre! L'Angleterre est brave!' A second cheer echoed on the first as the captain and six of his men were seen standing on the bridge of the smitten ship. We left them with the fishing smack lying by to take them off."

The "Queen" landed her cargo of humanity on the lee side of the pier. It was a terrible spectacle. There was an appalling gale of wind and rain. The seas were sweeping with such force over the pier that one heavy railway coach laden with baggage was completely overturned. The survivors of the torpedoed boat were drenched to the skin. Many were starving and parched with thirst. Among the wounded soldiers none had received attention since they left the field of battle. They were brought on to the harbour by special constables, surgeons, and nurses gathered from local hospitals.

The specials, men who came to the harbour on duty after they had finished their day's work, are worthy of the highest praise. They toiled with the ambulance men all through the night ministering to the wants of the refugees.

The ladies supplying refreshments on the harbour under the direction of Mrs. Spens, the Misses Jeffery, and the Committee of the Belgian Refugees Fund, contrived that not a single passenger landed by mail boats, collier, tramp, or smack left the pier without an offer of food and tea or coffee.

There was not sufficient space alongside the quays for the boats to land all the wounded who were brought to the harbour in the early days of the War, and while some vessels were compelled to remain

outside the harbour still tossed by the waves, others tried to make for other ports. Some heavily laden steamers were re-signalled to Dover, only to be forced to face the storm again and return to Folkestone. Dover was already full and unable to deal with the increase. At that time the Harbour Station at Dover was still unfinished, and there were then no sidings for extra trains had they been available. Mr. Bennett Goldney telegraphed to the War Office, and the fullest assistance was given. Sir Alfred Keogh not only allowed an absolutely free hand to those in authority upon the spot, but he did everything possible to ensure that local effort should be backed up by all that expenditure and skill could improvise, both at the War Office and locally.

It was a time for immediate action. There was no possibility of postponement. Throughout the night and far into the next day the boats were brought alongside, and soon, not only the quays and platforms, but the permanent way itself was entirely taken up by the hundreds of stretchers with their brave burdens, which were unceasingly transferred by willing hands from the ships to the pier.

The railway was already blocked with the downward traffic. It was impossible to get more trains away. Wounded men and refugees waited their turns, or found shelter in the immediate neighbourhood. What to do with the wounded was a serious problem. Many of them were holding on to life by a brittle thread; their only chance was immediate attention. It was decided to put them under local care. The hospitals received as many as possible, and hotels were requisitioned. 400 patients were sent to the Metropole;

250 were conveyed to the Imperial Hotel at Hythe ; 400 of the lighter cases, though many of these turned out to be extremely serious, were lodged in the Winter Gardens of the Pavilion Hotel. The Skating Rink and adjoining buildings were filled with sitting-up cases.

The War Office took prompt action. There was nothing of the policy of dilly-dally. Within two hours of the arrival of the wounded men at the Metropole Hotel, Sir Wilmot Herringham, with a fully qualified staff of surgeons and nurses, arrived from London to change the hotel into a temporary hospital and to do anything and everything possible to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded men.

At the far end of the pier was a buffet open to all men in uniform. The refreshments provided were gratuitous, and literally some million cups of tea and coffee, buns and sandwiches were gratefully received by men from all parts of the Empire. The establishment was run by Miss F. A. Jeffery, Miss M. A. Jeffery, and Mrs. Napier Sturt. They received substantial financial support from their personal friends and other ladies. They were enabled to carry on through the whole period of the war one of the best agencies in the area. Mrs. Napier Sturt conceived a happy idea of keeping a visitors book, so that any who wished might sign their names. The book ran into a considerable number of volumes. Miss Jeffery obtained autographs of the most notable personalities in the war : the Prime Ministers of Allied countries, Marshal Foch and Sir Douglas Haig, and royal personages of various lands. Mr. Lloyd George concealed his inveterate dislike to giving autographs,

and readily signed his name upon several occasions. Mrs. Harland and other ladies worked behind the counter and helped to brighten the journey for the men who were crossing the Channel.

The principal sea work other than the transport of troops, mails, and war materials was the important campaign to counteract the subtle and murderous submarine activity of the enemy. The first device was an ingenious anti-submarine net which was constructed from the Harbour right across the Channel to the French coast. There was an opening about two miles from the Pier-head called the Folkestone Gate, which was marked by two light vessels. This triumph of engineering skill served its purpose and kept the town safe. Submarines venturing too near the coast did not return, and those in charge of the net smiled at their catch.

The extreme difficulty of upkeep and improved net cutters on the submarines caused the net to be abandoned, and a deep mine-field was instituted in its place. There was a double chain of lightships carrying searchlights. The shore lights for this purpose were mounted on the extremity of the Pier. Off the Warren there was a large observation mine-field, and in this at least one German submarine was destroyed in the first year. Several of the crew were taken prisoners and brought ashore. The deep mine-field across the Channel was known to be the burial place of more than thirty German submarines. While the critics complained that nothing had been done to destroy the submarine menace, the Naval Authorities at the Harbour must have smiled as the news came in of enemy craft that had gone down to return no more.



Photo) [J. Russell and Sons
REAR-ADMIRAL B. YELVERTON, C.B.
(SENIOR NAVAL OFFICER AT
FOLKESTONE HARBOUR).

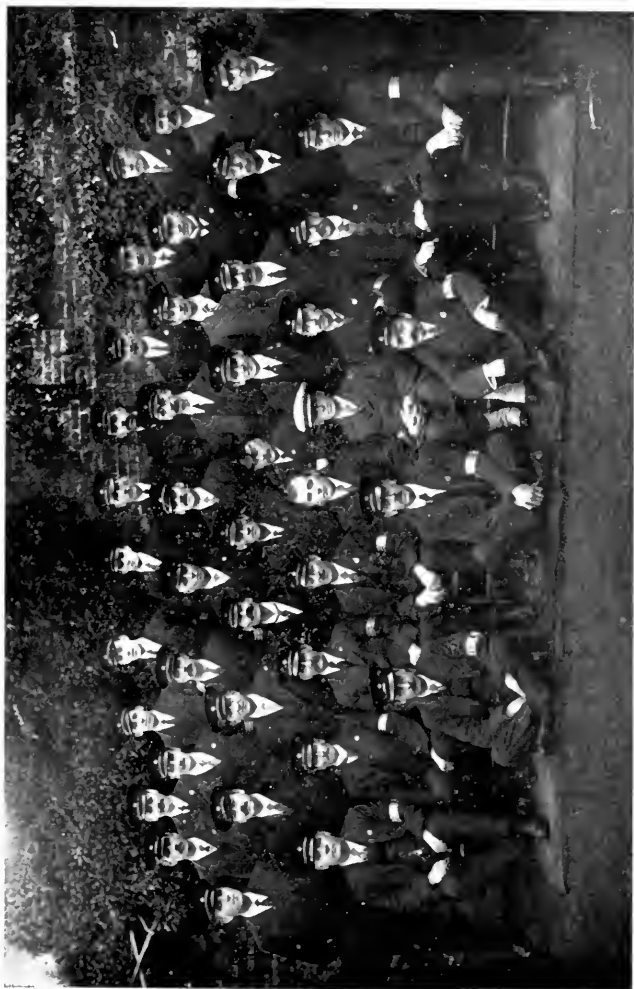


Photo) [J. Weston and Son.
COLONEL AYTOUN
(EMBARKATION OFFICER AT
FOLKESTONE).



Photo]

[Halksworth Wheeler.
COLONEL AYTOUN AND BRITISH AND FOREIGN OFFICERS AT FOLKESTONE
HARBOUR,



P. 3-401

SPECIAL CONSTABLES—HARBOUR SECTION.

Hatksworth Wheeler.



Photo]

[Halksworth Wheeler.

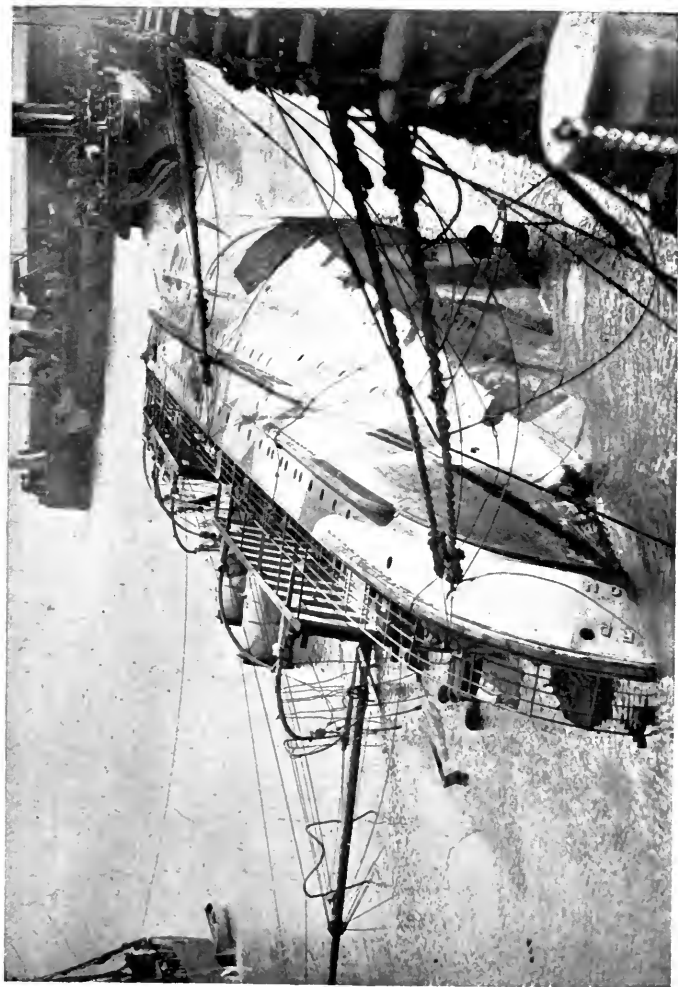
MR. LLOYD GEORGE LEAVING FOLKESTONE FOR
THE PEACE CONFERENCE.



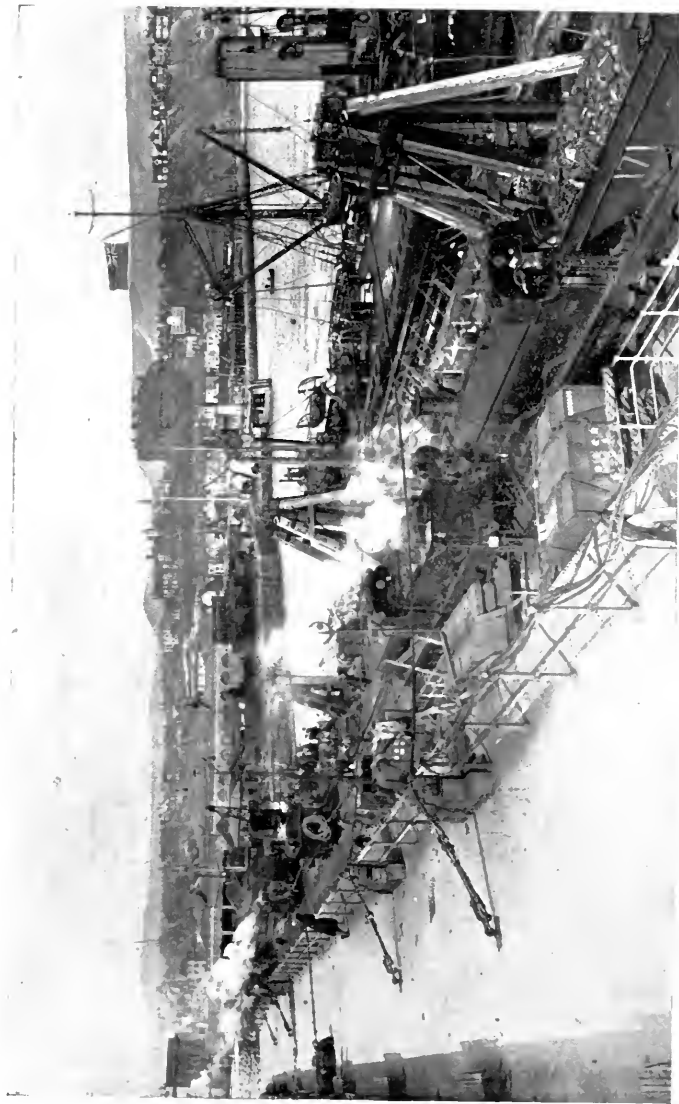
Photo]

[Halksworth Wheeler.

GENERAL BOTHA AND OTHER DELEGATES
EMBARKING FOR THE PEACE CONFERENCE.



THE TROOPSHIP "ONWARD," WHICH HAD TO BE SCUTTLED WHEN IN FOLKESTONE HARBOUR IN ORDER TO PUT OUT A FIRE. THIS FINE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HOW SHE TURNED OVER WAS TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.



ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE SALVAGE PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE WORLD. IT SHOWS FIVE RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVES PULLING THE SCUTTLED "ONWARD" UPRIGHT. NOTE THE TRIPODS ERECTED FOR THIS PURPOSE.

The anti-aircraft guns gave a lively salute to adventurous raiders. In December, 1917, the men had the grim satisfaction of bringing down a huge Gotha just off the Pier. The monster fell into the sea. Two of her crew were rescued and brought ashore. Our men did not follow the German plan of firing upon their helpless enemies. They saved their lives in the old British way.

The senior Naval Officers and Competent Naval Authorities of the Port and Coast of Dungeness were Captain Pennant Lloyd, who died in 1916, a very gallant gentleman; and Rear-Admiral B. J. D. Yelverton, C.B., who was installed in September, 1916. The Admiral was formerly in command of H.M.S. Suffolk.

It is a fine tribute to those in command that during the whole period of the war the only ship from Folkestone lost by direct enemy attack was the old S.E.R. transport "Queen." She was the first turbine-driven ship to be used in the service, and two years before, under Captain Carey, rescued the refugees and passengers from the torpedoed Amiral Ganteaume. The "Queen" was caught by accident in the darkness of the night in mid-Channel by a German raiding flotilla. The crew got away. Fortunately, the ship was returning empty. There were romantic stories of one of the King's Messengers escaping disguised as a stoker. The German Wireless sent out news to America of their great naval victory in the English Channel. Had the flotilla plucked up courage to approach the coast, it would not have returned to Zeebrugge afterwards to be caught as a rat in a trap by Sir Roger Keyes. The Admiralty issued the following announcement:

“During last night the enemy attempted a raid with ten destroyers on our Cross-Channel Transport Service.”

“The attempt failed. One transport, the ‘Queen,’ was sunk. The whole of her crew were saved. Two of the enemy destroyers were sunk and the rest driven off.

“His Majesty’s torpedo boat destroyer ‘Flirt,’ Lieutenant R. P. Kellet, R.N., is missing, and it is feared she may be lost. Nine of the crew have been saved.

“His Majesty’s torpedo boat destroyer ‘Nubian,’ Commander Montague Bernard, R.N., was disabled and taken in tow, but owing to the bad weather the tow parted and she has been grounded.”

Among the many wonderful triumphs of engineering skill were the naval salvage operations. Perhaps the most remarkable was achieved in the Folkestone Harbour. The “Onward,” one of the most popular cross-channel boats, was used as a troopship. She was by the quay waiting for her human cargo in the morning, when suddenly great tongues of flame leapt up from the saloon, illuminating the sea for miles around. Experts traced the fire to a thermit bomb hidden among life belts.

The Authorities acted quickly. Sea-cocks were opened at considerable risk, and the water poured into her. The boat settled down lower and lower until she turned over upon her side and sank. The flames were quenched in a terrific hiss. The ship lay under water for nearly a month while divers worked to cut away the mast and funnels, and all of weight that could be removed was taken out. Tripods of enormous

baulks of timber were fixed, and lifting craft came near. Steel cables were attached to the up-side of the hull, carried down the quay-ward side of the ship and up the sea-ward side to the lifters. More cables were fixed and carried over the tripods to five locomotives. Then the signal was given, and a miracle of science happened. The locomotives slowly steamed on till the cables were strained. The engines snorted and pulled in their fight with the dead weight of water until the old ship was slowly hauled into position and the water pumped out and the "Onward" again rode the waves.

The port of Folkestone was opened for transport of troops about the end of March, 1915, when the Authorities discovered that it was very much the quicker route. After that date a steady flow of troops to and from France was maintained. On an average six ships, not including cargo ships and lighters, sailed daily all through the war with reinforcements and leave men. Occasionally wounded and German prisoners were brought to Folkestone by transport. The wonder is how the men were carried across. More than thirty ships made up the average, exclusive of lighters and small craft, in the daily routes to Calais, Boulogne, Dunkirk, and other French ports.

All the coaling and maintenance of these ships had to be done on the English side of the Channel, and added enormously to the incessant work carried out at Folkestone. The port was never intended to cope with such extensive traffic, or to receive large vessels. The Authorities must have had many anxious moments when considering the problem of getting men over with rapidity and safety.

Great credit is due to all concerned that upwards of ten million men were sent across the Channel without the loss of a single life in transit. Alterations in routes and times of sailing were constant, being necessitated by the number of enemy submarines and the change of the mine-fields in the close vicinity of the routes, but, fortunately, owing to the seamanship of the local men, the vigilance of the Dover Patrol, especially of the destroyers escorting all ships, the frequent attempts to interrupt the transportation of troops were always frustrated.

During 1917 and 1918 very large numbers of men were carried across the Channel, amounting approximately to nearly 3,000,500 in 1917 and 2,986,000 in 1918. Statistics of the tonnage carried for the Government read like a fairy tale. During the advance of the enemy on the Channel ports in the dark days of April, 1918, no less than 11,000 men per day were transported to France as reinforcements, and for weeks the average number totalled 120,000. A wonderful record when one considers the limited accommodation at the Folkestone Pier.

The Naval Authorities at the Harbour included Commander A. G. Alston, R.N., who soon after the outbreak of war was transferred to another port. He was followed by Commander G. F. Woodall, R.N., who died at Folkestone in September, 1916. Commander H. F. Perfect, R.N., remained until November, 1916, and was followed by Commander J. T. Blake, R.N., who became Marine Superintendent of the S.E. and C.R. Co., and was succeeded by Commander F. C. Richardson, R.N.V.R. In connection with this part of the work great praise is due to the captains

and the crews of the transport for their seamanlike handling of the ships, and the consequent absence of any serious accidents in collision, under the most unfavourable conditions, arising out of the War.

In the second year of the war someone at the Admiralty had the brilliant idea that the vessels would run with greater safety at night than by day. Those acquainted with the conditions were quite convinced to the contrary, but under pressure the officers and crews loyally carried out the instructions they knew to be unwise, with the result that the "Victoria" had a very narrow escape from destruction. After this experience the practice of day-sailings was reverted to.

The South Eastern Company not only carried a record tonnage far beyond anything regarded as within the region of possibility, but Mr. C. Sheath and his colleagues literally achieved the impossible. From the commencement of the war to February, 1919, there were conveyed from Folkestone Harbour in addition to passengers, 3,416 motor cars; 192,468 tons of the Company's traffic; nearly 91,000 tons of Government stores; 11,641 tons of material for Red Cross Societies; 383,098 mails and parcel post; and 63,985 tons for Expeditionary Force Canteens; making a total tonnage, outwards and inwards, of 742,188. The tonnage of coal supplied to troops and ambulance transports by the shore staffs at Folkestone and Dover reached the amazing figure of 402,968; while the number of lives saved by the Company's steamers was not less than 3,203. The value of stores purchased, inspected, and despatched by the Managing Committee of the Company on behalf

of the War Office to the Armies in France, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Salonika, and Russia was £1,791,338.

From the commencement of hostilities to the signing of the Peace, the numbers embarking and landing at Folkestone Harbour, were: British officers and men, 9,253,652 ; Allied officers and men, 537,523 ; civilians engaged in Red Cross and other war work, 846,919 ; German prisoners of war, 3,592 ; making the wonderful total of 10,641,686.

The Company received the thanks of Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig and the War Office.

CHAPTER XI.

PROVIDING SILVER BULLETS.

By THE EDITOR.

Folkestone, in common with all the towns in the country, responded to the call for Silver Bullets. The amount of money raised for war purposes was a great surprise to the most optimistic. The gratifying result was attributable to the energy of the Mayor and the various Committees, the generosity of the Borough Member, and, most of all, the high spirit of patriotism among the people. In recording the services of the Mayor it may be noted that Sir Stephen Penfold held office at the outbreak of war, and by the election of the Council remained Mayor through the five memorable years that followed. At the commencement of hostilities Alderman Penfold, as he was then, devoted practically the whole of his time and energy to public work. He might very well have claimed exemption ; he was at the eventide and had served the community through a long series of years ; but he was a tireless worker, and continued in office with surprising tenacity. As a recognition of his services to Belgian refugees, King Albert conferred upon him one of the highest orders of Belgium. His Majesty King George, in 1915, honoured him with the Order of Knighthood, in recognition of his long public services and the part which the town had played in the early days of the War.

The Mayor had the invaluable assistance of Lady Penfold and his daughter, in the many beneficent works he attempted. Lady Penfold and Miss Queenie Penfold arranged festivities for soldiers' wives and children, and gladdened thousands of little people by their hospitality. Their efforts in organising flag days and collections for charities are well known. Nearly £50,000 has been collected for national organisations. Many residents rendered assistance, particularly Mr. A. E. Nichols, the Borough Surveyor, and Mr. F. Scarborough, of the National Provincial Bank.

The Deputy-Mayor (Alderman G. Spurgen, J.P.) was a great support to Sir Stephen during the strenuous years. Mr. Spurgen was always ready to undertake duties in the Council Chamber or at the Harbour, and did much to lighten the burdens of his chief.

When Sir Stephen Penfold received his knighthood a local committee was formed to give expression to the high regard in which he and Lady Penfold were held. Alderman Hall and Mr. Carlile acted as Hon. Secretaries, and collected a considerable sum of money. A presentation was made in the form of a handsome set of silver, jewellery for Lady Penfold, and a cheque. Mr. Lewis Coward, the learned Recorder, who himself was knighted at a later period, expressed the sentiments of the town in an eloquent speech.

The Town Hall was used as a canteen for soldiers from July, 1915, to March, 1919. Refreshments were served at standardised prices. The venture was so successful that five per cent. of the gross takings was given to the Mayor, acting for the Finance Committee. This amounted to the handsome sum of £1,533 1s. 7d. £750 was paid to the Corporation as rent for the Town Hall; the remainder being contributed to various charitable efforts.

Mr. A. F. Kidson, the Town Clerk devoted much time and energy to voluntary war work, and received the distinction of O.B.E. in recognition of his valuable services. The Borough Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Routly and a great number of private residents entered into the local efforts with enthusiasm. The war work was far greater than was supposed. One society alone turned out 34,600 garments for troops and prisoners of war, and in addition the members made up 100lbs. of wool work.

The collection of waste paper realised a respectable sum.

The War Workers' Guild, organised by Mrs. Ames, sent out nearly 100,000 dressings and garments required by men in hospitals; bandages, slippers, pillows, bed-pads, and a thousand-and-one little things that make for comfort were manipulated by the busy fingers of the women. Nearly 50,000 bandages and dressings were sent to the American Red Cross Society. The Hospital and Nursing Committee, with Dr. W. J. Tyson, J.P., as Chairman, and Mr. G. W. Haines as Secretary, did excellent pioneer work, particularly in creating interest and securing workers from Folkestone and Hythe.

The War Savings Committee began operations in October, 1916, with Mr. W. H. Routly, F.S.A.A., as Hon. Secretary. Later Mr. G. E. Wythe was appointed Joint Hon. Secretary, and on his resignation Major J. Compton took over the work. Mr. H. J. Gummer, Deputy Borough Treasurer, was Hon. Treasurer.

A campaign was instituted, including the distribution of literature, cinema exhibitions, personal canvassing and public meetings. As a result of these activities, forty-eight local War Savings Associations were formed.

When the Government issued its big Five Per Cent. War Loan, the Local Committee made a great effort to reach all classes and interests in the town. Public meetings were held, with the result that about £700,000 was subscribed.

Almost immediately the War Loan was completed the Committee entered upon a campaign in support of the Government's policy of food economy. Voluntary rationing became popular; food demonstrations were given at the Domestic Centre and at the Town Hall. Many house-keepers learned something more of the art of economical cookery and fruit-preserving. During what was known as Business Men's Week a further effort was made to secure investors in War Bonds. Mr. Rudyard Kipling delivered an address at the Pleasure Gardens Theatre, which was printed and circulated throughout the country gratuitously by Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons. The local result was the investment of £54,000. War Weapons Week was inaugurated by a strenuous campaign, largely assisted by Sir Philip Sassoon. Over £200,000 was invested in War Bonds. The fine work of the War Savings Committee was recognised by the offer of a tank as a memorial. Folkestone also had the opportunity to possess one of the German Gothas, but there was a strong feeling that it was undesirable to perpetuate the memory of the air raid. Among those who rendered conspicuous services may be mentioned Mr. Henry Brooke, Mr. Councillor Forsyth, Mr. H. W. Wheeler, Mr. G. E. Wythe, Mr. B. J. Duncan Walker, Mr. F. A. Aldridge, Mr. Eric Condry, and Major Compton.

This record would not be complete without a reference

to the part played by Folkestone schools, both public and private. It is a striking testimony, not only to the willingness of the little folk to serve, but also to the training which they have received. There was scarcely a school that did not become a dispersal depot for comforts for the troops, and many a classroom became a busy hive of industry, under a teacher's charge. Throughout the district of Hythe, Sandgate, and Folkestone, the schools did exceptionally well in war savings. Right from the commencement of hostilities the movement continued to progress, first by saving by 6d. stamps, and later by direct association with the National Committee. Many a tiny tot contributed a weekly saving of a few pence, prompted by the hope and prayer that the War would end sooner, or that Daddy would come back earlier. Grace Hill School has the honour of reaching the highest sum invested by any Council School in Kent. Over £10,600 was the magnificent total.

The Prince of Wales's Committee was inaugurated for the relief of distress anticipated among the industrial classes. The local administration of the Fund was in the hands of a Committee, under the auspices of the Local Government Board. The first Secretary was Mr. R. J. Linton, J.P., who was succeeded by Mr. E. T. Ward, J.P. Happily there was no industrial distress in Folkestone as a consequence of the War, and until the autumn of 1917 the Committee had to deal with very few applications for assistance. At that period, owing mainly to the air raid, the town had lost many visitors, and applications for assistance by apartment house keepers began to be made. Help in the form of weekly money grants on

a prescribed scale, was given to 43 applicants, the funds being furnished by the Local Government Board. The action of the Committee was restricted to the relief of civilian distress; the dependents of soldiers and sailors being assisted by another Committee. Mr. J. Andrew, Clerk to the Magistrates, was Secretary to the Committee. He had the assistance of the Rev. H. Epworth Thompson, J.P.

The Prisoners of War Fund was inaugurated by Mrs. Blair and Mr. Councillor Harrison, J.P., in Folkestone, and by the Mayor at Hythe. Parcels of food and comforts were sent week by week to the unfortunate men incarcerated in Germany.

Organisations for brightening the lot of the soldiers sprang up all over the country, and were well represented in our town. The mere enumeration of the names of the War Workers' Funds and Committees would occupy considerable space. The Cigarette Fund collected thousands of packets of cigarettes and tobacco. The "Daily Telegraph" Christmas Pudding Fund had a special day. Flag days and house-to-house collections were so frequent that one wondered whether there was sufficient genius to invent a fresh reason for a collection.

Busy workers met together in Church halls and private houses to make various kinds of garments for the boys on the other side. It is impossible to record the number of separate articles sent over. Many women took pleasure in the consciousness that they were at least doing something for the comfort of the men who were enduring so much for the protection of the country.

Our gallant Allies were worthily represented in the

charitable efforts which were made. M. Corbes, the French Consul, and his wife were very popular in connection with charitable functions, and notwithstanding the Consul's onerous duties, he seemed always willing to give the time required to assist others. This may be a fitting place to give some details of the work of the French Consulate. It is impossible for the uninitiated to form any conception of the multifarious duties undertaken by a Consul. Owing to the special organisation of the Consular service, the functions of the office were multifarious. M. Corbes filled the place of Recruiting Officer, Naval Administrator, Registrar, and Barrister. He was also responsible for the reports on economic and commercial subjects, besides dealing with passports and visas. He was empowered by the Minister of War to call up all Frenchmen of military age in the area ; to see that they submitted to a medical examination ; and with him was the final decision as to their fitness for service. As representative of the French Ministry of War, he was also in charge of the French soldiers while in Folkestone. This was an important office, as many thousands on leave or duty, as well as prisoners of war, escaped from Germany, were cared for in the area.

In his capacity of Administration Officer for the Navy, the French Consul was entrusted with the interests of all French soldiers landed in England including wounded and sick men. He had to make arrangements for burials and weddings.

He had also to choose experts to examine and report on damage done to French ships ; receive and forward to the Minister of Marine the reports of captains in

command of ships which were torpedoed or relating to accidents on board.

M. Corbes, while in Folkestone, has written several reports on economic and commercial conditions, which have been published by the "Office Francais du Commerce Exterieur." The object of these reports was to establish closer contact between French and British industries, and they were highly commended in the Press of both countries.

The Consul's secretary, M. Albert Payniez, gave very able assistance in all matters relating to the office. The staff won high praise for its efficiency and courtesy, and did much to create that spirit of goodwill which is the foundation of the Entente Cordiale.

M. Pierre Turpin, a townsman of Lille, who came to reside in Folkestone, graciously offered his services without salary. He had charge of the comforts of French refugees who happened to be ill or destitute. He regularly visited patients in the hospitals, and did exceedingly useful work.

It is particularly pleasing to be able to place on record the complete harmony which existed during the War between the population of Folkestone, the French and Belgian colonies, and those representatives of other nationalities temporarily residing in the town. This happy condition largely resulted from the personal influence of the French Consul himself, though he was gracious enough to attribute it to others.

The Italian colony was under the care of Cavaliere Ronco, who was always ready to lend a helping hand to his unfortunate countrymen. When Italy entered

the War, an arrangement was made by which Italians living in the town agreed to a voluntary levy of so much per week for the support of the dependents of their brothers who were called to join the Army. Cavaliere Ronco arranged several flag days and concerts on behalf of the Italian Red Cross, and succeeded in getting Italy's most famous band to visit the town and to give a performance at the Theatre, thus adding a large sum to the funds of the Allied charities.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LEAS AS AN OBSERVATION POST.

BY H. H.

Folkestone was the bit of England in closest proximity to the most critical part of the fighting front occupied by the British Army, hence it was the one place in England which provided scenes more resembling those to be witnessed on the Continent during the progress of the great world war, although the inhabitants of the town were, with the exception of one or two instances, spared from the horrors of devastation and destruction. The famous Leas overlooked one of England's main defences, the Channel, and throughout the whole of the war no more interesting place could be imagined in the British Isles. From a strategical point of view, Folkestone, under the wing of that great fortress, Dover, played a most important part in the fight against the German nation in its attempt to obtain world power, and that the enemy realised its supreme importance was demonstrated by the many attempts to bring the terrors of war to the very streets of the town. That it succeeded in doing so on one occasion only was a sterling tribute to the defenders of our shores, particularly those gallant men of the Dover Patrol.

From the outbreak of hostilities, Folkestone sprang into great prominence, and the Leas became an



Photo]

!Halksworth Wheeler.

SOLDIERS MARCHING FROM LEAS TO SLOPE ROAD TO EMBARK FOR THE FRONT.

observation post for many interesting and exciting, and even sad occurrences. The district also assumed tremendous importance in the early months of the world war by reason of its excellent facilities for training troops. Camps sprang up with amazing rapidity, and at first many thousands of Lord Kitchener's Army carried out the preliminary work necessary to fit them for active service. Their places were ultimately taken by the Canadian Second Division, which was destined to perform such marvellous deeds in the field, and those brave men were followed by others from the great Dominion. Canadians thus became intimately associated with the life of Folkestone and Hythe, and finally appeared to be an essential part of the various activities of the district.

The rush of refugees was the first incident to bring home to Folkestone people what war meant, for there passed along the streets long and sad processions of homeless people. Then came the arrival of wounded British soldiers only a few days after they went into action at Mons, and those men were the first of the finest Army which ever went out of England to return to this country. Previously to this a large number of German and Austrian reservists trying to return to assist their country were held up at the Harbour and escorted away by armed troops, eventually becoming inmates of internment camps. The processions through the streets caused no little astonishment at the time, and here again Folkestone was in the forefront of the capture of prisoners, many hundreds of men failing to slip across to their Fatherland.

In those early days there followed incident after

incident which evoked feelings of bitterness against Germany. The torpedoing of the Amiral Ganteaume was a dastardly act, and there would have been an appalling death roll but for the gallantry of the captain and crew of the S.S. Queen, the mail boat running between Folkestone and Boulogne. The first time Folkestone people heard the boom of guns in defence of the shores of England was when the German submarines attacked Dover in the first December of war. Mines and submarines brought hidden dangers in the Channel as time went on, and ships were sunk by these means, several going down in full view of those people who happened to be on the Leas. These losses resulted in defensive measures being taken by the authorities, and what was known as the Folkestone Gate was instituted. The Gate consisted of two lightships placed off the Pier head, the nearer being two and half miles from the Pier and the other a little less than a mile further out in the Channel. Between these two vessels all ships going up or down the Channel had to pass. Then laid across the narrow straits towards the French coast was a steel net fixed to large wood floats. This net was effective against submarines for a time, but wire cutters were eventually fitted to the undersea craft, and after some considerable time the net had to be removed because of the difficulty experienced in keeping it in position owing to the currents. On a clear day the floats were clearly visible from Folkestone practically right across the Channel. Other measures as time went on were taken to fight the submarines, the crews of which feared the depth charges used by the patrol vessels and the mines, the fields for which extended as time went on until

there was a huge mine area in front of Folkestone Leas. Airships also joined in the hunt of the submarines, and the airships, which were berthed at a large station erected at Capel, provided picturesque scenes to the visitors to the town when employed in searching the depths of the Channel, and many submarines and mines were discovered by the crews of these vessels. The losses of merchant ships fluctuated as fresh steps were taken to combat the lurking peril below the water's surface. In the last year of the war, the light barrage brought about the defeat of the German submarines' efforts in the Channel. The barrage was situated off Folkestone, a number of anchored ships carrying powerful search-lights, forming practically a square, providing the principal illuminant, but inside the square were small vessels which burnt flares of a million candle power at intervals, so that no submarine could break through on the surface at night without being attacked. Altogether 125,000 ships passed through the Straits during the war, and only 73 were sunk, including the hospital ship "Anglia," which had just passed Folkestone on its way to Dover from Boulogne.

Zeppelins, when they commenced their raids, visited the district and passed over the town on several occasions. One of these marauding aircraft, however, found Otterpool Camp, which was occupied by the Canadian Field Artillery, in October, 1915, and as the bombs exploded, the reports were distinctly heard and the vibration felt in Folkestone. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and the many promenaders on the Leas saw the flashes when the bombs burst, A number of Canadians and about 40 horses were killed

in the attack. In August of 1916 a super-Zeppelin of the most improved type attempted to do destruction at Folkestone. It approached the town from the direction of Sandgate and floated on the breeze immediately down the Leas. When over the Harbour it hung well up in the darkness as though poised for dropping its cargo of bombs. However, suddenly the searchlight from the top of Dover Hill shot its beam of light upon it, illuminating it from stem to stern. Immediately the guns crashed out, and the Zeppelin rose higher and higher, speedily making off towards the French coast, dropping its bombs with resounding crashes into the sea. The guns from Dover and from ships in the Channel took part in the fight, and a thrilling sight was presented to those who hurriedly went on to the Leas as the huge airship ran the gauntlet of the searchlights and the bursting shells. In what was described as the silent air raid by Zeppelins on England in the autumn of 1917 the Dover Hill gun was the only one fired at the aircraft in this country. At least two returned by way of Folkestone from their raid on London, and the first was fired at. As it went out to sea a tremendous splashing noise was heard, and it was thought that it had been hit and so lost one of its under carriages, which had fallen in the sea. As the second crossed over the town aeroplanes carrying lights, apparently in pursuit, passed over in the wake of the airship. This was the occasion when such a heavy toll was paid by the invaders in France, whither they were driven by the wind.

The German torpedo destroyers operating from Zeebrugge and Ostend on three occasions carried out operations as far as Folkestone, which, however,

fortunately escaped shelling. The enemy forces, however, on each occasion adopted the cut and run tactics, and avoided a fight with anything like equal forces. On October 27th, 1916, they dashed out of port on a very dark night, evidently with the idea of interfering with the transport service between Folkestone and Boulogne. It was about eleven o'clock that the ships came into action, and the stabbing flashes and the rolling noise of the guns south-east of Folkestone disturbed the people of the town. The result was that H.M.S. "Flirt" was sunk. While the fighting was proceeding in that spot, the S.S. "Queen," which was used as a transport, was coming across from Boulogne, when suddenly, near the Varne Bank, the crew found their vessel surrounded by enemy ships. They were ordered to stop, and on doing so the ship was boarded by German officers and men. The crew were then told to lower their boats and leave the ship. They obeyed orders, and the Germans placed bombs in the ship, and the resultant explosions shook the town. The "Queen," however, did not sink at once, but drifted beyond Dover, where she eventually went down. One of the crew of the transport, a Folkestone man, lost his life.

The next time the German craft appeared off this part of the coast they paid dearly for their adventure. The world was thrilled with the exploits of H.M.S. "Broke" and H.M.S. "Swift," which tackled a much superior force of the enemy (who tried to avoid a fight), and meted just punishment out to the raiders. Some hours previously a strong enemy flotilla, again taking advantage of the high tide to ride over the mine fields and the darkness, crept out of port and dashed across to the English coast. Their presence was not dis-

covered until they sent up brilliant star shells when apparently about four miles off Folkestone. The streets of the town were lit up by the shells, and immediately a heavy bombardment of the coast began. Whether the Germans were out in an attempt to smash up the Capel Air Station or not can only be assumed, but shells fell fast and furious about half a mile to the east of the aerodrome. The whistle of the projectiles could be heard by the people in the streets of the town, but the shells fell harmlessly in the fields close to the examining guard station. An officer's hut narrowly missed destruction, and a sentry box was literally peppered with shrapnel. The bombardment lasted for about ten minutes, after which the destroyers made for their lairs. The "Broke" and "Swift" were to the east of Dover, and ran into the enemy as they were returning. Action was immediately begun, and again bright flashes and heavy rumbles showed to the people on the coast that the enemy were not escaping without a grim fight. The two British vessels against their six opponents put up a gallant fight, and the record of their deeds will ever be a bright page in the history of the Navy, for they sank two of the raiding ships and possibly a third.

Then in February, 1918, the German torpedo destroyers came into the Straits with the clear intention of breaking up, if possible, the light barrage placed in the Channel to combat the U-boats. It was about one o'clock in the morning that the thunder of guns broke the stillness of the night, and the streets of Folkestone re-echoed with the heavy reverberations. The enemy craft were apparently quite close in, and they immediately engaged a number of drifters chasing a

U-boat in the barrage. The firing continued on and off for about an hour, and it was evident to the many on-lookers on the shore that very speedy vessels were engaged; for the flashes from the guns showed that the action was continuing across the Channel from Folkestone towards Cape Gris Nez. Although seven drifters and one trawler were sunk, the light barrage never faltered, and the men on those ships kept on their ceaseless watches. Two or three shells were fired inland, but fell in fields between Folkestone and Dover. On the following night the barrage was even stronger than on the previous night, thus demonstrating that the Germans' efforts had been futile. However, on that night Dover was again bombarded for about five minutes, and the slumbers of Folkestone people were again disturbed.

In the last two years of the war the Leas was a spot from which the great air offensive by the Germans on the chief ports in Northern France could be seen very frequently. On a favourable evening it was almost a certainty that an attack would be made either on Calais or Boulogne, or some other place on the coast, and as darkness fell so there appeared over the French coast a sudden stab of light in the heavens. Then the distant rumble of guns followed, and usually the fighting lasted at least an hour, sometimes extending over three or four hours. In August, 1917, the moonlight raids had not really commenced on this country, and one of the first was made at the time the Dover fortress guns were carrying out a night practice. The Leas was filled with people anxious to see the guns firing. Their attention was attracted to the French coast and well inland by seeing hundreds of what appeared to be

twinkling stars continually breaking light in the sky. Such a state of things continued for about an hour, when suddenly the Dover guns at practice rang out. A few minutes ensued, then the hum of an aeroplane could be heard approaching. It was not long before the terrifying noise of bursting bombs followed as the machine dropped its death-dealing load on Dover. This was the commencement of a series of raids on this country right through the autumn and into the winter. It was a thrilling sight to see the guns fighting the aircraft with their barrage fire, and one incident in February, 1918, will live in the memory of everyone who witnessed it. A raider returning from London was caught in the searchlights well over the hills to the north-east of Folkestone. The pilot evidently did not care to face the barrage with which he would be met by the Dover guns, so he turned to the westward, probably with the idea of getting free of the brilliant lights. The huge machine flew across Folkestone from east to west, and the guns made splendid practice. The aeroplane appeared to be made of silver in the glare of the searchlights, and the shells could be followed in their flight towards it. Thousands of people watched the fight which ensued for several minutes, but the aeroplane, try as it would, could not evade the piercing rays from the lights. Shells apparently burst all round the machine, and ultimately one appeared to explode right beneath the aeroplane, which fell straight out of the beams of light, and nothing further was heard of it. The official communique later in the day announced that one machine was brought down in the sea. In the July and August of the last year of war raids on Calais and Boulogne were of nightly occurrence, and were



Photo]

[Halksworth Wheeler.

S. E. AND C. RAILWAY COMPANY'S S. S. VICTORIA, WHICH WAS USED AS
TRANSPORT ALMOST THROUGHOUT THE WAR.

plainly seen from the promenade. The great raid on the British hospitals at Etaples was plainly heard at Folkestone and the bursting of the shells could be seen from the Leas. In fact the vibration was so great from the raid that Folkestone shook during its progress, and the noise of the guns seemed only a few miles distant. During the whole of the war about 110 air raid warnings were received by the authorities.

Folkestone was also an important centre dealing with British aircraft, for within a few months of hostilities commencing aeroplanes were sent to Hawkinge previous to their despatch to France. Later a big aerodrome was erected at Lympne, near Hythe, and this was utilised by machines proceeding to the fighting front. Most of the aeroplanes flew towards Folkestone before crossing the Channel, and many thousands of aeroplanes passed over to the Continent by this route. The first passenger-carrying service by the Handley-Page machines was instituted in 1918 by the Royal Air Force, and the giant aeroplane could be seen daily making its flight to and from Marquise, in France. It was known as the Channel Ferry and was used for bringing back to England the pilots engaged in taking out new machines to France. In the first four months, 227 trips were made, 8,085 miles were covered, and 1,843 passengers transported, and this was accomplished in days when a passenger-carrying service was supposed to be a thing of the future.

On a perfect summer evening in July, 1918, three seaplanes were seen making towards Folkestone Harbour. The Admiralty motor launch from Dover, carrying Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, at the same time left

the Harbour. The seaplanes gracefully settled on the calm sea, and the motor launch went towards them. From two of the seaplanes climbed the King and the Queen of the Belgians, who were thus the first Royalities to cross the Channel by aeroplane. They were welcomed by Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, in whose motor launch they were taken to the Pier, where they were received by the Naval and Military Authorities of the Port. Queen Elisabeth expressed her enjoyment of the flight, and said she had crossed in 25 minutes. The Royal visitors then proceeded to the Grand Hotel by motor car, and stayed the night there. On the following morning they walked along the Leas and in Sandgate Road, previous to their departure for London by motor. They returned from London on the following Thursday, but owing to a strong south-westerly breeze they could not fly to France and had to make the crossing by ship.

Men of all the Allied nations were seen during the war marching along the front on their way to the battle zone. In the early stages the Rest Camp in the Marine Parade was the only place provided for their accommodation, but other places were taken over as time proceeded. Many thousands of Canadians passed along the Lower Sandgate Road from their training grounds in the Shorncliffe area to be transported across the Channel. Then the Chinese Labour Corps and the South African natives, also needed as working parties, marched by the sea after staying for a short time at the Labour Concentration Camp near Cæsar's Camp. Americans too made Folkestone a resting place after their long journey from their native land on their way to assist in the upholding of justice and liberty.

The first contingent arrived in April of 1918, and then in May a further fine body of men, numbering several thousands, stayed several days in the town. Their bands gave delight to many thousands of people on the Leas, and those gallant men of the American continent won for themselves the greatest respect and esteem of the townspeople by their upright bearing and true soldierly conduct. They came with a great purpose, and they heard the first noise of warfare in Folkestone when the echo of the guns in France came across the narrow silver streak. The daily sight of the finest manhood of the world passing down the Slope Road and along the other roads was a spectacle which will ever be treasured in the memory of those who witnessed it, for those men went light-heartedly to the severest trials ever imposed on men.

Associated with Folkestone in most important war work were the surrounding districts. Hythe was one of the principal schools for preparing for aerial combat. Its ranges were utilised as a school of aerial gunnery, and here pilots and observers were trained in the new kind of warfare in the air. In the opening days of the great conflict motor machine guns were stationed in the ancient Cinque Port, which also became a training ground for the balloon section of the Forces. The School of Musketry had much to do with making a large section of Lord Kitchener's First Army, and the Canadians as well, so proficient with the rifle that they rivalled the fine "Contemptibles," whose musketry so surprised the enemy when they first came in contact with them.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WORK OF THE CHURCHES.

BY ERIC CONDY.

In the early days of August, 1914, the Senior Chaplain of the Garrison, the Rev. R. Deane Oliver, entered enthusiastically into the work of providing institutions for the social life of the troops in the town and district. He called together a few members of the Church of England, from the various churches in the town, and it was decided to open a Club for Soldiers in Folkestone. No other suitable building being available, they approached the Rev. Canon Tindall, Vicar of Folkestone, and the authorities of the Parish Church, who readily agreed to lend the Woodward Institute. A Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. A. R. Bowles, A.M.I.C.E., was formed. The Club was opened on August 30th, and from the first proved a great success. Men of every unit in the British Army made it a rendezvous for themselves and their comrades, and as soon as the Canadians arrived they came nightly in their hundreds.

On Sundays, and occasionally on weekdays, services were held by various clergymen. Twice a week during the winter and once a week during the summer, concerts were provided by amateur concert parties, and the Playhouse Orchestra gave their services voluntarily once a month. In the large hall were billiard, ping-pong, and writing tables; writing

paper and envelopes were provided free of charge ; a Club Post Office supplied stamps, postal orders, and pictorial cards ; tobacco, cigarettes, chocolate, biscuits, and soap were on sale, and the catering department supplied tea, coffee, cocoa, non-alcoholic drinks, and all manner of eatables at the lowest possible charges. On very busy evenings as many as fifty loaves, one thousand teas, and six hundred eggs were consumed. A staff of over fifty was required to look after the comfort of the men, and volunteers were readily obtained. The Club was worked on business lines, was entirely self-supporting, and at the close there was a balance sufficient to cover the cost of repairs and decorations when the premises were finally vacated. Many deserving institutions received subscriptions, varying from £10 to £25, from the Club funds.

For the first two years of the War free Christmas dinners were given to a number of soldiers. In a short account it would be impossible to mention all who sacrificed time and energy to make the Club a success—the sense of hard work done for God and humanity, together with the constantly-spoken and written gratitude of the men, must be their chief reward. The fact that this was the first Club opened and that it remained open throughout the war is recorded as a grateful testimony to all who worked there and strove to encourage the people of Folkestone to consider the need of providing permanent institutions, on the same lines, for the young men and women of the town. The Rev. David Railton, senior Curate of the Parish Church, who took a great interest in the club in its early days, became a Chaplain of the Forces and served in France for three years, receiving the distinction of the M.C.

Throughout the war the Parish Church Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society worked with great energy in the interest of the sailors and soldiers. It had the advantage of an enthusiastic Committee, of which Mr. J. A. Abbott was the Secretary. Socials and dances were provided every Monday and Thursday for the men, their relations and friends, in the lower Woodward Hall, and refreshments were provided by the Clewer Sisters, who work in the parish, assisted by many willing helpers. These socials, which were always well attended, were a great attraction to the Canadian troops, and resulted in many invitations to visit the homes of Folkestone residents.

With all other places of worship in the town, Christ Church shared the privilege of serving as a spiritual home for the gallant men who were quartered in the district. From August, 1914, onwards the Imperials and Canadians attended the services, especially on Sunday evenings, in large numbers. Many who belonged to church choirs out West joined that of Christ Church during their stay, proving regular and enthusiastic substitutes for the Folkestone members who had joined up. Many Canadian Chaplains—fine preachers all—ministered in the Church from time to time and the worshippers in khaki, by their rapt attention, manly reverence, and simple heartiness, set a good example to the whole congregation.

In September, 1914, the Parish Hall in Victoria Grove was opened as a Club for Soldiers, under the management of a Committee headed by the Rev. L. G. Grey, Vicar. To the splendid energy of Mrs. Theobald, the lady in charge, and Mrs. H. Evans, Hon. Secretary, the Club owed the principal measure

of its success. The atmosphere of home and friendliness which marked the life of the Club soon proved a strong magnet to the boys, far from their homes and new to a soldier's life. And here must be recorded the great loss the Club sustained by the death, in 1915, of Miss Laura Roberts, of whom it may be truly said that she had worn herself out in her labours for the boys, and was the first of that splendid band of civilian war workers who gave their lives for their country. With the departure of the last of Kitchener's Army in 1915, and the opening of many other institutions in the town, the necessity for this particular Club came to an end. The Rev. L. G. Grey threw himself enthusiastically into war work of various kinds, and his powerful speech in Radnor Park, delivered during "Aeroplane Week," in connection with the War Savings Campaign, will long be remembered.

In connection with Holy Trinity Church, a Soldiers' Club at the Parish Room was opened by General Spens in October, 1914. During the winter the daily attendance varied from 200 to 500. £400 was subscribed in addition to many donations in the shape of furniture and fittings, which enabled the Committee to supply good and cheap refreshments, stationery, games, books, and newspapers. Concerts, whist drives, special teas, Christmas parties, and theatre parties were of frequent occurrence. The Hon. Secretary, Inspector-General O'Grady, R.N., assisted by a loyal band of workers, made the Club one of the most popular and successful. In 1915 a most welcome donation of £58 was received from the Canadian troops, who wrote: "We very much appreciate the Club and consider it the best institution of the kind in the neighbourhood."

The balance in hand at the close, in 1919, was distributed among local and military charities.

Among the more tragic and pitiful episodes of the early weeks of the war may be noted the arrival, at all hours of the day and night, of fishing-boats full of Belgian refugees, landing at the slipway opposite the Fish-market, being helped by the stalwart, kindly-hearted fishermen, whose wives had prepared bowls of hot soup, and other good souls who came out of the Radnor Street passages with steaming pots of coffee for the weary wanderers who had completed the perilous voyage in the darkness of the night and come to safety. It was a common sight to see lines of pallid women sitting on the pavement under the wall of St. Michael's Church, waiting their turn to be attended to at the Husband Memorial Hall, which had been speedily turned into a shelter for them, and where the Vicar and his little company of church workers did yeoman service in succouring the poor hungry refugees and providing them with warm clothing in place of their wet garments. These poor creatures were often moved to tears of gratitude by the kindly help and sympathy extended to them.

Afterwards, when the Belgian Refugees Committee got to work and better arrangements were made, the Parish Hall became a Club for the Belgian soldiers passing through the town, under the title of "Militaire Cercle Albert," and became a happy meeting-place for many thousands of them.

Several ladies of the congregation of St. Peter's Church exerted themselves in attending to the wants of the Belgian refugees on their arrival, often finding them lodgings or getting them well housed in the

country—as well as in effecting the reunion of families whom the panic and confusion of the embarkation had separated. One of the most stirring events of the early days of the War was the arrival, very early one morning, of a fleet of fishing-boats and barges, bringing fishermen and their terrified families from the Belgian coast. Many of the refugees found hospitality in East Street and Radnor Street and the children were welcomed at St. Peter's Schools. St. Peter's Club gave shelter to a large number of families, and the Rev. E. A. Jordan, Assistant Priest, was indefatigable in collecting food and ministering to these unfortunate people. His motor-car was continually traversing the town on errands of mercy. He was also instrumental in providing one of the earliest clubs for soldiers in Tontine Street.

Late in the autumn of 1915 a wish was expressed by the Military Authorities that the churches would do all that was possible to attract the soldiers away from the streets on Sunday evenings. The Council of Radnor Park Congregational Church decided to initiate an evening service of less conventional type than the ordinary and to make it widely known to the troops. The result was a continuous series which ran from Christmas, 1915, until the summer of 1918. On many occasions the attendance was so large that the seating capacity was strained to the utmost. Music filled a large place in these services. The ordinary framework of public worship was never disturbed, but most jealously safeguarded. There were four hymns, sung to familiar tunes, prayer, Scripture reading, and short address. To this were added one, or sometimes two, anthems, two vocal, and often violin

or violincello solos, and, generally, instrumental music by a military band. The popular military service was an experiment, and undoubtedly a successful one.

Soon after the outbreak of war, the Rev. A. Allon Smith called a meeting of his congregation, when it was unanimously decided to place the Lecture Hall of Radnor Park Church at the disposal of the military. The Club was opened, by General Spens, on 12th October, 1914. Mrs. T. A. Mummery took charge of the catering arrangements, and, with the assistance of a willing band of helpers, carried them out most successfully during five winters. Mr. T. A. Mummery, the Superintendent, must be credited with having created a record in being absent on only five occasions out of 1,141 evenings. There were many generous donors of papers, magazines, books, sets of draughts, chessmen, and dominoes, and bagatelle boards, and Mr. F. Fletcher presented a billiard table, which was much appreciated and used. The number of signatures in the attendance book was 9,580, but it is probable that 12,000 men made use of the room. Many warm friendships were made, and after their removal to the front many of these men kept in touch with the Club by periodical correspondence—one soldier sent a Christmas card headed "Radnor Park Dug-out."

The number of letters posted in the club box reached the large total of 20,288. The idea, at the outset, was that the Club should be self-supporting, and this was successfully accomplished. The profit from the refreshments was sufficient to pay for the lighting, heating, and cooking. Each Christmas the men were entertained as the guests of the helpers, all the provisions being given by the generous friends of the Church.

The outbreak of war and the urgent demands of the numerous refugees immediately affected the many organisations of the Folkestone (Tontine Street) Congregational Church, which is the largest Free Church in Folkestone. Possessing premises extensive and easily adaptable, the officers and members of the Church at once made every effort possible to cope with the new situation.

Members of the Church opened their homes to hospitably entertain refugees, and closed down many church activities to utilise the premises for social service. During the whole of the war period a large Institute, equipped with billiard tables, table games, also a Badminton court, was opened.

A canteen was staffed by the voluntary services of the Church ladies, and for more than four years, despite the difficulties of rationing and Food Control, the canteen was maintained for service men.

In addition to providing food, shelter, and clothing for the refugees, the Church, although depleted of its manhood by the enlistment of over 200 men in the Forces, collected many tons of vegetables for the Fleet, which work received high commendation from Sir David Beatty, the British Admiral. In January, 1918, the Church erected a Roll of Honour to the men who joined the fighting forces.

The first Wall Tablet, bearing 180 names, was unveiled by Sir Philip Sassoon, Bart., M.P., on January 14th, 1918.

The Sunday services were organised with a view to meeting the requirements of the troops; bands were substituted for the church organ, and thousands of men attended. The Pastor of the Church, the

Rev. Henry T. Cooper, preached and lectured under Y.M.C.A. auspices as well as maintaining a vigorous campaign in closer relation to his Church work, and the tributes of men from overseas, replying to the Pastor's personal messages, proved that the Church, under the stress of war conditions, was not found wanting.

A further Roll of Honour is to be erected, and commemorative Choir Stalls with structural alterations are about to be made to complete the scheme. In a very special way this Church set itself to deal with the exigencies of war demands, and to its rigorous activity for the benefit of all classes not a few are glad to testify.

Not only at Grace Hill Church, but at Canterbury Road, the Wesleyan body did all that was possible to make the men of the Imperial, South African, Canadian, and Australian Forces welcome. The special services were well attended, and some highly-successful entertainments and "At Homes" were arranged in the school-room, which was transformed into a Soldiers' Club. Occasionally, when a man was starting for the front a little "send off" was insisted on. On one such occasion the guest of the evening made this parting speech: "I came here an absolute stranger; everybody in this room has been my friend. If I ever return to these shores, this is the first spot I shall seek." Another night a group of American soldiers turned in before leaving and asked to express their thanks. One of them drew a pocket Bible from his tunic. Holding it up, a piece of bunting floated from it, and he said "In the strength of the Old Book and the 'Old Glory' we have come across the seas, and in the same strength we go to-morrow to fight for you."

The presence of so many soldiers led to considerable changes in the work of the Folkestone Baptist Church. The evening service was adapted to meet the special needs of men, and through the whole period of the War the Sunday evening service was very largely attended by soldiers.

An Institute was opened in the Lecture Hall. The canteen was under the superintendence of Mrs. Carlile, with the able assistance of Miss A. Sherwood, Mrs. Beall and Mrs. George Pope. Mr. Froggatt arranged French classes; Mr. Councillor Boyd and Mr. Councillor Morrison helped to make the men feel at home. The club was very popular, and was finally taken over by the National Y.M.C.A. When the Luton Hut was erected the staff was transferred from the Baptist Church.

A correspondence club was maintained to keep in touch with men who joined the Army, and many letters were written to Folkestone boys and to those who stayed in the town with their regiments for brief periods.

The coming of the refugees necessitated special activities. A French service was held every Sunday afternoon. Among the preachers was Pasteur Saillens, the distinguished Parisian orator, and P. Blommaert, who afterwards became the Chaplain-General for the Protestants in the Belgian Army. M. Blommaert, while in Folkestone, became acquainted with the work of the United Army Board, and determined to endeavour to create a similar organisation for his countrymen. He received the authority of King Albert, and the Protestant chaplaincy service became an accomplished fact. Pasteur Nock and M.

Bains were in charge of the services, with the assistance of M. Catinous and M. Dupree. Meetings were held frequently during the week, and assistance given to those in need. M. Bains raised a large sum of money for the relief of Protestant Christians who remained in Belgium, and Pasteur Nock succeeded in supplementing the sum by some hundreds of pounds. The Minister of the Church and Pasteur Nock became the local representatives of the Belgian Chaplaincy Service.

A special fund was raised for the assistance of Belgian Protestant Pastors. The Minister of the Church made an appeal through the "Christian World" and the "British Weekly," with the result that a considerable sum of money was sent to the Treasurer, Mr. A. Stace, J.P.

Letters and comforts were sent to Belgian soldiers. Pasteur Nock and Miss E. K. Stace devoted much time to the French correspondence, and received many expressions of gratitude.

For the Canadians "Conferences" on the deeper questions of religion were held and "At Homes" and concert parties arranged. More than forty soldiers were connected with the choir, which for some time was under the direction of Lieutenant Brown and Lieutenant Ford, both Canadians.

Invitations were issued from members of the church and congregation for soldiers to join the family group at tea on Sunday afternoons. The idea grew in favour until about three hundred boys were guests week by week.

The Minister of the Church, at the request of the chaplains and the Y.M.C.A., gave one or two nights per week to meetings in the huts, and finally visited all the

Canadian camps in the country for a series of conferences on religion.

Sister Rosamond became nurse to unmarried mothers who were unable to pay for trained assistance. Her aid was very welcome, and her useful work gave new hope to many girls and women in their darkest hours.

About the middle of October, 1914, the Salvation Army arranged their small hall as a Soldiers' Club, and this was used until other and larger premises were devoted to the same purpose. In November of the same year, Mr. Franklin, the Local Government Board representative on the Refugees Committee, enlisted the help of the Salvationists in attending to the wants of the poor Belgians who had fled from their country. The first party accommodated in the hall consisted of 150 Ostend fisher-folk, who stayed a week and were afterwards despatched to their various destinations. In December, 1915, the Adjutant in charge was asked by Colonel Aytoun, Embarkation Officer, to accommodate the relatives of wounded men passing through the town on the way to and from France, and from January, 1916, until the end of the year, 700 people were cared for at private houses, after which 6, Marine Terrace was rented and furnished for this purpose, an officer being appointed to meet the trains and boats and conduct the people to the Hostel.

All through the war the Silver Band held an open-air service every Sunday afternoon opposite the entrance to the harbour, and cheered thousands of our boys on their way to the front.

When the daylight air raid occurred in May, 1917, Adjutant Edwards lent great assistance to the Police, and afterwards regularly visited the injured in the Hospital.

When Kitchener's Army came to Shorncliffe Camp for training the Congregational Church at Sandgate instituted a parade service on Sunday mornings, conducted by the Pastor, the Rev. A. Wilson, C.F. The school-room was open every evening, as a Club where light refreshments, writing materials, etc., were provided entirely free of cost to the soldiers, the whole of the expenses being met by the members of the congregation and their friends. From October to March, during three years, French classes were held and were nightly much appreciated by the men. Much hospitality was shown to soldiers by private families. Collections were made each year for the Christmas pudding fund, the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Fund, the Sailors' Society, the Blind at St. Dunstan's, and the V.A.D. Hospital at the Bevan Home. When the Canadians took possession of Shorncliffe Camp the Y.M.C.A. took over the Alhambra Music Hall, which proved well adapted to the purpose of a Soldiers' Club.

The Cheriton Baptist Church, under the leadership of the Rev. John Daniel, opened its Institute, which proved a great attraction to soldiers. Several thousand men found the homely character of the place and its distinctly Christian tone much to their liking.

The Church carried on the usual agencies. The evening services were popular with the men. The medical nurse of the Folkestone Baptist Church was lent to Cheriton for two days a week to minister to the needs of soldiers' wives, and her help was very much valued by the poorer people.

When Mr. Daniel left, in 1917, Mr. Penry Pryse (ex-quarter-master-sergeant) became Minister, and gave much assistance to discharged soldiers and sailors and their families.

The Roman Catholic Church had, naturally, the largest share in ministering to the French and Belgian people who sought refuge in our hospitable town. Monsignor Coote and the local priests had the valuable assistance of priests from Belgium. The care of the sick and anxious of their faith involved a heavy strain. The numerous extra services necessitated additional accommodation, and the Town Hall was lent by the Corporation for the celebration of Mass day by day. The Church of Our Lady Help of Christians was thronged with worshippers. The priests instituted additional schools for the children, and clubs for adults, and found homes for many of the destitute.

The smaller places of worship showed commendable zeal in the good work. Ebenezer Hall, under the guidance of Councillor W. J. King-Turner, did much for the children of refugees. Canterbury Road Congregational Church gave great assistance to those in need. The Pastor (the Rev. H. Merchant) and his wife served on several Committees, and Mr. Merchant did useful work at the Harvey Grammar School as substitute for one of the teachers who was called to the Colours.

At the outbreak of war the Church of England authorities at Hythe recognised that there was great need in the town for a Soldiers' Recreation Club, as numbers of men from the surrounding camps were coming into the town every evening. A suitable room over the Co-operative Stores in High Street was secured. The Club was opened in October, 1914, and immediately became most popular with the men. The ladies who superintended the refreshments and stationery departments were indefatigable in their

efforts, concerts and other entertainments were arranged from time to time, and wounded soldiers from the hospitals were made welcome. During the war a short intercession for our Forces was offered up in the room every evening.

During the autumn of 1914, Hythe, like Folkestone, was filled with Belgian and French refugees, for whom the Congregational Schoolroom was set apart, and all denominations helped to minister to their wants. At the Parish and Mission Churches weekly intercession services were held. In the Mission Church there is a war shrine with a list of the men who have fallen inscribed in framed tablets, and the late Mr. Melvill Hughes also erected a large war shrine in his private grounds in North Road.

In the early months of the war, when many troops were billeted in Hythe, it was necessary to hold two parade services every Sunday, at 9.15 a.m. and 10 a.m. Each was attended by about 700 officers and men. The Vicar usually officiated, often with the assistance of Army chaplains.

The yearly solemn service of special prayer held at the Church was always attended by the Mayor and Corporation, and a special service was held after the raid in May, 1917.

The Wesleyan Church opened a club, and succeeded in creating a homely spirit among the men. Parade services were held regularly, and the Minister (the Rev. E. D. Martin) gave lectures and conducted classes, with great profit to the soldiers.

On being appointed to the charge of the Congregational Church at Hythe in 1915 the Rev. Frederic Hirst, Officiating Chaplain to the School of Musketry,

and Acting Chaplain to the 30th Battalion (Canadians), soon attracted large congregations of soldiers.

A parade service was held at 11 a.m. on Sundays, Bible study circle, with an average attendance of 100, in the afternoon, song service at 6, and the usual evening service at 6.30, followed by a social gathering in the Lecture Hall and a "good-night" service. A lounge was furnished, where the men enjoyed rest, wrote letters, played games, and made friends. During the week concerts, lectures, debates, and socials were held, and when the public was admitted a collection was made for the Soldiers' Comforts Fund and parcels were sent to the men on active service. Canadian bands played in the Church at the monthly musical services, and Canadian chaplains frequently conducted the services and preached. Everything possible was done for the social, moral, and religious welfare of the troops. Before the Canadians left the Hythe area they made a present to the Church of a pulpit and church furniture to the value of £100.

The Rev. F. Hirst was, later, appointed as Chaplain to the men at Westenhanger, Otterpool, Lympne Aerodrome, Dymchurch, New Romney, and Lydd, and he delivered weekly lectures to the Imperial and Colonial troops.

CHAPTER XIV.

FOLKESTONE MEN WHO MADE THE SUPREME SACRIFICE.

Since the dawn of history man has striven to honour the heroic dead, and to preserve some record of their illustrious achievements. The Pyramids of Egypt and the ancient inscriptions of the East bear witness to the efforts to perpetuate the names of warriors whose deeds were glorious memories.

Folkestone's sons who went to the War and will never return did not die in vain. Their lives are not to be reckoned by length of years, but by greatness of achievement. They did not fight for personal betterment or national advantage, but to free the world from military despotism. They gave their lives for those who remain. As young Irving Williams wrote: "May we not read, 'Greater love than this hath no man that he lay down his life for his country'?" And their country was larger than they knew. They were all heroes; their fitting memorial is their imperishable deeds. Could they speak to us would they not say, "Do not mourn for the departed, but do your duty to those who remain"?

Great care has been taken to make the list as complete as possible, that the Record may be preserved in reverent honour.

ADAIR-HALL, Lieut. Malcolm W. F., Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

- ALLCHIN, Private Stephen Louis, 7th Lincolnshire.
ALLEN, Private George Frederick, 7th Buffs.
ALLEN, Private George William, 2nd Essex.
ALLEN, Private Thomas Henry, 6th Buffs.
ALLEN, Private Thomas James, Able Seaman.
AMES, Private Albert Ross, 4th Buffs.
AMES, Capt. Robert Henry, 2nd Leicestershire.
AMES, Lieut. W. K., Royal West Kent.
AMOS, Private Edward Harry, 7th Buffs.
ANDERSON, Driver Charles, A.S.C.M.T.
ANDERSON, Private William, 5th Buffs.
ANDREWS, First-Class Stoker Alfred, R.N.
ANDREWS, Private Percy Arthur, 11th Royal Fusiliers
ANGUS, Co.-Sergt.-Major John, Royal Scots.
APPLETON, Lance-Cpl. T. E., 7th Buffs.
ARCHER, Private Harry, 2nd Batt. Australian
Infantry.
ARGAR, Private Albert George, Kent Cyclists.
ARGAR, Gunner Dudley John, R.F.A.
ARGAR, Driver Stephen Henry, R.F.A.
ARTHUR, Private William Neville, The Buffs.
ASHMAN, Lance-Sergt. Charles Edward, R.M.L.I.
AUSTIN, Private Alfred John, 2nd East York.
AVIS, Private William Alfred, City of London Regt.
- BAILEY, Gunner A.E., R.G.A.
BAILEY, Private Charles Vincent, 4th Royal Fusiliers.
BAILEY, Lance-Cpl. Edward William, R.E.
BAILEY, Private Christopher George William, 10th
Essex.
BAKER, Capt. Harry Charles, 16th Canadian Scottish.
BAKER, Private Joseph Claud, Notts and Derby.
BAKER, Private Montague, Royal Berks.

- BARDEN, Lance-Cpl. Edward George, 3rd Buffs.
BARKER, Major Godfrey, R.M.L.I.
BARRETT, Sec.-Lieut. Cecil Roy, M.C., R.F.A.
BARRETT, Private Robert, Royal Fusiliers.
BARRON, Sec.-Lieut. Leslie, R.A.F.
BARTON, Private Arthur Owen, R.W. Surrey.
BATES, Corporal Albert Henry, Canadian Field
Artillery.
BELDON, Private James, 2nd Batt. K.R.R.C.
BELL, Leading Seaman William John, R.N.R.
BERRIDGE, Sec.-Lieut. William Eric, 6th Somerset
Light Infantry.
BINFIELD, Rifleman Herbert, London Rifle Brigade.
BINFIELD, Gunner Joseph, R.G.A.
BIRCH, Private George Milner, M.T., R.A.S.C.
BODKER, Lieut. John George, West Riding Regt.
BOLAND, Lance-Cpl. Harry George, South
Lancashire.
BOSHER, Private George Thomas, M.G.C.
BOWE, Private George James, The Buffs.
BRANN, Able Seaman William E., R.N.
BRICE, Private James George, 10th London.
BRIDGER, Private Alexander W. J., Royal Warwick.
BRIDGES, Private Frederick John, 2nd Royal Sussex.
BROMLEY, Private Harold, London Scottish.
BROMLEY, Private W., 3rd Batt. A.I.F.
BULL, First-Class Petty Officer Albert Edward, R.N.
BULL, Sergt. Harold Joyce, 9th Batt. Australian
Infantry.
BULL, Sergt. Thomas Henry, 15th Batt. Australian
Infantry.
BURROWS, Chief Petty Officer Albert Ernest, R.N.
BURROWS, Private Fred, 8th Buffs.

- BURSTOW, Gunner Horace William, R.G.A.
BUSHELL, Cpl. Arthur, 2dn York and Lancaster.
BUTCHER, Private Frederick Charles, 7th Buffs.
BYRNE, Lance-Cpl. Arthur Thomas, Oxford and
Bucks L.I.
- CAMBURN, Act.-Sergt. George Hugh, 2nd North
Staffs.
CAMPBELL, Major Montagu Irving Mitchell, M.C.,
Connaught Rangers.
CATT, Private Alfred Ernest, 7th Buffs.
CATT, Able Seaman Edward Percy, R.N.
CHALCRAFT, Private Walter C., Royal West Surrey.
CHAMPION, Sergt. George, H.L.I.
CHIDWICK, Private Arthur E., 9th Highland L.I.
CHIDWICK, Private Alfred J., R. Munster Fusiliers
CHILDS, Private Charles, M.G.C.
CLARINGBOULD, Private Frederick William, 2nd
Buffs.
CLARK, Private H., The Buffs.
CLARK, Private John William Frederick, Grenadier
Guards.
CLAYTON, Private Victor Arthur, 8th West Kent.
CLOKE, Rifleman Sydney Daniel, 8th London Regt.
COBB, Sec.-Lieut. Sydney James, Royal Munster
Fusiliers.
COCKS, Bombardier Philip W., R.F.A.
COCKS, Lance-Cpl. Thomas Frank, Kent Cyclists.
COOMBES, Private Percy Harold, 24th Royal Fusiliers.
CORNISH, Mooring Hand Zachariah, R.N.
COURT, Lance-Cpl. Frank Dale, The Buffs.
COURT, Private John S. S., 5th Buffs.
COURT, Corporal Stephen Conquest.

- COX, Bombardier Philip William, R.F.A.
CRAMER-ROBERTS, Sec.-Lieut. Edward Herbert, 2nd Buffs.
CROUCHER, Private Frederick R., 5th Royal West Kent.
CROUCHER, Sec.-Lieut. Frederick William, Royal West Kent.
CRYER, Signaller Ernest, 46th Batt. A.I.F.
CULLUM, Private Harold, Royal Fusiliers.
CURTIN, Private Joseph Thomas, 1st North Staffordshire.
CURTIS, Sergt. Dispenser Archibald Robert, R.A.M.C.
- DENNE, Private Richard Albert, Royal West Kent.
DILNOT, Cook Lewis, T.S.S. "Queen."
DODGE, Driver Arthur William, R.F.A.
DORRILL, Cpl. Walter A., 2nd Oxford and Bucks L.I.
DOUGHTY, Gunner Frederick James, R.F.A.
DOWN, Sapper Frederick Charles, R.E.
DOYLE, Private Arthur John, 2/4th Hants.
DUGGAN, Armourer-Cpl. Richard H. J., 12th Batt. Canadians.
DUKE, Lieut. Barry Pevensey, Royal Sussex.
DUNCAN, Cpl. Arthur James, A.S.C.
DUNCAN, Cpl. Charles Edwin, 8th Batt. Rifle Brigade.
DUNCOMBE, Private Walter John, R.A.M.C.
- EDWARDS, Capt. Arthur Corbett.
EDWARDS, Private Frederick Hadley, 8th East Surrey.
ELDRIDGE, Trooper Theodore T. S., R.E.K.M.R.
ELGAR, Private Edward W. E., 5th Buffs.
ELGAR, Lance-Cpl. Ernest James, 8th Royal Fusiliers.

- ELLIS, Private George Crumby, 8th Buffs.
 EVANS, Sec.-Lieut. Ernest, R.G.A.
- FAGG, Private William Richard, 2nd Worcester.
 FAGGETTER, Private William Arthur, 9th Queen's
 Own Lancers.
- FARLEY, Lance-Cpl. Ernest, Canadian Infantry.
 FEATHER, Lieut. Reginald Albert, 5th Hampshire.
 FEATHERBE, Gunner Alfred, C.F.A.
 FEIST, Private Gordon, The Buffs.
 FINN, Private Frederick William, West Kent.
 FLETCHER, Lance-Cpl. Stanley K. G., M.G.C.
 FORD, Sapper F.H., R.E.
 FORD, Sapper William Alfred, R.E.
 FOREMAN, Private Victor, 15th Middlesex.
 FOWLER, Trooper Harold, 1st County of London
 Yeomanry.
- FRANCIS, Lance-Cpl. Arthur Ethelbert, 8th Queen's
 West Surrey.
- FRANCIS, Lance-Cpl. Frank Woodhall, 1st Otago
 Batt. N.Z.F.
- FRANCIS, Private William Walter, 1st Buffs.
 FRAY, Lance-Cpl. Percy Ernest, The Buffs.
 FRENCH, Sapper Noel, R.E.
 FROST, Capt. Charles Dale, 110th Mahratta Infantry.
 FURNIVAL, Driver Edward Henry, R.F.A.
- GAINS, Lance-Cpl. Albert Francis, 18th Batt. London
 Regt.
- GAINS, Rifleman Arthur Edward, 16th Batt.
 K.R.R.C.
- GARLINGE, Private Ernest William, 1st Buffs.
 GIBBS, Private E. F., 1st Batt. Canadians.

GIFFORD, Private Aubrey W., 6th Infantry Batt.
Australians.

GILHAM, Cpl. Leonard Frederick, Highland L.I.

GODDARD, Capt. Archibald Spencer, 89th Batt.
Canadian Infantry.

GODFREY, Private Jack P., London Rifle Brigade.

GOLDEN, Lieut. Frank Charles A., 12th Durham L.I.

GOLDSACK, Private Stephen Edward, East Surrey.

GOODBURN, Chief Signaller Edward, D.C.M., 2nd
Oxford and Bucks

GOODMAN, Private Frederick James, M.G.C.

GORE, Lieut. Sydney Kingston, 1st Batt. R.W. Kent.

GREEN, Driver Harry Edward, R.F.A.

GREENGRASS, Charles Frederick, H.M.S.

“Proserpine.”

GREENLAND, Able Seaman Frederick J., R.N.

GRIFFIN, Lieut. Clive, M.C. and Bar, R.F.A.

GRINSTEAD, Private Solomon, 2nd Royal Sussex.

HADAWAY, Private C. H., 20th Middlesex.

HALL, Private Fred Ambrose, East Surrey.

HALL, Deck Hand George, R.N.R.

HALL, Private Thomas Crossen, 1/16th London Regt.

HALL, Private W., 1st Buffs.

HAMMOND, Private Sidney Charles, Royal West
Kent.

HANNON, Private Michael Nicholas, 1st Buffs.

HARDIMAN, Sergt. William Charles, R.E.K.M.Y.

HARE, Capt. Harry Vivian, Durham Light Infantry.

HARRIS, Deck Hand William James, R.N.R.

HARRIS, Private William Thomas, 2nd South Lancas-
shire.

HARRISON, Lance-Cpl. Robert George, 7th Buffs.

- HARRISON, Sergt. George, Grenadier Guards.
HART, Private Charles, 6th Buffs.
HASTIE, Co.-Sergt.-Major Frederick, Devonshire
Regt.
HATFIELD, Private Salisbury, 4th Batt. Australian
Infantry.
HATHORN, Lieut. George Hugh V., R.M.L.I.
HATHORN, Sec.-Lieut. Noel McDouall, 76th Punjabis.
HAYES, Private Archibald, 14th King's Hussars.
HAYWOOD, Private George Harold, 6th Buffs.
HERD, Sergt. Ernest William, M.M., R.A.S.C., M.T.
HERITAGE, Private Richard, Middlesex Regt.
HERITAGE, Private W. R., 16th Middlesex.
HEYDON, 2nd Air Mechanic G. W. Cyril, R.A.F.
HILL, Private Harry Robert, Queen's West Surrey.
HILLS, Private Harry William, The Buffs.
HOGBEN, Sergt. Theophilus, R.G.A.
HOLLAMBY, Telegraphist Edward Henry, R.N.
HOLTUM, Private George Amos, R.A.M.C.
HOPER, Sergt. Abraham, Royal West Kent.
HOSKYNS, Major Henry Charles Walter, D.S.O.,
Lincolnshire Regt.
HOUNSOM, Sergt. A. G., 2nd Royal Sussex.
HOWARD, Private William Edward, 1st Somerset
Light Infantry.
HUGHES, Private N., Royal Fusiliers.
HUGHES, Able Seaman William Laws, R.N.

INNES, Private William George, A.S.C., M.T.

JAGO, Private George James, 12th Gloucester.
JARVIS, Cpl. William Edward, M.M., 16th Royal
Warwick.

JOHNSON, Private William, 5th Buffs.

JONES, Lance-Cpl. Edward Owen, 1/1st Glos. and
Royal Hussars Yeomanry.

JONES, Sergt. Samuel G. A., 2nd Grenadier Guards.

KEELER, Private Frederick P., 9th Buffs.

KEELING, Cpl. Arthur Reginald, Royal Fusiliers.

KEMP, Private Jesse, 1st Buffs.

KENNETT, Private George Alexander, 10th Canadians

KENNETT, Lance-Cpl. Thomas Lloyd, 1st Buffs.

KING, Private Albert, Northumberland Fusiliers.

KINGSBURY, Private Jesse Humphrey, 12th Res.
Batt. C.E.F.

KINGSLEY, Sergt. Charles Earlwin, 14th Batt. Royal
Montreal R.

KNIGHT, Lance-Cpl. William Lawrence, Royal
Fusiliers.

LAKE, Lance-Cpl. James Arthur, 1st Buffs.

LAKE, Private Joseph Downing, 2nd Queen's Royal
West Surrey.

LAMBERT, Wireless Telegraphist Gilbert John,
R.N.V.R.

LAMBERT, Sec.-Lieut. Jack Fellows, K.R.R.C

LANEY, Lance-Sergt.-Inst. John, 39th Batt. C.E.F.

LARKIN, Private Charles Henry, 1st Norfolk.

LAWS, Cpl. Robert Henry, 7th Buffs.

LEA, Rifleman George, 2/60th Rifles.

LEE, Able Seaman Percy John, R.N.

LEGG, Sergt. Frederick Charles, 18th London Irish
Rifles.

LEMAR, Private Charles Percival, 1st Loyal North
Lancashire.

- LEMAR, Private Frederick, 1st Loyal North
Lancashire.
- LINKIN, Private Percy George, R.M.L.I.
- LONGLEY, Private William Henry, 1/5th Buffs.
- MCPARLIN, Segt. William, R.F.A.
- MCWILLIAMS, Private Victor James, 6th Buffs.
- MAJOR, Sergt. Donald, 12th Canadian Mounted
Rifles.
- MAJOR, Sergt. Roland, 63rd Canadians.
- MANT, Quart.-Master-Sergt. W. J. J., R.A.M.C.
- MAPLESDEN, Private Wilfred John, 2nd Bedford.
- MARDLE, Bombardier Herbert William, R.F.A.
- MARSH, Sergt. George Bromley, R.F.A.
- MARSH, Cpl. Arthur James, R.E.
- MARSH, Able Seaman Thomas James, R.N.
- MARWOOD, Capt. Charles P. L., 1st Royal Warwick.
- MARWOOD, Ordinary Seaman William George, R.N.
- MAXTED, Private Archibald, 2nd Dorset.
- MAY, Private Joseph, 1st East York.
- MAY, Cpl. William James, 2nd Leinster.
- MEATH, Lance-Cpl. Thomas W., 2nd Gloucestershire.
- MENZIES, Sec.-Lieut. William Alan, R.G.A.
- MEPSTED, Lce.-Cpl. Archie, 3rd Grenadier Gurards.
- MILLS, Cpl. Cyril, Queen's Royal West Surrey.
- MILTON, Private Frederick, 8th Buffs.
- MILTON, Lance-Cpl. Henry Thomas, 1/4th Buffs.
- MILTON, Private Leonard, 3/5th Buffs.
- MORFORD, Private Eric James William, 11th Royal
West Kent.
- MUIR, Major John Huntly, 17th Lancers.
- MUNDAY, Private Charles Edward, 11th Queen's
Royal West Surrey.

MUNDAY, Rifleman William Thomas, K.R.R.C.
MURPHY, Bugler John Cornelius Matthias, R.M.L.I.
MUSGRAVE, Lance-Cpl John, 9th South Stafford.
MYERS, Capt. Henry John, A.S.C.

NESBIT, Lieut. Henry George, 1st Buffs.
NEWMAN, Rifleman Archie Victor, 16th London
Regt.
NEWMAN, Trooper Reginald G., R.E.K.M.R.
NEWMAN, Cpl. William, 9th Royal Fusiliers.
NICHOLSON, Sec.-Lieut. John E. W., Loyal North
Lancashire.
NOBLE, Deck Hand James Robert, R.N.R.T.
NOYES, Sergt. Observer Charles Henry Crispin,
R.A.F.
NUTLEY, Lance-Cpl. Frederick Edward, 2nd Buffs.

O'LEARY, Private Frederick T., 1st Royal Fusiliers.
ONGLEY, Private Arthur Fisher, A.S.C.
ORCHARD, Telegraphist Alfred Harold, R.N.
ORCHARD, Private Sidney George, M.M., Queen's
Royal West Surrey.
ORCHARD, Private William Samuel, Royal West
Kent.
OVENDEN, Gunner Frederick, R.F.A.

PAGE, Stoker Petty Officer Frederick Henry, R.N.
PAGE, Co.-Sergt.-Major Reginald Percy, M.M., 8th
Royal Norfolk.
PAGE, Gunner Stanley Wallace, R.G.A.
PAGE, Private Walter Percy, A.S.C.M.T.
PAINE, Private Charles, 6th Bedford.
PALMER, Private Charles Ernest, R.M.L.I.

- PALMER, Private John, 8th Buffs.
PANKHURST, Cpl Alfred James, 28th Canadian
Infantry.
PARKER, Private Robert C. W., 7th Buffs.
PARKS, Private George C., Royal Marine L.I.
PARSONS, Capt. Alfred Henry, 9th Gurkas.
PEGG, Private Frederick Robert, A.S.C.
PENFOLD, Sec.-Lieut. J. B., King's Own Scottish
Borderers.
PENNY, Private Francis, 4th Royal Fusiliers.
Rifle Brigade.
PETERS, Rifleman Frederick George, 2nd Batt.
PETERS, Private William Henry, Royal Sussex.
PETTY, Sergt. John Edward, R.F.A.
PHILPOTT, Private James, 2nd Queen's.
PHILPOTT, Lance-Cpl. Thomas Bailard, 9th Batt.
Rifle Brigade.
PIDDUCK, Cpl. Leonard, 1st Border Regt.
PILCHER, Lieut. Alfred M., London Regt.
PILCHER, Private Denzil Theodore, M.G.C.
PILCHER, Sergt. H. J., 2/1st R.E. Kent M.R.
PIPER, Private Harry Acres, 15th Suffolk.
PIPER, Private Herbert, Royal West Kent.
PLAISTOWE, Sapper Frederick Henry, R.E.
POILE, Private William Francis, Royal Fusiliers.
POLDEN, Private Alfred, Northumberland Fusiliers.
POLLARD, Private William Samuel, R.A.M.C.
POOLE, Private Herbert E. W., 6th Buffs.
PORTER, Private Bert, 18th County of London.
PORTER, Private Harold Edwin, 15th Batt. London
Regt.
PRIOR, Private Ernest Cecil Stephen, London
Scottish.

PRIOR, Private William, 13th Middlesex.

PUTTEE, Lance-Cpl. Arthur Alfred, 1/18th London
Irish Rifles.

QUAIFE, Private Henry, 8th Buffs.

QUAIFE, Private Robert Walter Woodiwiss, 8th
Buffs.

QUINN, Lance-Cpl. William John, M.G.C.

RAWLISON, Private Frederick Ernest Victor, 2nd
Royal Fusiliers.

RAYNER, Private George, 1st Buffs.

READER, Private Horace William, 2nd Buffs.

REED, Private Thomas George, 2/4th Buffs.

REEVE, Sec.-Lieut. Harry, King's Liverpool.

REYNOLDS-PEYTON, Lieut. John, R.N.

RICHARDS, Bandsman William Robert, 2nd Suffolk

RICHARDSON, Sub-Lieut.-Engineer Henry, R.N.R.

RICHARDSON, Private Henry David, 9th East Surrey.

RICKABY, Lance-Cpl. Maurice Charles, 2nd K.R.R.C.

RIDGWAY, Lance-Cpl. Theophilus, 3/8th Manchester
Regt.

RIDSDALE, Signaller Robert Hugh, Canadian Force.

RIPLEY, Sec.-Lieut. Charles Roger, York and
Lancaster.

ROBERTS, Private Cyril Henry, 1st Buffs.

ROBUS, Deck Hand Frederick James, R.N.

ROLFE, Private A., 4th Buffs.

ROSE, Private John, 12th Middlesex.

RUMNEY, Private Charles, 5th Buffs.

RYAN, Private Thomas, 6th Buffs.

RYE, Private Edward, The Buffs.

RYE, Private James, Queen's West Surrey.

- SALTER, Private Charles Henry, 4th East Kent, T.
SANKEY, Capt. Thomas, 2nd West York.
DE SATGE, Capt. Frederick Gordon, K.R.R.C.
SAUNDERS, Private Walter George, Royal Warwick.
SAVAGE, Private Herbert Edward, R.A.S.C., M.T.
SCOTT, Private Geo. F., 2nd Buffs.
SEALES, Cpl. William Henry, 7th Norfolk.
SEYMOUR, Lieut. Vere, R.N.R.
SHERWOOD, Cpl. Cyril Edward, 7th Buffs.
SHOPLAND, Private Edward John, R.W. Kent.
SHRUBSOLE, Sergt. W. J., 1st Buffs.
SIDEY, Lance-Cpl. Ernest Radford, Royal Irish
Rifles.
SILVESTER, Wireless Operator William Henry, R.N.
SIMPSON, Ernest Knott, R.N.
SIMPSON, Private William Ernest, 7th East Kent.
SKEET, Private George Victor, Queen's West Surrey.
SKERRITT, Private Edward John, Australian
Infantry.
SMART, Lieut. Eustace Fowler, 7th Leicestershire.
SMITH, Cpl. George, 13th Batt. Australian Infantry.
SMITH, Private Mark Sidney, 1/5th Buffs.
SPEARPOINT, Private James, 8th Canadians.
SPEARPOINT, Private William, 6th Buffs.
SPICKETT, Private Robert Alfred, 2nd Queen's R.W.
Surrey.
STANDING, Quartermaster G. Thomas, R.N.
STANDING, Sergt. Thomas Richard, Royal West
Kent.
STAY, Private Henry Richard, East Kent Yeomanry.
STOKES, Private Arthur Charles, Royal Fusiliers.
STOKES, Pioneer Charles Lewis, R.E.
STOKES, Private Frederick, 12th London Regt.

STREATFEILD, Sec.-Lieut. Thomas Basil Maryon,
Royal West Kent.

STROOD, Lieut. Percy Samson, 1st Canadian M.R.

STRUTT, Private Henniker William, 20th Hussars.

SUMMERFIELD, Private Jack, 1st Queen's R.W.
Surrey.

SUMMERS, Private Frederick James, R.A.O.C.

SWAIN, Cpl. Leslie, 47th Batt. Canadians.

SWIFT, Private Cecil Herbert, 6th East York.

TAYLOR, Sec.-Lieut. Frederick Charles, R.A.F.

TAYLOR, Seaman Frederick John, R.N.

TAYLOR, Private Frederick John, 4th Buffs.

TAYLOR, Private John William, 11th Royal Fusiliers.

TAYLOR, Private Thomas Henry, R.M.L.I

THOMSON, Private Alfred, The Buffs.

THORNBEE, Private Cecil, M.G.C. Cavalry.

THURLOW, Private John Wilson, 1/19th London
Regt.

TIDDY, Private John, Grenadier Guards.

TRIBE, Private Ernest Henry, 18th Middlesex.

TRICE, Sergt. F. R., Royal Fusiliers.

TRITTON, Private Cecil John, 7th Buffs.

TUFFE, Charles James, "Drake" Batt. R.N.D.

TULL, Sec.-Lieut. Walter D., 17th Middlesex.

TUMBER, Seaman Victor John, R.N.

TUPPER, Stoker Petty Officer Ernest, R.N.

TUTT, Lance-Cpl. George William, 2nd Buffs.

TUTT, Cpl. Stephen Charles, 2nd Queen's.

UPTON, Sergt. Philip Charles, D.C.M., 7th Buffs.

UPTON, Sergt. William George, D.C.M., M.M., M.G.C.

- VARNEY, Signaller J. W. L., R.N.V.R.
VINNICOMBE, Private Harry Verrier, Australian
Imp. Forces.
VINNICOMBE, Lieut. Leslie, 2nd Devonshire.
- WADDELL, Private John Alfred, 7th Bedford.
WADDELL, Private William George, 17th Royal
Fusiliers.
- WALTER, Sapper Frank, R.E.
WALTER, Major William Frederick, Lancashire
Fusiliers.
- WAMPACH, Driver Cyril C. J., R.F.A.
WARD, Cpl. William Henry, R.F.A.
WARMAN, Private William R. H., The Buffs.
WEBB, Cpl. John Morris, 26th Royal Fusiliers.
WEBSTER, Lance-Cpl. Clement Clair, 1st Buffs.
WELLER, Lance-Cpl. Sidney, 2nd Grenadier Guards.
WHITEHEAD, Cpl. Archibald, A.S.C., M.T.
WHITTALL, Sec Lieut. Garth, R.A.F
WILKINSON, Sec.-Lieut. R. Bruce, Loyal North
Lancashire.
- WILLIAMS, Sergt. Arthur Irvine, R.A.M.C.
WILLIAMS, Private Henry George, 3rd Batt.
Canadian Infantry.
- WILLIS, Driver A., R.F.A.
WILLIS, Sapper Frank Elgar, R.E.
WILLIS, Sergt. Thomas James, R.F.A.
WILLIS, Driver William Henry, R.F.A.
WILLS, Private John Edwin, 24th Royal Fusiliers.
WILLSON, Lieut. Major Percy, 5th Canadians.
WILSON, Sergt. Alfred, 2nd K.R.R.C.
WINDER, Private Cecil, 1st Buffs.
WINTON, Able Seaman Albert Edward, R.N.

- WISE, Able Seaman Frederick Samuel, R.N.
WOLSEY, Co.-Q.-M.-S. Philip, R.E.K.M.R.
WOOD, Sergt. Alfred, M.M., 1st Buffs
WOOD, Sec.-Lieut. Reginald Ewart, 3rd Buffs.
WOODS, Stoker Petty Officer Wilfred H., R.N.
WOOLLETT, Private George, Royal West Surrey.
WOOLLETT, Private Walter, Grenadier Guards.
WRAIGHT, Gunner Horace, R.F.A.
WRAIGHT, Lieut. Leslie Cecil, R.A.F.
WRIGHT, Rifleman Charles Stephen, K.R.R.C.
WRIGHT, Second-Engineer Harry, Government
Transport.
WRIGHT, Sapper William Leslie, R.E.
WYATT, Lance-Cpl. George Alexander, 2nd Buffs.
WYBORN, Private Norman Wm. A., 1st Royal West
Kent.

YOUNG, Gunner William George, R.G.A.

“I heard a voice from Heaven saying : ‘Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labours and their works live after them.’ ”

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